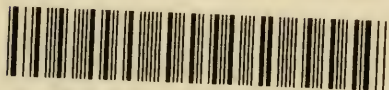


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BRUCE # HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT



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THE HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT,
AND ROUTES TO
MANCHESTER, VT.,
NIAGARA FALLS, LAKE GEORGE,
SHARON, LEBANON AND SARATOGA SPRINGS.
BY
THURSTY McQUILL.



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HAMBURGH, & MILTON**

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<i>Rondout,</i>	5.30	<i>Newburgh,</i>	7.30
<i>Poughkeepsie,</i>	6.30	<i>Cornwall,</i>	7.45
<i>Milton,</i>	6.45	<i>West Point,</i>	8.05
<i>New Hamburg,</i>	7.00	<i>Cozzens' Dock,</i>	8.10

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HATHORN,

HAMILTON,

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HANDSOMELY FURNISHED,

AND ITS

TABLE IS NOT SURPASSED

in the LUXURIES and DELICACIES which Saratoga affords.

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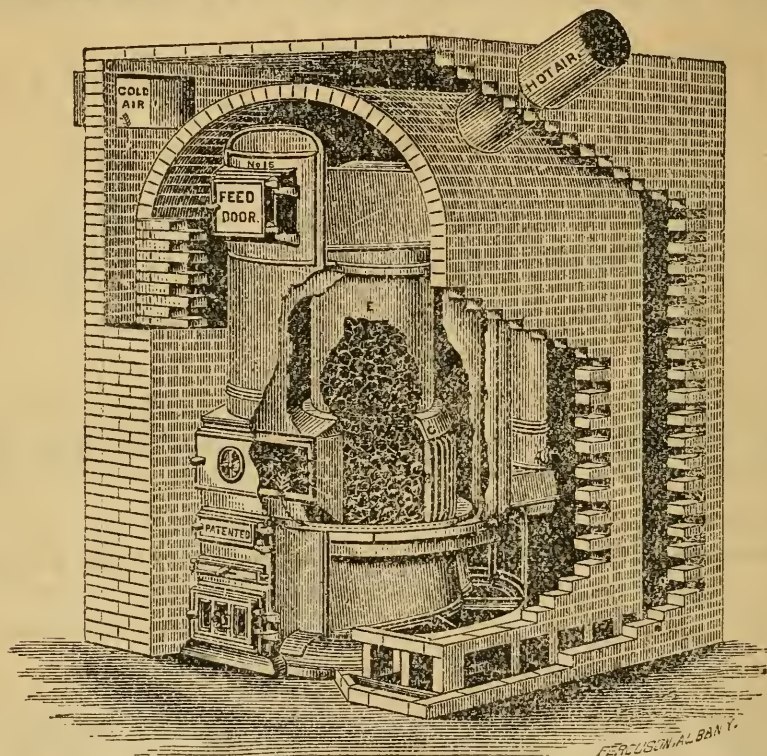
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The house is under the direction of the popular and experienced manager, Major Salsbury, who has been long known to travelers, and will continue in the future, as in the past, to meet the wants and merit the patronage of the public. A first-class LIVERY STABLE is attached to the house, where guests can be at all times accommodated at reasonable rates.

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SPRINGS AT MIDDLETOWN,

OR THE CELEBRATED

CLARENDON SPRINGS,

will find Rutland a favorable point to stop.

The Drive to both these places from Rutland is Pleasant and Agreeable.

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Improved, with 150 New Rooms added
in the Spring of 1873,*

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The **NEW DINING-ROOM** is one of the pleasantest in Saratoga, and it is the determination of the proprietors to furnish a **TABLE UNSURPASSED** by any hotel of the great watering place.

A free Omnibus conveys guests to and from the Depot.

House open all the year.

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Four Hours from Utica to Clayton, situated
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PASSENGERS from New York, New England, and all Eastern Points, by taking this route will reach the Thousand Islands the same day, avoiding a stop over night, and can return in same time.

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Whenever you cannot get through tickets buy to Utica only.

The Trains of this Company leave the New York Central Depot on arrival of
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*The Coaches on this Road are New, and the Track in good order,
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Sleeping Cars of the line unsurpassed.

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DRS. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE,

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This institution was established in 1855, for the special treatment of Lung, Female, and various Chronic Diseases, and as a Summer Resort during the visiting season.

The Institute has recently been doubled in size to meet the necessities of its increased patronage. It is now the largest health institution in Saratoga, and is unsurpassed in the variety of its remedial appliances by any in this country. In the elegance and completeness of its appointments it is unequalled. The building is heated by steam, so that in the coldest weather the air of the house is like that of midsummer.

The proprietors, Drs. S. S. and S. E. STRONG, are graduates of the Medical Department of the New York University, and are largely patronized by the medical profession.

Has Turkish, Russian, Sulphur-Air, Hydropathic, and Electro-Thermal Baths, Equalizer or Vacuum Treatment, Movement Cure, Laryngoscope, Inhalation, Oxygen Gas, Faradaic and Galvanic Electricity, Medicines. Health-Lift, Gymnastics, and Mineral Springs, for the treatment of Nervous, Lung, Female, and Chronic diseases.

The fact that a disease is long standing, is generally evidence that it should be treated at an institution having special facilities, for if it could be cured in ordinary practice it should not have become chronic.

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For particulars of the Institution send for circulars on Lung, Female, and Chronic Diseases, and on our Appliances. Address,

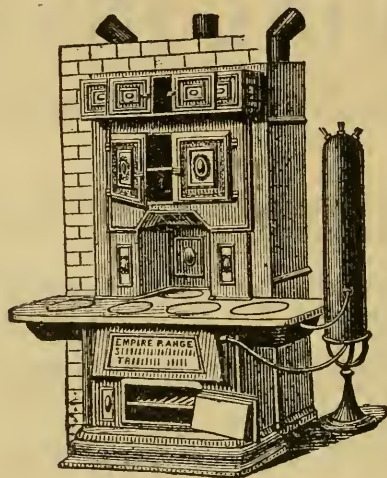
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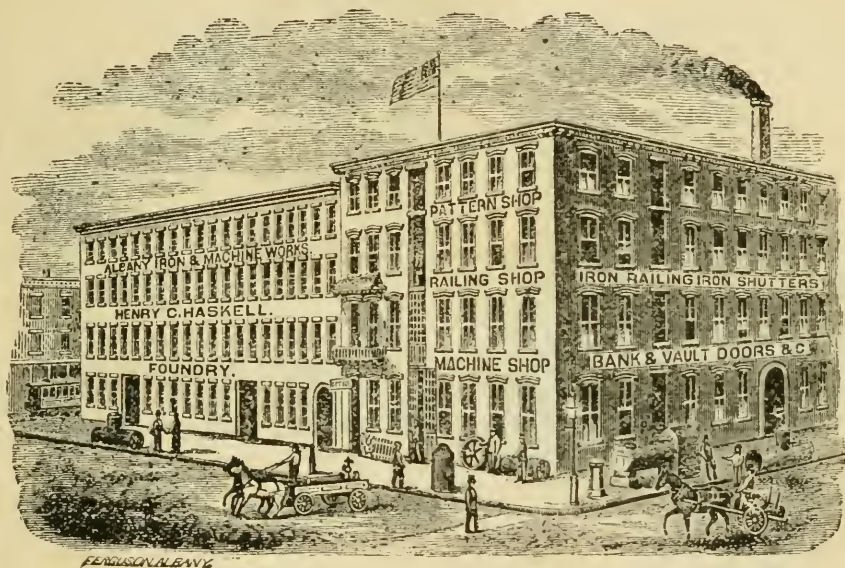
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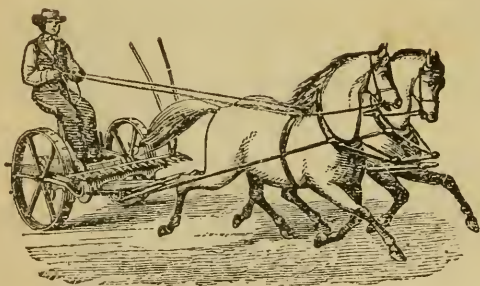
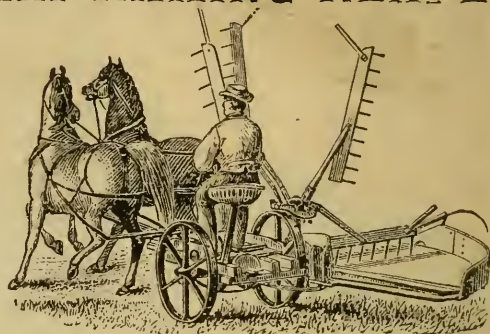
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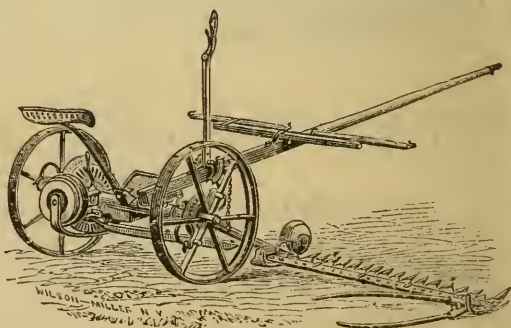
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Hudson River
NEW YORK TO ALBANY,

SARATOGA SPRINGS, LAKE GEORGE, LAKE CHAMPLAIN, PLATTSBURG, THE
ADIRONDACKS, MONTREAL, THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, NIAGARA FALLS,
WATKINS' GLEN, RICHFIELD SPRINGS, COOPERSTOWN, SHARON,
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Gentlemen's Haberdashers,

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INDEX.

	Page.	Routes.	Miles from New York.
ADIRONDACKS.....	142	via Saratoga or Plattsburgh	280 or 350
ALBANY	78	" Hudson River	143
ALEXANDRIA BAY	191	" Albany and Utica	349
BALLSTON SPA	116	" Troy, and R. & S. R. R.	174
BURLINGTON.....	145	" Troy and Rutland.....	316
CATSKILL.....	68	" Hudson River.....	169
CLARENDON SPRINGS.....	157	" Rutland or West Rutland.....	265
COOPERSTOWN.....	91	" Albany and Susquehanna.....	232
CORNWALL.....	54	" River.....	53
FISHKILL.....	55	"	58
GARRISON.....	45	" West Point	50
GLENS FALLS	135	" Troy and Fort Edward	206
HAVERSTRAW BAY	40	34
HOWES CAVE	89	via Albany.....	181
HUDSON	76	"	114
LAKE GEORGE.....	136	" Troy, and R. & S. R. R.	216
LEBANON SPRINGS.....	81	" Hudson and Chatham	150
MANCHESTER, VT.....	155	" Troy	200
MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS.....	158	" Rutland or Poultney	270
MILL BROOK	134	" Saratoga and Adirondack R. R.	245
MONTREAL	150	" Rutland, Burlington, and St. Albans.....	419
NEWBURGH	54	" River	58
NIAGARA FALLS.....	105	" Albany and Central R. R.	448
NYACK.....	36	" River	25
PITTSFIELD.....	84	" Hudson and Chatham.....	160
PLATTSBURGH	140	" Rutland and Burlington.....	336
POUGHKEEPSIE.....	59	" River	73
QUEBEC.....	153	" Montreal.....	591
RAPIDS OF ST. LAWRENCE.....	153	" Thousand Islands.....	400
RHINEBECK.....	65	" River.....	88
RICHFIELD SPRINGS.....	95	" Utica	272
ROCHESTER.....	105	" Albany and Central R. R.	370
RONDOUT.....	65	" River	83
RUTLAND, VT.....	145	" Troy	248
SARATOGA SPRINGS	117	" Troy, and R. & S. R. R.	180
SHARON SPRINGS.....	90	" Albany and Susquehanna R. R.	202
ST. ALBANS	146	" Rutland and Burlington.....	356
STOWE	161	" Burlington	355
SYRACUSE	148	" Albany and Central R. R.	290
TARRYTOWN	32	" River.....	25
THOUSAND ISLANDS.....	102	" Utica, and Black River R. R.	359
TRENTON FALLS.....	98	"	252
TROY	115	" River	148
UTICA.....	97	" Albany.....	238
VERGENNES.....	160	" Rutland.....	295
WATKIN'S GLEN.....	110	" Geneva	360
WEST POINT.....	43	" River	50
WHITEHALL.....	139	" Troy	219
WHITE MOUNTAINS.....	162	" Three routes	450 or 600
YONKERS.....	29	" River	16

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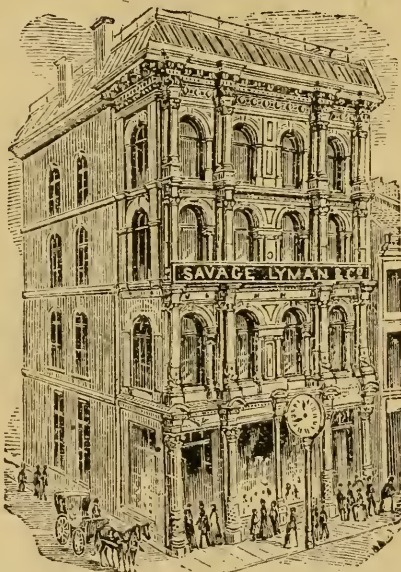
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HUDSON RIVER GUIDE-BOARD

FROM

NEW YORK TO ALBANY.

What a Person wishes to See and Know About the Hudson.

A Condensed Sketch of the Prominent Points of Interest, presenting at once an Index to Book, Map, and River.

As the boat leaves the pier an extended view is obtained of the upper bay of New York—miles of shipping; and, in the southern distance, twelve miles of Staten Island.

Trinity, St. Paul's, and St. John's. The three pointed church spires, Trinity to the south, and St. John's to the North.

Prominent Buildings. Equitable and New York Life Insurance Companies, near Trinity spire, and the New Bennett Building, on Nassau street, corner Fulton.

Jersey City, on the opposite shore, also lined with the docks of ocean steamers, once known as Paulus Hook.

Hoboken, on west side, a short distance above Jersey City.

Castle Hill, a rocky promontory above Hoboken, crowned with the mansion of the Stevens family.

Elysian Fields, above Castle Hill, sloping to the river.

Bergen Heights rise in the background, west of Hoboken.

Manhattan Market, a fine brick building on the New York side, at the intersection of Tenth Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street.

Weehawken, the scene of the duel between Hamilton and Burr, on the west bank, above the Elysian Fields.

Sixty-Fifth Street, marked by a rocky bluff on the New York side.

Mystery. The seven-story white building on the west, above Weehawken, is *only* a lager-beer brewery.

Jones Hill, on New York side. The long wooden building, near the river, is a shooting-gallery.

Lunatic Asylum, known as Bloomingdale Hospital, on the New York side, between 115th and 120th streets.

Manhattanville, a city suburb in the neighborhood of 132d street.

Carmansville (the home of Audubon, the great ornithologist), a city suburb at 152d street, where you see a red building (sugar refinery).

River House. Hotel near the river, on the New York side, once called the Claremont Hotel.

Trinity Cemetery, above the hotel.

New York Institute for Deaf and Dumb. A large building of yellow Milwaukee brick, a little above Carmansville. Will accommodate 450 persons. Incorporated 1817.

Tillie Teudlem, on west side, opposite Carmansville. Hotel, dock, &c.

Fort Lee, about a mile above Tillie Teudlem. The site of the old fort is marked by a white fence on the bluff.

Palisades commence at Fort Lee, and extend fifteen miles. A sheer wall of trap-rock, from 250 to 550 feet high, covered with trees that seem in the distance like a fringe of shrubbery.

Washington Heights, on New York side, between 181st and 185th streets. Almost opposite Fort Lee.

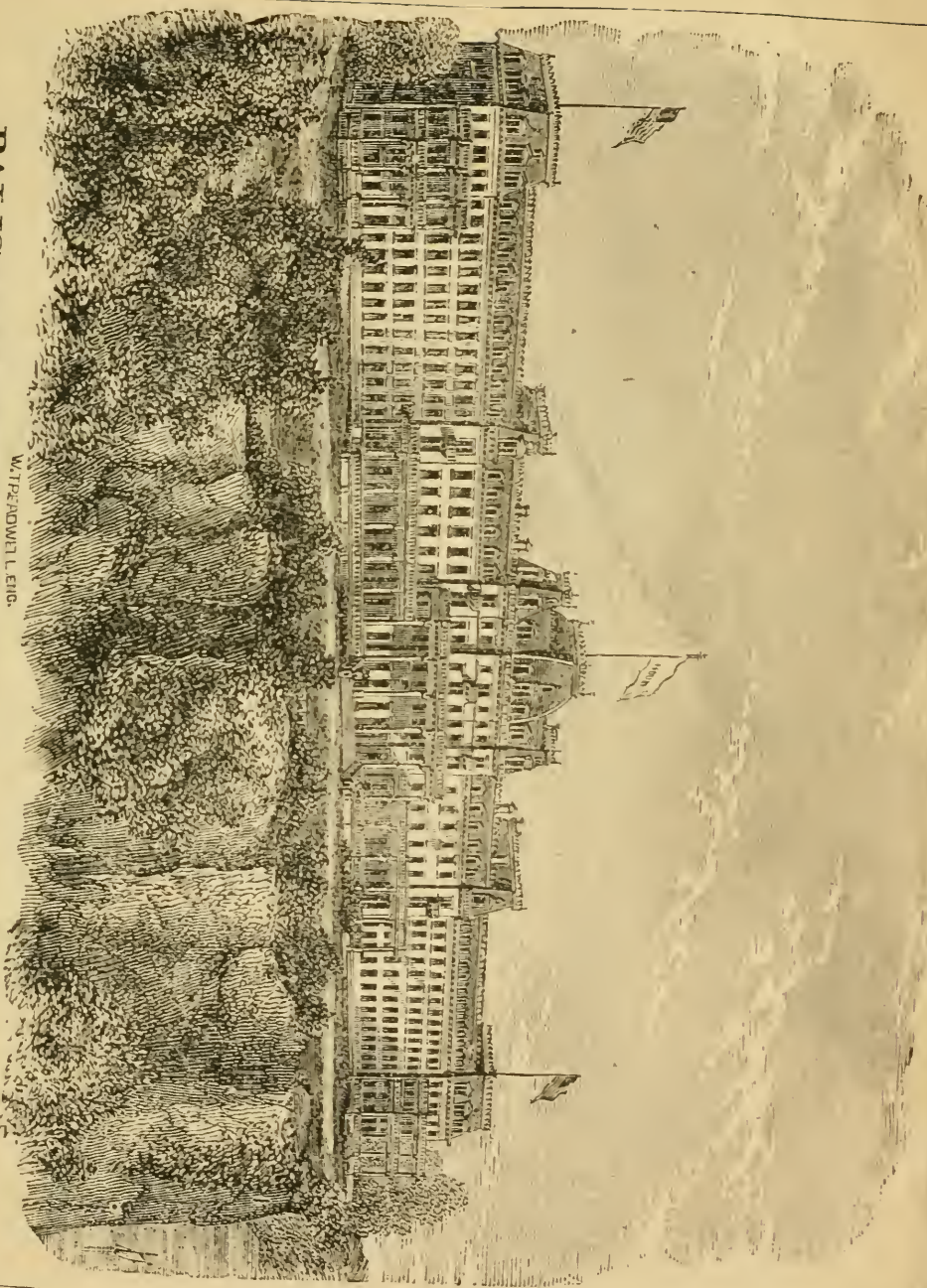
Fort Washington. The site of the old fort was near the residence of the late James Gordon Bennett. The residence will be distinguished among the trees by its gilded dome.

Jeffrey's Hook. A point jutting into the river below Washington Heights.

Innwood. A little station on the Hudson River Railroad, above the heights. This place was once known as Tubbie Hook.

Palisade Mountain House. Large hotel on the Palisades, opposite Innwood.

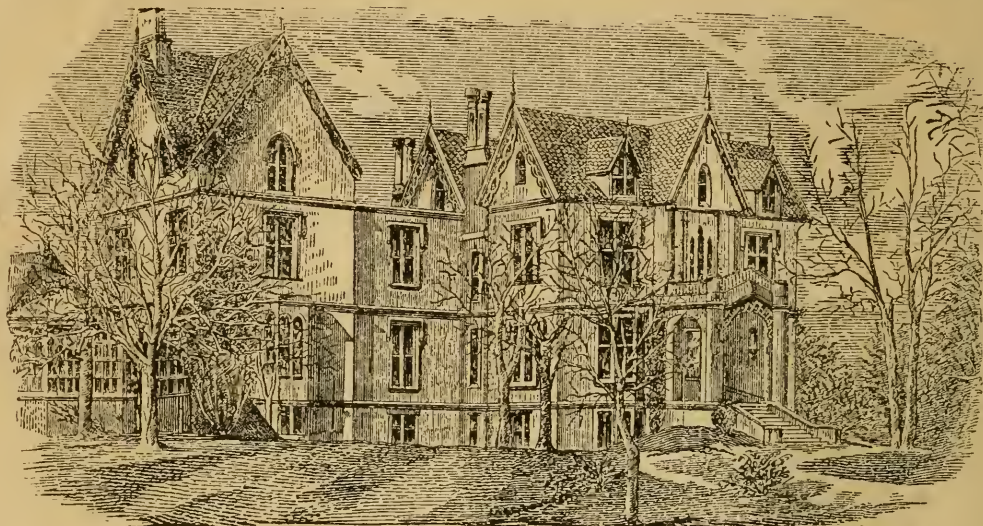
Spuytten Duyvel Creek (Harlem River), on the east, or New York side, meets the Hudson. It reaches, in a southeasterly direction, to the East River,



W. H. ADAMS, L. ENG.

PALISADES MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—D. S. HAMMOND, PROPRIETOR.

Half hour from New York. Mountain Air. Charming Scenery.



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FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

171st STREET AND KINGSBRIDGE ROAD,

(Former Residence of I. P. Martin, Esq.)

ON THE HUDSON.

Principal, - - - V. PREVOST,

Successors to LESPINASSE & PREVOST, and formerly Assistant Principal of the Chegaray Institute, in N. Y.

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The Institute is located on the premises formerly occupied by I. P. Martin, Esq., at 171st Street and Kingsbridge Road.

This beautiful residence, situated on the banks of the Hudson River, within five minutes' walk from the depot, combines all the modern improvements of City houses, with the advantages of one of the finest country seats on the Island.

To the main building, an extension of 40 x 50 feet, two stories high, has been erected, and is devoted to the class, study and play rooms.

There are twenty acres attached to the property, affording ample space for play-grounds. The buildings are heated by five furnaces. The Croton water is in every room; there are several bath rooms, and all the dormitories are carpeted.

The roads and paths being all graded and macadamized, ensure to the place the perfect salubrity for which it is noted.

Visits to the Institution are earnestly solicited.

WAYS OF ACCESS.

Thirty-two trains daily on the Hudson River Railroad, connect Fort Washington with the 30th Street depot, and two daily with the 42d Street depot.

For Circulars and further information apply to G. LESPINASSE, 3 Pine Street, or by mail to the Institute, Station M., N. Y. City.

forming the island of Manhattan, or New York. The island is twelve miles long, averaging about two miles in width, — wedge-shape, pointing to the Battery.

Spuyten Duyvel. A cluster of houses above the creek.

Westchester Heights rise above the village of Spuyten Duyvel.

Riverdale Station. First station on the Hudson River Railroad above Spuyten Duyvel.

The Convent and Academy of Mount St. Vincent. Fifteen miles from New York. The castle-like building in front, once known as Fonthill, built by Edwin Forrest.

Yonkers. A fine, thriving town, seventeen miles from New York. Near the landing we see the neat depot of the Hudson River Railroad. Also, the principal news depot between New York and Albany. John Featherston, proprietor.

C. H. Lilienthal's Residence. A brown building, with square tower, two miles above the landing.

Spring-Hill Grove. Also on the east bank, and near by the ruins of a pickle and preserve factory.

Dudley's Grove. Just beyond.

Indian Head. The highest point of the Palisades, about opposite the Grove.

Hastings-on-the-Hudson. Four miles north of Yonkers, on the east side. The sugar-refinery near the bank is the largest on the river.

Dobbs' Ferry. On the east side, above Hastings, twenty-two miles from New York. The river now widens into Tappan Bay.

Piermont, with its long pier, on the west side, almost opposite. This was once the terminus of the Erie Railroad, and marks the boundary-line between New York and New Jersey.

Nevis. Once the home of Col. James Hamilton, on the east side, above Dobbs' Ferry; long columns in front of house.

Cottinet Place. Built of Caen Stone, near Nevis; pronounced the most elegant residence on the Hudson.

Cyrus W. Field's Residence. Also between Dobbs' Ferry and Irvington.

Irvington. Four miles north of Dobbs' Ferry, on east side; once known as Dearman's. Name changed in honor of Washington Irving.

Sunnyside. Half a mile above Irvington Station; once called Wolfert's Roost; near the river, and hardly visible through the trees.

Cunningham Castle. Stone mansion, with pointed tower, on the hill.

Paulding Manor. The white marble edifice, of Elizabethan architecture. The hot-house, with cupola, cost of itself \$100,000.

Bierstadt, the artist, brown stone house, with cupola, south of the Paulding manor. Mr. Halsted's residence (of the old firm of Halsted, Hames, & Co.), in immediate neighborhood.

Tarrytown. On east side, three miles above Irvington; twenty-six miles from New York.

Sleepy Hollow. A little north of Tarrytown. The old Dutch church is visible with a glass, and the quiet graveyard where Irving is buried.

Ex-Mayor Kingsland's. Two summer-houses, or stationary bird-cages, will be noticed on the east bank, just above Tarrytown. Here is the home of Mr Kingsland.

William Aspinwall's Residence. Above Tarrytown; brown square tower; the largest on the river.

Johnny Dean's, and "his own Mary Ann." Near the river, below Mr. Aspinwall's, and a little to the north, is the place where Johnny Dean met "his own Mary Ann."

Nyack. Opposite Tarrytown. (In the channel the ferryboat connects with the Day Line.) The large building a little south of the village is the Rockland Female Seminary.

Ramapo Mountains. Above Nyack, on the west side; known by navigators as the Hook, or Point-no-Point. They lie in little headlands, 500 or 600 feet high, and reach most of the way from Nyack to Haverstraw. (The point is, in fact, an illusion; was once called Verdrietege's Hook; now sometimes styled Rockland Lake Point.)

Sing Sing. On east side, six miles above Tarrytown. The white buildings near the river-bank, south of the village, are the State Prison.

Rockland Lake. Almost opposite, on the west bank, between two hills. This is the source of the Hackensack river, and the great ice-quarry for New York.

Croton River, on the east bank, meets the Hudson about one mile above Sing Sing, where you see the drawbridge of the Hudson River Railroad.

Croton Point. Just above Croton River.

Teller's Point. That part of Croton Point which juts into the Hudson. Here is Underhill's grapery, and this point separates Tappan Zee from Haverstraw Bay.

Croton. Just above the Point, on the eastern side.

Haverstraw Bay. The widest part of the Hudson—five miles from Haverstraw to Croton. Held as it were in the arms of Croton Point on the south, and Verplank's Point on the north.

Haverstraw. On west bank. Two miles of brick-yard, north of Haverstraw, line the river.

High-thorn, or Thornhill. The highest peak near the village, to the southwest.

Treason Hill. North of Haverstraw, where Arnold and Andre met, at the house of Joshua Hett Smith.

Grassy Point. On west side, two miles above Haverstraw.

Montrasses Point. On the east side.

Minuissickongo Creek flows into the Hudson, just above Grassy Point

Stony Point. One mile above Grassy Point, on west side. The house and lighthouse built on the site of the old fort, and in part of the same material.

Verplank's Point. On east side, directly opposite. The river here is only half a mile wide. This was known as King's Ferry, at and before the Revolution. The Point is now *adorned* with brick-yards.

Tompkins Cove. Lime-kiln and quarry on west side.

Peekskill. On east bank, above Verplank's Point, forty-two miles from New York.

Kidd's Point. Now called Caldwell's Landing, on west side. The steamer turns this point almost at right angles, and enters the Highlands.

Dunderberg, or Dunderbarrack, a mountain on west bank, about 1,000 feet high.

Iona Island. Grapery, and fine pic-nic grounds.

The Nameless Highland. On east side. It rises in two peaks, something like Dumbarton Crag, on the river Clyde.

The Race. The river channel is so termed by navigators, between Iona Island and the east bank.

Anthony's Nose. Prominent feature of the river, 1500 feet high. The railroad tunnel is near the river. In front of tunnel a hole in the rock. Here was fastened one end of the chain that was thrown across the channel to obstruct British ships during the Revolution.

Montgomery Creek, on west side, empties into the Hudson about opposite the point of Anthony's Nose.

Fort Clinton was on the south side of this Creek, and *Fort Montgomery* on the north side.

Highland Lake, about one mile in circumference, on the south side of Montgomery Creek. The site is marked by an ice-house.

Sugar-Loaf. Turning Anthony's Nose we get a good view of Sugar-Loaf Mountain to the north. Cone-shaped, like Ailsa Crag, between Belfast and Glasgow.

David McGuire's Residence, south of Sugar-Loaf, on east side.

Beverly Dock, on east bank, where Arnold fled to the "Vulture." A little boat-house now marks the point.

Hamilton Fish has a residence on the bluff under Sugar-Loaf. A brick house, with flat roof.

"*Benny Havens, Oh!*" As the steamer approaches Cozzen's Landing we see a small two-story house, with verandah. Here still lives Benny Havens, the original of the West Point and College song.

Parry House, south of Cozzen's Hotel, near the river. Picturesque ruins of an old mill in front.

Buttermilk Falls. A cascade above the Parry House.

Cozzen's Hotel. On a rock two hundred feet above the river. Highland Falls Village lies behind the bluff, a place of about 3,000 inhabitants. (Not seen from the river.)

Cozzen's Landing. A romantic road cut through the rock leads from the landing to the hotel.

West-Point Landing. A short mile above Cozzen's Landing. Academy, Government Buildings, Parade Grounds, &c., on the finest elevation on the Hudson.

Garrison. Opposite West Point, on east bank.

The Highland House. On east side, about half a mile from the river, on a magnificent plateau, inclosed by the North and South Redoubt Mountains. Indian Falls in the vicinity.

Kosciusko's Monument. Seen on the west side, above West-Point Landing.

Fort Putnam, 596 feet high, overlooks the river, on the west side. A gray and veteran ruin of '76.

West-Point Lighthouse. The Hudson here turns a right angle. Roe's Hotel has a fine look off to the north. West-Point Village around the Point.

Constitution Island, opposite the Point. Here are also seen ruins of '76. Near the river, home of Miss Warner, author of "Queechy" and "The Wide,



ROAD TO COZZENS' DOCK.

“The main road, partly cut like a sloping terrace in the rocks, is picturesque at every turn, but especially near the landing, where pleasant glimpses of the river and its water craft may be seen.”—*From Lossing's “Hudson, From the Wilderness to the Sea.”*

Wide World,"—a neat white cottage, surrounded by trees, above the boat-house. A chain was also thrown across from this Island to West Point.

The Two Brothers. Twin rocks above Constitution Island, covered in high water.

Old Cro'-Nest Mountain. On west side, above the Point, 1,418 feet high. Scene of Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay."

Kidd's Plug Cliff. The precipice fronting the river, toward the northern peak of Cro'-Nest.

Cold Spring. On east bank, opposite Old Cro'-Nest.

Undercliff. A short distance north of Cold Spring, once the home of Geo. P. Morris, on an elevated plateau above the river.

Mount Taurus, or Bull Hill, above Undercliff.

Little Stony Point. Under Mount Taurus. Named from resemblance to Stony Point, south of the Highlands.

Break Neck. Above Mount Taurus, on the east side. Here was once the Turk's Face, now blasted away. It is said a man did it in spite, and was soon after "blown up" himself.

Storm King. On west bank, above Old Cro'-Nest. It was once known as Butter Hill, and years ago as Klinkersberg. Its present name was given by Willis. This is the highest point of the Highlands—about 1800 feet.

Beacon Hill is now seen on the east bank, after passing Break-Neck—about 1471 feet high.

Fishkill Mountains trend off to the northeast, across the southern part of Dutchess County.

Cornwall, with its pleasant Summer Homes on west side above Storm King.

Pollipet's Island. At upper portal of the Highlands, near the east bank.

Idlewild. Once home of N. P. Willis, on west side, about one mile above Cornwall. (Gothic house north of an open field, the 3rd above a high towered building.)

New Windsor, on west side about 4 miles north of Cornwall, once the rival of Newburgh: now a brick-yard.

Newburgh Bay. The river here widens into one of the finest bays on the Hudson.

Washington's Head Quarters. As the boat approaches the city, we see the Head Quarters of Washington; a flag-staff marks the point. The old build-

ing is also seen with tall chimneys and steep roof almost sloping to the foundations.

Newburgh City. Rising in natural terraces.

Fishkill Landing. On east side opposite Newburgh.

Low Point, or Carthage. On east side above Fishkill.

Devil's Dens Kammer. Flat rock on the west side, covered with Cedars, named the Devil's Dancing Chamber by Hendrich Hudson from an Indian Pow-wow witnessed here.

New Hamburg, above Low Point, on the east side at the mouth of Wappinger's Creek.

Hampton Point, opposite New Hamburg. Here are the finest white cedars on the river.

Marlborough. Also on west side above Hampton Point.

Barneget, on east side.

Shawangunk Mountains, on the west side reach away in the distance toward the Catskills.

Milton. The raspberry and strawberry town on west side above Marlborough.

Locust Grove. Large brown house on east side, with square tower, home of the late Prof. S. F. B. Morse.

Poughkeepsie Cemetery, on east side; old Livingston Place directly above on a wooded point; near by a large rolling mill is being built.

Poughkeepsie, 74 miles from New York. Queen City of the Hudson. Situated for the most part on a plateau about 200 feet above the river.

Riverview Military Academy. Large brick building on a fine eminence.

Buckeye Mower Manufactory, Adriance, Platt & Co., proprietors. Fine buildings, near the river bank.

Kaul Rock, near Poughkeepsie landing. Its name signifies Barren Rock.

Vassar Brewery. Long white buildings above the landing.

New Paltz Landing, opposite Poughkeepsie. The west banks here are also fine and picturesque.

Poughkeepsie Water Works. On east bank about one mile above the landing. The water is forced from the river to a reservoir on Academy Hill. The hill is crowned by Hon. George Morgan's residence, built after the model of the Parthenon.

Mr. Winslow's Residence, on east bank.

The Insane Asylum. About two miles above Poughkeepsie.

Joseph Boorman, First President of the Hudson River R. R., lives about 3 miles north of Insane Asylum, where an iron bridge crosses the track. A pretty stone summer house on the point.

Hyde Park, on east side, six miles north of Poughkeepsie. Connected with Poughkeepsie by a succession of villas; the finest drive in the country.

Placentia, on west side, about one mile above Hyde Park. Once home of James K. Paulding, friend of Washington Irving.

Doctor Hussack's Estate, on east side. The front painted blue and white. Corinthian pillars.

Esopus Island and Meadows, on west side.

Staatsburgh, above Hyde Park on east side. Mr. Pell's great apple orchard almost opposite; stone store-house near the river. The river begins to widen into Rondout Bay.

Rhinecliff, or *Rhinebeck Landing*, on the east side.

Rondout, or *City of Kingston*, on west side. A little south of Rondout is Port Ewen, known as the "Deserted Village."

Rokeby. Wm. B. Astor's residence, above Rhinecliff, with tower and pointed roof.

Barrytown, on east side.

Cruger's Island. 2 miles above Barrytown, with an imported ruin from Italy on the south end of Island.

Tivoli, on east side, 100 miles from New York.

Glasgo. A little south of Tivoli, on west side.

Saugerties. A little to the north of Tivoli, on west side, at the mouth of Esopus Creek.

Malden. Above Saugerties, on west side. Dock covered with blue stone

Clermont. Above Tivoli, on east side. The original Livingston manor.

West Camp. On west side, above Malden.

Four County Island. Near west bank; the "meeting point" of Dutchess, Columbia, Greene, and Ulster.

Germantown. On east side. 105 miles from New York.

Man in the Mountain. From this point we get a fine view of the reclining giant. You can trace it by the following outline:—the peak to the south is the *knee*; the next to the north the *breast*; and two or three above this, the *chin*, the *nose*, and the *forehead*.

Round Top. The highest point of the Catskills, 4000 feet high.

Catskill Mountain House, will be seen in a clear day like a snow drift, left on the mountains.

Livingston. On east side. A small station on the Hudson River Rail Road, about 4 miles above Germantown.

Catskill. On west side, just above Catskill Creek.

Prospect Point Hotel. On a fine eminence to north of landing.

Church, the Artist, has a new residence on east side on a hill, almost opposite Catskill.

Mount Merino. On east side, about two miles up the river. Owned by Col. O. D. Ashley.

Hudson. On east side. Promenade hill just above the landing.

Athens. Opposite. Hudson River Depot for freight, large building near the river.

Stockport. On east side, four miles north of Hudson, near the mouth of Columbiaville Creek. This creek is formed by the union of the Kinderhook and Claverack Creeks.

Four-mile-Point. On west side, about 125 feet high; four miles from Hudson and four from Coxsackie. Narrow channel for 2 miles close to the west shore. Average about 350 feet wide. At upper end of narrow channel Grape vine dock and a Grapery of 100 acres.

Coxsackie. On west side, 8 miles from Hudson.

Newton Hook; opposite Coxsackie; the wooded point is called Prospect Grove.

Stuyvesant. On the east side. Once called Kinderhook Landing.

Schodack Island. On east side, about two miles above Stuyvesant. The island is about 3 miles long, covered mostly with broom corn.

New Baltimore. About opposite the centre of Schodack Island; fifteen miles from Hudson and fifteen from Albany. The government dykes begin opposite New Baltimore.

Barren Island. Site of the famous "Castle of Rensselaerstien," (vid. Irving's Knickerbocker). Four counties also meet here,—Columbia, Rensselaer, Greene, and Albany. Island $\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide.

Coeymans. Right above Barren Island; connected with a dyke. Above Coeymans is what is known as the Coeymans' Cross Over.

Shad Island. The first island to the westward above Coeymans; 3 miles long; old Indian fishing ground.

Nine-mile-Tree. On east bank. *Castleton.* One mile above Tree, on east side. *Campbell's Island.* On lower end a light.

Cedar Hill Dock. Opposite this light.

Staats Island. Above Campbell's Island. This was settled by the Staats family before the arrival of the Van Rensselaers', and never belonged to the Patroon. The house is about 200 years old; at least a part of it, and mostly built of stone.

The Overslaugh reaches from Van Wics' Point; (the first point above Cedar Hill,) about two miles up the river.

Albany is now near at hand, and we see to the south the Convent of the Sacred Heart; to the north the Cathedral, the Capitol, the State House, the City Hall, &c. *Greenbush* opposite. Connected with Albany by ferries and two fine substantial bridges.

Troy, on east bank, six miles from Albany. *West Troy*, opposite.

Thus, in brief, we have traced the river, as it were step by step, from New York to the head of tide-water; and we have endeavored to make these pages a practical *Guide-Board* to the various points of historic and legendary interest which literally fill our river valley. The Hand, whose index finger has thus far pointed north, *opens* at Albany, and with five fingers points to—

1. Cooperstown, Sharon and Richfield Springs.
2. Niagara Falls and Watkins Glen.
3. Saratoga, Lake George and Plattsburg.
4. Montreal, and the Thousand Islands.
5. The White and Green Mountains.

To each of these summer routes we will call your attention, at the close of the Hudson sketch.

And now, as we present our Hudson Handbook for the fifth year to the traveling public, we wish to express our acknowledgments to the gentlemanly captains and pilots of the day-boats, for many facts here presented in this analysis,—*facts* which we could not have gathered either from books or libraries. We would also acknowledge the kindness of our friend Mr. Benson J. Lossing, and his publishers, Messrs. Virtue & Yorston, 12 Dey Street, in allowing us a selection of their beautiful cuts, which have made the "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea," a book without a rival, either in England or America.

W. B.

THE HIGHLANDS BY DAYLIGHT.

"As the cradle of steam navigation was first rocked upon the bosom of the Hudson, it is fitting that our river should have the finest appointed steamboats in the world: *and she has them.*"
W. B.

Sixteen hundred thousand people reside in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken. How many of this busy multitude appreciate the fact that they are living at the portal of the finest river in the world? Visitors from every state of this wide "Centennial country," come five hundred and a thousand miles to see Sunnyside, the Highlands, and the Catskills, while the great mass of the brightest and clearest headed city in Christendom, are ignorant of the combined health and pleasure of a three hours trip to West Point, Cornwall, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie or Kingston.

The "Mary Powell," the most popular steamboat on the river, leaves Vestry Street Pier every afternoon at half past three o'clock, and passes through the Highlands between six and seven, the pleasantest hour to see the finest scenery of the Hudson. The grand mountains for twenty miles are full of changing light and shadow. In fact the sun seems for the time to lose his dignity and stability,

To play hide and seek with each mountain peak,

and when finally lost to our sight behind the heavy brow of the "Dunderberghs," and old "Storm King," to touch with gentle ray and loving kindness "Sugar Loaf" and "Anthony's Nose."

It is certainly safe to say that the Mary Powell is the newest and finest Steamboat on the river, and leaves New York at a pleasant hour for the Tourist, the pleasure seeker, or the man of business. Captain Anderson has not spared either pains or cost to make his Steamboat complete in every particular, always having in view the safety and security of his passengers. He has expended seventy-five thousand dollars during the last winter, so that she has literally renewed her youth. The Boiler is made of steel capable of bearing 103 pounds pressure, whereas she only requires from 17 to 25 pounds to make her running time, thus using only one fourth of her real strength.

HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOATS.

The following list embraces the *Passage Boats*, built and running on the Hudson River, between New York, Albany and Troy: since their first introduction by Robert Fulton, in the fall of 1807.

When built.	Names.	Tons.	Remarks.
1807.	Clermont.		Changed to "North River."
1808.	North River	166	Broken up.
1809.	Car of Neptune.	295	" "
1811.	Hope.	280	" "
1811.	Perseverance.	280	" "
1811.	Paragon.	331	Sunk 1825.
1813.	Richmond.	370	Broken up.
1815.	Olive Branch.	295	" "
1816.	Chancellor Livingston.	495	" "
1823.	James Kent.	364	Coal Barge.
1824.	Hudson.	170	Broken up.
1825.	Sandusky.	289	Tow Boat.
1825.	Constitution.	275	Now "Indiana."
1825.	Constellation.	276	Tow Barge.
1825.	Chief Justice Marshall.	300	Lost in Long Island Sound.
1825.	Saratoga.	250	Tow Barge.
1826.	Sun.	280	Burnt 1831.
1826.	New Philadelphia.	300	Runs on Delaware River.
1826.	Champion.		
1827.	Nimrod.		
1827.	Albany.	298	Runs to Troy.
1827.	Independence.	368	On Philadelphia Route.
1827.	North America.	497	Destroyed by Ice, 1839.
1827.	Victory.	290	Sunk in 1815.
1828.	De Witt Clinton.	571	Engine in Knickerbocker.
1829.	Ohio.	412	Tow Barge.
1830.	Novelty.	477	Broken up.
1832.	Champlain.	471	Tow Barge.
1832.	Erie.	472	" "
1833.	Helen.		Destroyed 1834
1835.	Robert L Stevens.	288	Runs to Sangerties.
1835.	Westchester.		Runs to Albany.
1836.	Rochester.	491	" "
1836.	Emerald.		" "
1836.	Swallow.	426	Destroyed April 7th, 1845
1837.	Utica.	310	Runs to Albany.
1838.	Diamond.	398	Laid up.
1839.	Balloon.	204	Runs to Newark.
1839.	North America.	494	Runs to Albany.
1840.	South America.	638	" "
1840.	Troy.	724	Runs to Troy.
1841.	Columbia.	391	Runs to Albany.
1841.	Rainbow.	230	On Delaware River.
1842.	Curtis Peck.		On James River, Va.
1843.	Empire.	936	Runs to Troy
1843.	Knickerbocker.	853	Runs to Albany.

When built.	Names.	Tons.	Remarks.
	Belle.	430	Runs to Albany.
	Express.	288	" "
1844.	Anda.		" "
1845.	Niagara.	730	Runs to Troy.
1845.	Rip Van Winkle.	510	Runs to Albany.
1845.	Hendrick Hudson.	1170	" "
1846.	Newton.		Runs to Albany.
1848.	Henry Clay.		" "
1848.	Armenia.		" "
1850.	New World.		" "
1851.	Reindeer.		" "
1862.	Mary Powell.		" Rondout.
1862.	Daniel Drew.		Runs to Albany.
1864.	C. Vibbard		" "
1864.	St. John.		" "
1865.	Dean Richmond.		" "
1866.	Drew.		" "

For the last fifteen years we only mention the principal Steamboats, as they have multiplied too rapidly for a general list.

It makes one smile to read the newspaper notices of those days, and we give some of them for the benefit of the traveler. The time was rather long, and the fare rather high—thirty-six hours to Albany, fare seven dollars.

Extract from Picturesque Tourist, published by J. Disturnell 1844.

"Passenger Barges. In 1826, the steamboat Commerce, Captain George E. Seymour, towed the passenger barge Lady Clinton, and the steamboat Swiftsure, Captain Cowden, towed the passenger barge Lady Van Rensselaer."

Copy of an advertisement taken from the Albany Gazette, dated September, 1807.

"The North River Steamboat will leave Paulus Hook Ferry (now Jersey City) on Friday the 4th of September at 9 in the morning, and arrive at Albany at 9 in the afternoon on Saturday. Provisions, good berths, and accommodation are provided. The charge to each passenger is as follows:

To Newburg.	Dols. 3.	Time 14 hours.
Poughkeepsie.	" 4.	" 17 "
Esopus.	" 5.	" 20 "
Hudson.	" 5½.	" 39 "
Albany.	" 7.	" 36 "

For places apply to Wm. Vandervoort, No. 43 Courtland street, on the corner of Greenwich street, September 2d, 1807.

Extract from the New York Evening Post, dated October 2d, 1807.

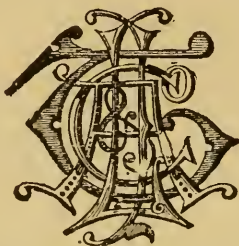
Mr. Fulton's new-invented steamboat, which is fitted up in a neat style for passengers, and is intended to run from New York to Albany as a packet, left here this morning with ninety passengers, against a strong head wind. Notwithstanding which, it was judged she moved through the waters at the rate of six miles an hour.

Extract from the Albany Gazette, dated October 5th, 1807.

Friday, October 2d, 1807, the steamboat (Clermont) left New York at ten o'clock a. m., against a stormy tide, very rough water, and a violent gale from the north. She made a headway beyond the most sanguine expectations, and without being rocked by the waves.

Arrived at Albany, October 4th at 10 o'clock p. m., being detained by being obliged to come to anchor, owing to a gale and having one of her paddle wheels tore away by running foul of a sloop.

Largest Accident Insurance Co. IN THE WORLD.



THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD, CONN.

GRANTS EVERYTHING DESIRABLE IN

LIFE OR ACCIDENT INSURANCE.


CASH ASSETS	\$3,500,000.
ACCIDENT POLICIES WRITTEN	380,000.
LIFE POLICIES WRITTEN	22,000.
PAID IN CASH BENEFITS	2,500,000.
SURPLUS TO POLICY-HOLDERS	1,000,000.

GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES, for the year or month, written by Agents without delay. Yearly cost, \$5 to \$10 per \$1,000, for occupations not hazardous.

LIFE OR ENDOWMENT INSURANCE of the best forms, the best quality, and on the best terms. Ample security and low premiums.

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

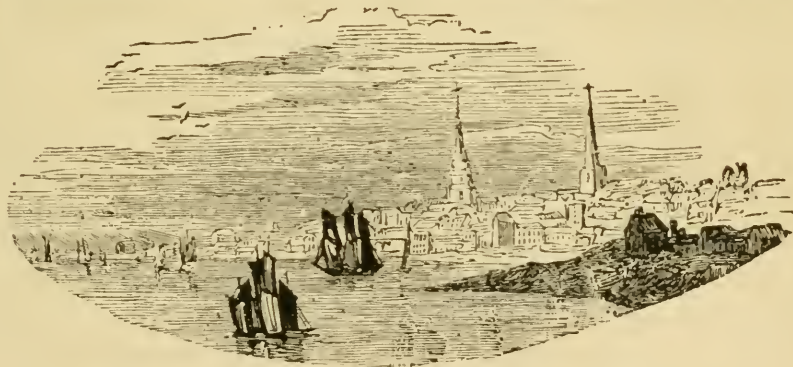
RODNEY DENNIS, *Secretary.* JOHN E. MORRIS, *Assistant Secretary.*

 Apply to any Agent, or write to the Company, at Hartford, Conn.

NEW YORK Office, 207 Broadway ; BOSTON Office, 221 Washington St.; MONTREAL Office,
199 St. James St. Agents everywhere.

THE HUDSON.

THE Hudson has been called the Shate-muck, the Mohegan, the Manhattan, the Noordt Montaigne, the Mauritius, the North River, and the River of the Mountains. It was called the Hudson River, not by the Dutch as generally stated, but by the English, as Henry Hudson was an Englishman, although he sailed from a Dutch port, with a Dutch crew, and a Dutch vessel. The river was called the Mauritius in a letter to



OLOFFE VAN KORTLANDT'S DREAM.

the "High and mighty Lords" of Holland, written November 5, 1626. It was called the North River to distinguish it from the Delaware, called the South River. The Spaniards called it the River of the Mountains. It was discovered in the year 1609. The town of Communipaw was founded soon after, and according to Knickerbocker,—whose quiet humor is always read and re-read with pleasure,—might justly be considered the mother colony of our glorious city: for lo! the sage Oloffte Van

Kortlandt dreamed a dream, and the good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of the trees, and descended upon the island of Manhattan and sat himself down and smoked, "and the smoke ascended into the sky, and formed a cloud overhead; and Oloffte bethought him, and he hastened and climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees, and saw that the smoke spread over a great extent of country; and, as he considered it more attentively, he fancied that the great volume assumed a variety of marvelous forms, where, in dim obscurity, he saw shadowed out palaces and domes and lofty spires, all of which lasted but a moment, and then passed away." So New York, like Alba Longa and Rome, and other cities of antiquity, was under the immediate care of its tutelar saint. Its destiny was foreshadowed, for now the palaces and domes and lofty spires are real and genuine, and something more than dreams are made of.

NEW YORK, by virtue of its admirable position, soon became the headquarters of the fur trade. The merchants of North Holland organized a company, and obtained from the States General, in 1614, a charter to trade in the New Netherlands; and, soon after, a colony built a few houses and a fort near the Battery. The entire island was purchased from the Indians, 1624, for the sum of sixty guilders, or about twenty-four dollars. A fort was also built at Albany in 1623, and known as Fort Aurania, or Fort Orange. New York was called for years New Amsterdam; but in the year 1664, when these forts were surrendered to the English, the two settlements took the names of New York and Albany, in honor of the Duke of York and Albany. In June, 1636, the first land was bought on Long Island; and in 1667 the Ferry Town, opposite New York, was known by the name Breuckelen, signifying broken land, but the name was not generally accepted until after the Revolution. Bergen was the oldest settlement in New Jersey. It was founded in 1616 by the Dutch colonists to the New Netherlands, and received its name from Bergen, in Norway. Paulus Hook, or Jersey City, in 1638 was the farm of William Kieft, Director-General of the Dutch West India Company.

So much for the early history of New York and the surrounding

cities, which have sprung up as it were in a day; for, as late as 1800 the city of Brooklyn had only 2,000 inhabitants, and, in 1820, Jersey City only 300.

HENDRICH HUDSON AND THE HALF MOON.—The first voyagers up the Hudson were, as before stated, Hendrich Hudson and his crew of the “Half Moon.” He anchored off Sandy Hook September 3d, 1609, and remained off the Hook a little more than a week. He then passed through the Narrows, and anchored in what is now called Newark Bay; on the 12th resumed his voyage, and, drifting with the tide, anchored over night on the 13th just above Yonkers; on the 14th passed Tappan and Haverstraw Bays, entered the Highlands, and anchored for the night near West Point. On the morning of the 15th entered Newburgh Bay, and reached Catskill on the 16th, Athens on the 17th, and Castleton and Albany on the 18th, and then sent out an exploring boat as far as Waterford. His return voyage began on the 23d. He anchored again in Newburgh Bay the 25th, and reached Stony Point October 1st; reached Sandy Hook the 4th, and then returned to Europe. The “Half Moon” was becalmed off Sandy Hook, and the people of the mountains came to see them. We might also add, in this place, that it is claimed by some that Hendrich Hudson was the first to call the river “The River of the Mountains,” a name which the Spaniards and French afterward adopted. The Iroquois called it the Co-hat-a-tea. The Mohegans and Lenapes called it the Mohegan, or Mah-i-can-i-tuk—“the continually flowing waters,”—probably from the tide, which rises and falls from New York to Troy. The name Mauritius was given in honor of Prince Maurice, of Nassau, in the year 1611.

THE OLD REACHES.—The Hudson was divided at one time by the old navigators, long before the days of “propelling steam,” into fourteen Reaches—one of which names is still used in the poetic name of Claverack, the Clover-Reach. We will give some of these as a matter of historic interest:—

The *Great Chip-Rock* Reach—the Palisades—were known by the old Dutch settlers as the “Great Chip,” and so styled in the Bergen Deed of Purchase, viz., the great chip above Weehawken.

The *Tappan* Reach, on the east side of which dwelt the Manhattans, on the west side the Saulrickans and the Tappans. The third reach extends upward to a narrow point called *Haverstroe*; then comes the *Seylmaker's* reach, and then *Crescent* reach; next *Hoge's* reach, and then *Vorsen* reach, which extends to Klinkersberg, or Storm King, the northern portal of the Highlands. This is succeeded by *Fisher's* reach, where, on the east side, once dwelt a race of savages called Pachami. "This reach," in the language of De Laet, "extends to another narrow pass, where, on the west, is a point of land which juts out, covered with sand, opposite a bend in the river, on which another nation of savages—the Waoranecks—have their abode at a place called Esopus. Next, another reach, called *Claverack*; then *Backerack*; next the *Playsier* reach, and *Vaste* reach, as far as Hinnenhock; then the *Hunters'* reach, as far as Kinderhook; and Fisher's Hook, near Shad Island, over which, on the east side, dwell the Mohegans." These old reaches and names have long passed away from the use or memory of even the river pilots, and may, perhaps, possess interest only to the antiquarian. But there are

FIVE DIVISIONS, OR REACHES, OF THE HUDSON,

which we imagine will have interest for all, as they present in brief an analysis easy to be remembered—divisions marked by something more substantial than sentiment or fancy, expressing five distinct characteristics—

GRANDEUR, REPOSE, SUBLIMITY, THE PICTURESQUE, BEAUTY.

1. THE PALISADES, an unbroken wall of rock for fifteen miles—GRANDEUR.

2. THE TAPPAN ZEE, surrounded by the sloping hills of Nyack, Tarrytown, and Sleepy Hollow—REPOSE.

3. THE HIGHLANDS, where the Hudson for twenty miles plays "hide and seek" with "hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,"—SUBLIMITY.

4. THE HILLSIDES for miles above and below Poughkeepsie—THE PICTURESQUE.

5. THE CATSKILLS, on the west, throned in queenly dignity—BEAUTY.

THE PALISADES—GRANDEUR.

“And as you nearer draw, each wooded height
Puts off the azure hues by distance given,
And slowly break upon the enamored sight
Ravine, crag, field, and wood, in colors true and bright.”

We know of no other river in the world which presents so great a variety of views as the Hudson. Throughout its whole extent, from the “Wilderness to the Sea,” from the Adirondacks to Staten Island, there is a combination of the finest pictures; and each division which we have indicated seems to illustrate some of the best scenery of the old world. With only a slight stretch of fancy, we imagine the tourist may find Loch Katrine “nestled” among the mountains of our own Highlands; will see in the Catskills the Sunset Mountains of Arran; and in the Palisades the Giant’s Causeway of Ireland.

In reference to this idea of picture combination, we can appropriately cite the words of George William Curtis, who pronounces the Hudson grander than the Rhine. He says, “The Danube has in part glimpses of such grandeur. The Elbe has sometimes such delicately pencilled effects. But no European river is so lordly in its bearing, none flows in such state to the sea.” Thackeray, also, in his “Virginians,” has given to the Hudson the verdict of beauty; and we imagine this is the unprejudiced opinion of tourists and travelers.

The Palisades, or Great Chip Rock, as they were known by the old Dutch settlers, present the same bold front to the river that the Giants’ Causeway does to the ocean. We should judge these rocks to be of about the same height and the same extent. The Palisades are from two hundred and fifty to six hundred feet high, and extend about fifteen miles, from Fort Lee to the hills of Rockland County. As the basaltic trap-rock is one of the oldest geological formations, we might still appropriately style the Palisades “a *chip* of the old block.” They separate the valley of the Hudson from the valley of the Hackensack. The Hackensack rises in Rockland Lake, within two or three hundred yards of the Hudson, and the rivers flow thirty miles side by side, but are effectually separated from each other by a wall more substantial than even the 2,000 mile structure of the “Heathen Chinees.”

WEEHAWKEN, one of the sad historic spots of the Hudson, was much

frequented years ago; but the place is hardly ever visited in these latter days. In fact, everything is changed. The narrow ledge of rock where Hamilton fell in a duel with Aaron Burr on the morning of July 11, 1804, has made way for the West Side Railroad; and we are not sorry that the last vestige connected with a "false code of honor" has been removed.



DUELLING GROUND, WEEHAWKEN.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

The St. Andrew's Society, a short time after the duel, erected a monument on the spot to the memory of the great statesman, but that too was gradually destroyed by visitors, and taken away in pieces, souvenirs of a sad tragedy.

SPUYTEN DUYVEL CREEK.—This is the first point of special legendary interest, and takes its name from a highly chivalric and poetic incident. It seems that the famous Antony Van Corlear was despatched one evening with an important message up the Hudson. When he arrived at this creek, the wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no boatman at hand. "For a short time," it is said, "he vaped like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across *en spijt en Duyvel* (in spite of the Devil) and daintily plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! Scarcely had he buffeted half way over when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters. Instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and giving a vehement blast—sank forever to the bottom."

Passing the Convent and Academy of Mount St. Vincent, a fine structure on the east bank of the river, we come to

YONKERS, where Hendrich Hudson anchored one September evening, 1609. In the quaint language of those days, he "found a loving people, who attained great age." It is also generally believed that this was the place where Hendrich Hudson and his mate, Robert Juet, made that sage experiment, gravely recorded in the narrative of the discovery. "Our master and his mate determined to try some of the chief men of the country, whether they had any treachery in them; so they took them down into the cabin, and gave them so much wine and aqua vite that they were all very merrie. In the end one of them was drunk, and that was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it." One thing is certain, they learned how, as soon as they had opportunity—the only branch of civilization for which they appear to have had a natural taste. It is moreover said that the effect of this imported jugglery was decidedly strange, and soon after Hendrich's departure it came to be believed by the red men, who had seen the zigzag effect of fire-water on their brethren, that the Hudson must, at some period of the world's history, have become *inebriated*, to have made such a winding channel to the sea, and they instituted a search for the fire-water

fountain. Of course they were unable to find the mysterious fountain; but the real legend is one of the oldest and therefore most *reliable* of our river traditions. This is the mouth of the Neperan, or Sawmill River, and here, in an obscure nook of the Hudson, west of the creek, is a large rock, which was called Meech-keek-assin, or Amackasin, the great stone to which the Indians paid reverence as an evidence of the permanency and immutability of their deity.

It is generally said that Yonkers derived its name from Yonk-herr—the young heir, or young sir, of the Phillipsie manor. The English and Scotch word, however, as used by Shakespeare and Burns (*viz.*, *yonker* and *younkers*) makes a voyage to a foreign language quite unnecessary.

The old manor house, near the river and above the landing, was purchased a short time ago by the village of Yonkers, and converted for the most part into offices for transacting town affairs. The older portion of the house was built in 1682; the present front in 1745. The woodwork is very interesting, and the ceilings, the large hall, and wide fireplace. In the room pointed out as Washington's room, the fireplace still retains the old tiles, "illustrating familiar passages in Bible history," fifty on each side, looking as clear as if they were made but yesterday. The town is growing very rapidly, and is almost a part of the great metropolis.

HASTINGS, four miles north of Yonkers and twenty-one from New York, is almost opposite the highest point of the Palisades, *viz.*, "Indian Head." Here, it is said, Garibaldi used to spend his Sundays with Italian friends, at the time that he was "keeping a soap and candle factory on Staten Island."

DOBBS' FERRY is the next village above Hastings, on the east side, named after an old Swedish ferryman. It is the scene of a romantic story, long ago put in verse, and styled the "Legend of Dobbs' Ferry, or the Marital Fate of Hendrich and Katrina." The river now widens into a beautiful bay, known as the Mediterranean Sea of the New Netherlands, and we come to our second division.

TAPPAN ZEE—REPOSE.

“Cool shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day,
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.”

The Palisades now lose their wall-like character, and break away in little headlands to the north and northwest; and now, as we pass PIERMONT, on the west side, we leave behind us the New Jersey wall, which was almost enough to “keep her out of the Union,” and are entirely within the jurisdiction of the Empire State—the New Jersey line is only a short distance below Piermont. The pier of the Erie railroad, which here juts into the river, is about one mile in length, and gives the name to the village. The boulevard from this point to Rockland Lake, passing through Nyack, will soon be one of the finest drives on the Hudson. About two miles from Piermont is the old village of Tappan, where Andre was executed.

IRVINGTON is about opposite Piermont, twenty-four miles from New York. The river is here about three miles wide, and the sloping hills that look over this tranquil bay are literally covered with beautiful villas and charming grounds. About half a mile above the depot, and near the river bank, almost hid in foliage, is

SUNNYSIDE, the great classic and poetic spot of our country—the home of Washington Irving, who laid the corner-stone of American literature. Fifty years ago the English critic sneeringly asked, “Who reads an American book?” Irving quietly answered the question, and carried the war into the enemy’s country by writing “Bracebridge Hall,” “Westminster Abbey,” and “Stratford-on-Avon;” and his name is cherished to-day in England almost as fondly as in our own country. A few years ago it was our good fortune to pass a few days in the very centre of “Merrie England,” in that quiet town on the Avon, and we found the name of Irving almost as reverently regarded as that of the

immortal Shakespeare. The sitting-room in the "Red Horse Hotel," where he was disturbed in his midnight reverie, is still called Irving's room, and the walls hung with portraits taken at different periods of his life. Mine host said that visitors from every land were as much interested in this room as in Shakespeare's birthplace. The remark may have been intensified to flatter an American visitor, but there are few names dearer to the Anglo-Saxon race than that on the plain headstone in the burial-yard of Sleepy Hollow.

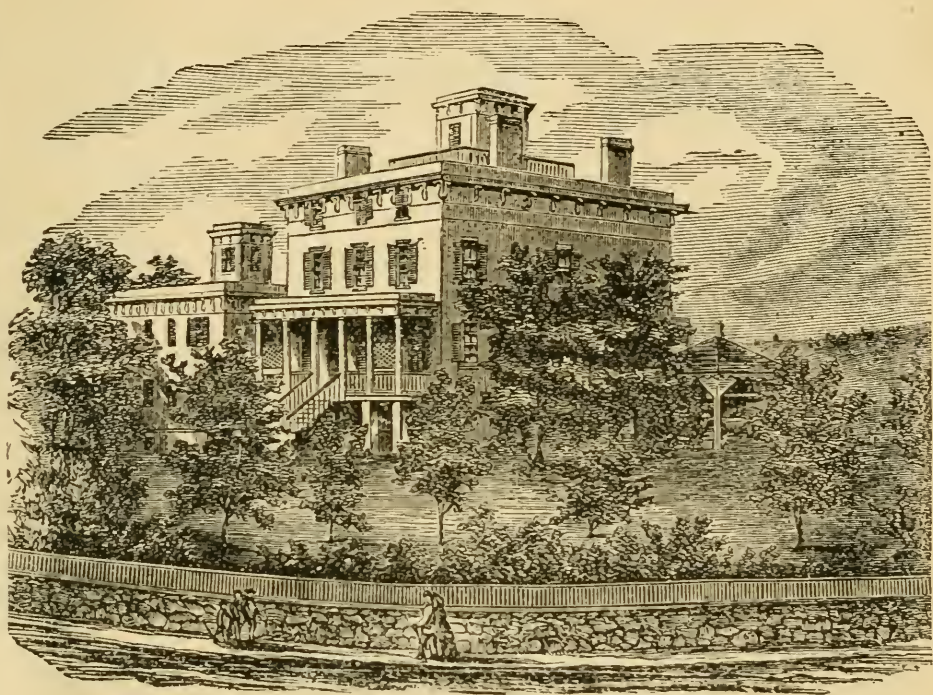
In Irving's essay of "Wolfert's Roost" (the old name of Sunnyside) he describes his home very aptly as "made up of gable-ends, and full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact, to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escorial of Spain was modelled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Laurence." The late Napoleon III. was at one time a visitor at Sunnyside; and here, in 1842, Daniel Webster paid Irving a visit, with appointment and credentials as Minister to Spain.

TARRYTOWN is also on the east side, about three miles north of Irvington. Its name was derived from the old Dutch word Tarwe-town, or wheat-town, although Knickerbocker's natural philosophy imagined that it arose from the tarrying of husband at the village tavern.

On the old post-road, now called Broadway, going north from the village, Major Andre was captured, and a monument erected on the spot by the people of Westchester County, October 7, 1853, with this inscription:—

ON THIS SPOT,
THE 23D DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1780, THE SPY,
MAJOR JOHN ANDRE,
Adjutant-General of the British Army, was captured by
JOHN PAULDING, DAVID WILLIAMS, AND ISAAC VAN WART,
ALL NATIVES OF THIS COUNTY.
History has told the rest.

It is said that the tree beneath which Andre was captured was struck by lightning in July, 1801, the very day of Arnold's death in London.



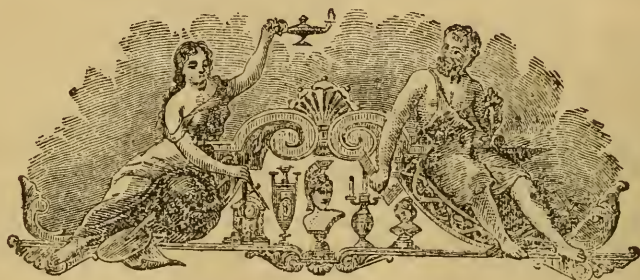
IRVING INSTITUTE, TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

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In a pleasant part of Tarrytown is located the Irving Institute, established in 1838. It is about half a mile from the depot, and commands charming views of the Hudson and inland scenery. From its cupola we see, to the south, the Paulding Manor House, the villas of Bierstadt, the Cunningham Castle, Nyack opposite the wide expanse of Tappan Zee, and miles in every direction ; and every view has points of historic and poetic interest to every person who has either a taste for history, or legends, which are only the *foliage* of history. It is appropriately styled the "Irving Institute." looking down from its beautiful eminence upon the valley of Sleepy Hollow. We present a fine cut of the building and grounds. It is designed to combine the attraction and *safety* of a home with thoroughness of discipline and intellectual culture.

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Tarrytown and vicinity was the very heart of the debatable ground of the Revolution; and here, according to Irving, arose the two great orders of border chivalry—the Skinners and the Cow-Boys. The former fought, or rather marauded, under the American, the latter under the British banner. “In the zeal of service both were apt to make blunders, and confounded the property of friend and foe. Neither of them, in the heat and hurry of a foray, had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow which they were driving off into captivity, nor



ICHABOD CRANE AND KATRINA VAN TASSEL.

when they wrung the neck of a rooster did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for Congress or King George.”

This was indeed an eventful neighborhood to the faithful historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker; and here he picked up many of those legends which were given by him to the world, or found among his papers. One of these was the legend connected with the old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. “Some say the place was

bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement; others that an old Indian chief, the wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before Hendrich Hudson's discovery of the river. The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head, said to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, and was known at all the country firesides as the "headless horseman" of Sleepy Hollow. Sunnyside, you remember, was once the property of old Baltus Van Tassel; and here lived the fair Katrina, beloved by all the youths, but *more especially* by Ichabod Crane, the country schoolmaster, and a reckless youth, Mr. Van Brunt. A faithful view of the unsuccessful courtship of Ichabod will be seen in the cut here given, from the statuette group of Ichabod and Katrina, by Mr. Rogers, of New York, whose skill we again refer to in our article on "Rip Van Winkle among the Catskills."

The Old Dutch Church, and the burial yard where Irving is buried, is about one half mile north from Tarrytown. A plain stone, with simple inscription, "Washington Irving, born April 3d, 1783, died November 28th, 1859," marks the resting-place of the sweetest writer in our literature.

NYACK ON THE HUDSON is a pleasant village opposite Tarrytown. The large building south of the village is the Rockland Female Seminary.

SING-SING, on the east side, is six miles above Tarrytown, and thirty-two from New York. Its name is said to be derived from the Indian words *ossin*, a stone, and *ing*, a place, from the rocky and stony character of the river bank.

The State Prison, with its white walls, was built of stone quarried on the spot by a band of *o'-sin-ing* mortals imported from Auburn; in 1829.

ROCKLAND LAKE lies opposite Sing-Sing, set in a "dimple of the hills," and is not seen from the river. As we look at the great ice-houses to-day, which, like uncouth barns, stand here and there along the Hudson, it does not seem possible that only a few years ago ice was decidedly unpopular, and wheeled about New York in a hand-cart. Think of one hand-cart supplying New York with ice! It was considered unhealthy, and called forth many learned discussions. The point that *seems* to project into the river was called "Verdietege" Hook being considered a "very tedious" spot by the old Dutch mariners.

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Bicarbonate of Soda.....	71.232 "
Bicarbonate of Magnesia.....	149.343 "
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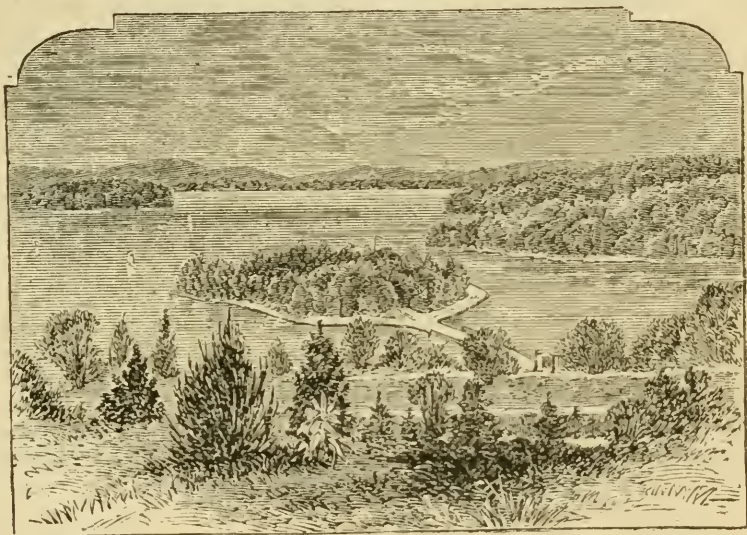
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CROTON RIVER meets the Hudson about one mile above Sing-Sing, and it is a singular fact that the *pitcher* and *ice-cooler* of New York, or, in other words, Croton Dam and Rockland Lake, should be directly opposite. About thirty years ago, the Croton first made its appearance in New York, brought in by an aqueduct of solid masonry. The old Indian name of the Croton was Kitch-a-wonck. The Dam is an interesting place to visit, and we understand that city milkmen, when journeying up the river, never pass the point without reverently lifting their hats. We would modestly suggest a yearly picnic to this dam,



LAKE MAHOPAC, ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS OF THE CROTON.

where these modern Hildebrands could worship their "Undines," and compute the value of 500,000,000 gallons at "ten cents a quart,"—a nice little *running account*, large enough per annum to build the State capital or the East River bridge.

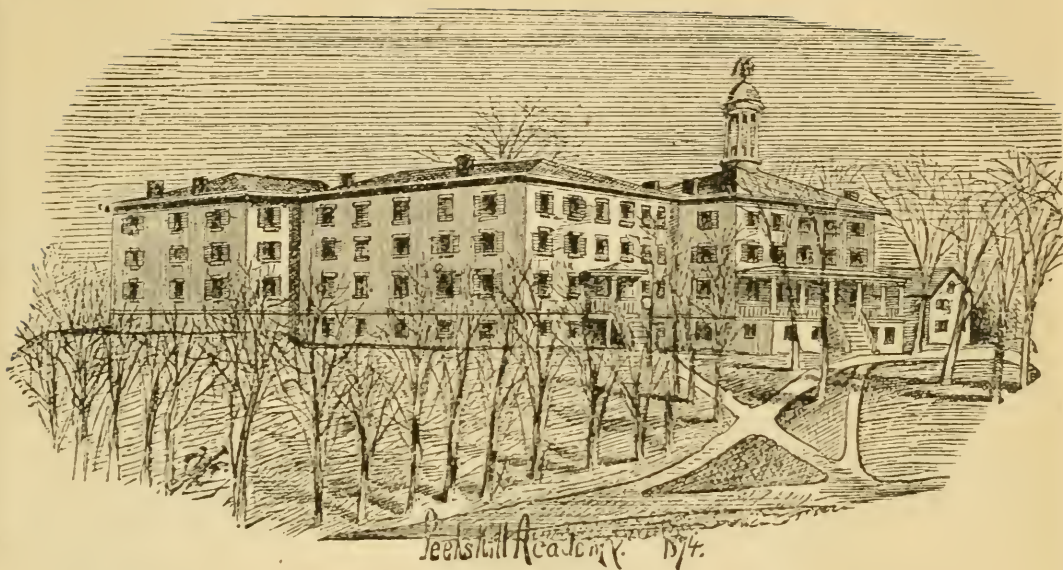
LAKE MAHOPAC is one of the finest fountains of the Croton, and the finest lake near the metropolis. It can be reached very easily by the Harlem Railroad from New York. The old Indian name was Ma-cook-pake, signifying a large inland lake. The same derivation, we imagine, is also seen in Copake Lake, Columbia County. The view here given

shows the island where the last meeting of the southern tribes of the Hudson was held. The lake is one thousand feet above tide-water—a magnificent sheet of water, with emerald islands; and it is pleasant to know that the bright waters of Mahopac and the clear fountains of Putnam County are carried to New York, even as the poetic waters of Loch Katrine supply the commercial city of Glasgow. Lake Mahopac has fine hotels, and is a pleasant place of summer resort.

TELLER'S POINT was called by the Indians, Senasqua; and tradition says that the ancient warriors still haunt the surrounding glens and woods, and the sachems of Teller's Point are household words in the neighborhood. It is also said that there was once a great Indian battle here, and perhaps the ghosts of the old warriors are attracted by the Underhill Grapery and the 10,000 gallons of wine bottled every year.

HAVERSTRAW BAY.—Passing Teller's Point we come into Haverstraw Bay. This expanse of water was called by the Indians, Kumachenack. The village is on the west side. Three miles above Haverstraw, also on the west side, we pass Stony Point, where, at two o'clock one morning, Wayne—better known as "Mad Anthony"—sent the brief despatch to Washington: "Dear General—The American flag waves here." Passing Verplank's Point, just opposite Stony Point, and we see

PEEKSKILL, forty-three miles from New York, on the east bank, where Nathan Palmer, the spy, was hung; and another brief message sent by Putnam, to the effect, "Nathan Palmer was taken as a spy, tried as a spy, and will be hanged as a spy.—P. S. *He is hanged.*" In 1797 Peekskill was the headquarters of old Israel Putnam. This was the birthplace of Paulding, one of Andre's captors, and he died here in 1818. There is a monument to his memory about two miles north of the village. It is said that the stream and town took their names from a worthy Dutch skipper, Jans Peek, who imagined he had found the head waters of the Hudson, and run aground, on the east side, in the stream which now bears his name. It was called by the Indians the unpoetic name Sackboes. Near Peekskill is the old Van Cortlandt house, the residence of Washington for a short time during the Revolution. East of the village is the farm and summer home of the great pulpit-orator of our country—Henry Ward Beecher.



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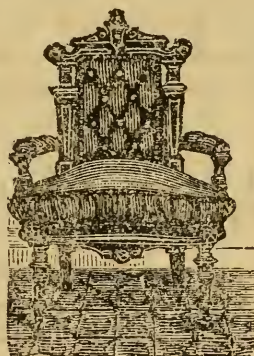
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NEW YORK.

THE HIGHLANDS—SUBLIMITY.

“And ever-wakeful Echo here doth dwell,
The nymph of sportive mockery, that still
Hides behind every rock, in every dell,
And softly glides unseen from hill to hill.”

Turning Kidd's Point, or Caldwell's Landing, almost at right angles, the steamer enters the Highlands. Near the Point will be seen some upright planks, or caissons, near the water's edge. They mark the spot where Captain Kidd's ship was supposed to have been scuttled. As the famous captain's history seems to be quite intimately associated with the Hudson, we will give in brief

THE STORY OF CAPTAIN KIDD.—His name was William, and he was born about the middle of the seventeenth century; and it is thought, near Greenock, in Scotland: resided at one time in New York, near the corner of William and Cedar Streets, and was there married. In April, 1696, Kidd sailed from England in command of the “Adventure Galley,” with full armament and eighty men. He captured a French ship, and, on arrival at New York, put up articles for volunteers: remained in New York three or four months, increasing his crew to one hundred and fifty-five men, and sailed thence to Maderas, thence to Bonavista and St. Jago, to Madagascar, then to Caiicut, then to Madagascar again, then sailed and took the “Quedah Merchant.” Kidd kept forty shares of the spoils, and divided the rest with his crew. He then burned the “Adventure Galley,” went on board the “Quedah Merchant,” and sailed for the West Indies. Here he left the “Merchant,” with part of the crew, under one Bolton, as commander. Then manned a sloop, and taking part of his spoils, went to Boston via Long Island Sound, and is said to have set goods on shore at different places. In the mean time, in August, 1698, the East India Company informed the Lords Justices that Kidd had committed several acts of piracy, particularly in seizing a Moor's ship called the “Quedah Merchant.” When Kidd landed at Boston he was therefore arrested by the Earl of Bellamont, and sent to England for trial, 1699, where he was found guilty and executed. Now it is supposed that the crew of the “Quedah

Merchant," which Kidd left at Hispaniola, started with their ship for the Hudson, as the crew was mostly gathered from the Highlands and above. It is said that they passed New York in the night, and started with their ship for the manor of Livingston; but encountering a gale in the Highlands, and thinking they were pursued, run her near the shore, now known as Kidd's Point, and here scuttled her, and the crew fled to the woods with such treasure as they could carry. Whether this circumstance was true or not, it was at least a current story in the neighborhood, and an enterprising individual, about forty years ago, caused an old cannon to be discovered in the river, and perpetrated the first "Cardiff Giant Hoax." A New York Stock Company was organized to prosecute the work. It was said that the ship could be seen in clear days, with her masts still standing, many fathoms below the surface. One thing is certain—the Company didn't see it or the *treasurer* either, in whose hands were deposited about \$30,000.

THE DUNDERBERG rises directly above this point—the Olympus of Dutch Mythology. It was the dread of the early navigators, and sailors had to drop the peaks of their mainsails in salute to the goblin who inhabited it, and presided over those little imps in sugar-loaf hats and short doublets, who were frequently seen tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist. No wonder that the old burghers of New York never thought of making their week's voyage to Albany without arranging their wills; and it created as much commotion in New Amsterdam as a Stanley expedition in search of Livingstone. Verdrietege Hook, the Dunderberg, and the Overslaugh were names of terror to even the bravest skipper.

ANTHONY'S NOSE.—The high peak on the east bank, just above the "Nameless Highland," is Anthony's Nose, which, in our Guide-Book published in 1869, we considered the prominent *feature* of the Hudson. It is about 1500 feet high, and has two or three *christenings*. One says it was named after St. Anthony the Great—the first institutor of monastic life, born A.D. 251, at Coma, in Heraclea, a town in Upper Egypt. Irving's humorous account is, however, quite as probable, to wit: that it was *derived* from the nose of Anthony Van Corlear, the illustrious trumpeter of Peter Stuyvesant. "Now thus it happened that

bright and early in the morning the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy waves below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent *nose* of the sounder of brass, the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. When this astonishing miracle was made known to the Governor, and he tasted of the unknown fish, he marveled exceedingly; and, as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since." This mountain was called by the Indians Kittatenny, a Delaware term signifying "endless hills."

Opposite Anthony's Nose is the beautiful island of Iona; and we obtain a fine view of old Sugar-Loaf to the north. We are now in the midst of historic country, and the various points are literally crowded together: Beverley Dock, Beverley House, Fort Putnam, North and South Redoubt Mountains, Kosciusko's Garden, and Fort Constitution. Both sides of the river are full of interest, and we will refer to each separately. As the steamer is now nearing the west shore, we will speak first of

WEST POINT.—The large building on the rock is Cozzens' Hotel, and the landing near is known as Cozzens' Dock. Buttermilk Falls, a little south of the landing, was known among the Indians as the Prince's Falls, owned by a prince of the hill country. The rivulet south of these falls was called by the Indians the Ossinapink, or the stream from the solid rocks; and the stream below Anthony's Nose, on the east side, the Brocken Kill, a Dutch word from water *broken* into waterfalls. The next landing is about one mile above Cozzens', and is the proper West Point Landing.

Washington first suggested this place as the most eligible situation for a military academy. It went into operation about 1812, and the land was ceded to the General Government of the United States in the year 1826. The Academy Buildings and Parade Ground are on a fine

plateau about two hundred feet above the river. The parade-ground seems almost as level as a floor; and, as the buildings are at a little distance from the river, they are only partially seen. The first building on the right hand to one ascending from the landing is the riding-school used in winter. To the rear of this the public stables, accommodating one hundred and fifty horses. Then, as you ascend, the pathway brings you to a new fireproof building for offices, a beautiful feature. To the right hand of this building is the library, with a dome. The next building is the chapel; and next to the chapel is the old riding-hall, now used for recitation-rooms, gymnasiums, gallery of paintings, and museums. On the same street are located the cadet barracks; and to the north, the officers' quarters. Prominent in this vicinity is the fine monument to General Sedgwick. Starting again at the old riding-hall, and going south, we come to the cadet hall and the cadet hospital; and still further south, another section of officers' quarters. Near the flag-staff will be found a fine collection of old cannon, old chains, old shell, and the famous "swamp angel" gun, taken from the rebels. Fort Knox was just above the landing. Near the river bank can also be seen Dade's Monument, Kosciusko's Garden, and Kosciusko's Monument. Old Fort Clinton was located on the plain, near the monument; and far above, like a sentinel left at his post, Fort Putnam looks down upon the changes of a hundred years. But of all places around West Point, Kosciusko's Garden seems the finest and most suggestive, connected as it is with a hero not only of his own country, but a man ready to battle for free institutions, taking up the sublime words of the old Roman orator, "*Where Liberty is, there is my country.*" A beautiful spring is near the Garden, and the indenture of a cannon-ball is still pointed out in the rocks, which must have disturbed the patriot's meditations.

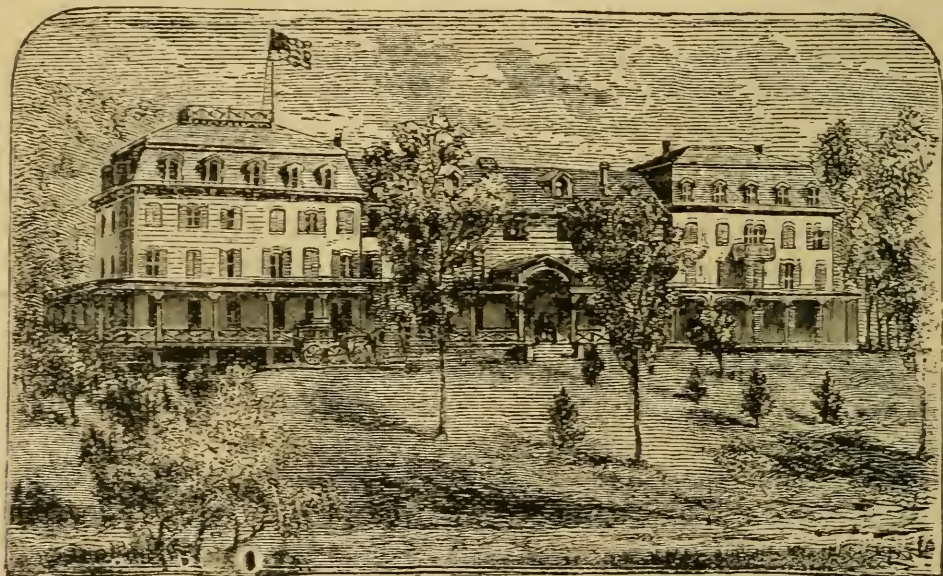
West Point during the Revolution was the Gibraltar of the Hudson; and the saddest lesson of those stern old days is connected with its history. Benedict Arnold was in command of this important point, and the story of his treachery is familiar to every schoolboy. It will be remembered that Arnold met Andre at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, at a place now known as Treason Hill, near the village of Haverstraw. Major Andre was sent as the representative of the British commander,

Sir Henry Clinton. Andre, with the papers and plans of Arnold secreted in his boots, passes down the Tarrytown road, and was arrested, as we said in our article on Tarrytown, and the papers discovered. With this preface, our history will carry us across the river to

GARRISON, on the east side. Arnold returned from Haverstraw to the Beverley House, where he was then living. This house is situated about one mile south of the Garrison Depot, near the magnificent grounds and residence of the Hon. Hamilton Fish. Colonel Jamieson sent a letter to Arnold informing him of the facts, and this letter Arnold received on the morning of the 24th of September. Alexander Hamilton and General Lafayette were at breakfast with him. He read its contents and excused himself from the table, kissed his wife good-bye, told her he was a ruined man and a traitor, kissed his little boy in the cradle, fled to Beverley Dock, and ordered his men to pull off and go down the river. The "Vulture," English man-of-war, was near Teller's Point, and received a traitor, whose living treason had to be atoned by the blood of Andre, the noble and pure-hearted officer. It is said that Arnold lived long enough to be hissed in the House of Commons, as he once took his seat in the gallery, and he died friendless, and, in fact, despised. It is also said that one day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre on foot from Paris, in the darkest hour of the French Revolution, pursued by the bloodhounds of the reign of terror, he was about to secure a passage to the United States, and asked the landlord of the hotel, "So there are Americans staying at your house? I am going across the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World." "There is a gentleman up-stairs from Britain or America," was the response. He pointed the way, and Talleyrand ascended the stairs. In a dimly lighted room sat the man of whom the great minister of France was to ask a favor. He advanced, and poured forth in elegant French and broken English, "I am a wanderer, and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World without a friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread." The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated toward the door of the next chamber. He spoke as he retreated, and his voice was full of

suffering: "I am the only man of the New World who can raise his hand to God and say, 'I have not a friend, not one, in America!'" "Who are you?" he cried. "Your name?" "My name is Benedict Arnold." Would that our modern traitors had the same vulture at their vitals as in the early days of the Republic, when treason was made odious without the aid of politicians.

If West Point and its fortifications had passed at that time into the hands of the enemy, it would be difficult to say what disaster might have befallen our arms; but, through all those dark days, when the



THE HIGHLAND HOUSE, GARRISON, N. Y.

G. F. & W. D. GARRISON, Proprietors and owners. Also Managers of the Grand Union, near Grand Central Depot, New York.

American army literally tracked their way with blood through the snows of seven winters, it seemed as if the matter was entirely in the hands of Divine Providence; and that the words of Patrick Henry were every day verified: "There is a just God, who presides over nations."

As we have before stated, the station Garrison, on the Hudson River Railroad, is directly opposite West Point, and about half a mile from the depot is the Highland House, standing on a magnificent plateau.

We call attention to the fact that this is *not* the Highland House near Cozzen's, neither is it the little house at the ferry crossing, as unpleasant mistakes have sometimes been made, but "The Highland House," about four hundred feet above the river, appropriately named, lying in the very centre of the Highlands. Its proprietors are descendants of the family who lived here in the time of the Revolution, from whom the ferry and landing took their name. The house has been recently enlarged to almost double its former capacity. Its location is certainly



INDIAN FALLS, NEAR HIGHLAND HOUSE, GARRISON, N. Y.

one of the finest along the river. The plateau is inclosed by the North Redoubt and South Redoubt Mountains, reaching from Sugar-Loaf and Anthony's Nose on the south, to Breakneck on the north.

Wander where you will, the surrounding mountains abound with wild and picturesque glens. Poet, artist, novelist, and historian, *all* who find books in running brooks, continually add their testimony to the accumulating evidence. In brief, all who wish to spend a summer

pleasantly and profitably will find the "Highland House"—a cut of which is here given—one of the finest family hotels on the Hudson River. Its location is picturesque and healthy, on higher ground than West Point, and commanding a full view. The scenery and drives of the Highlands are very fine.

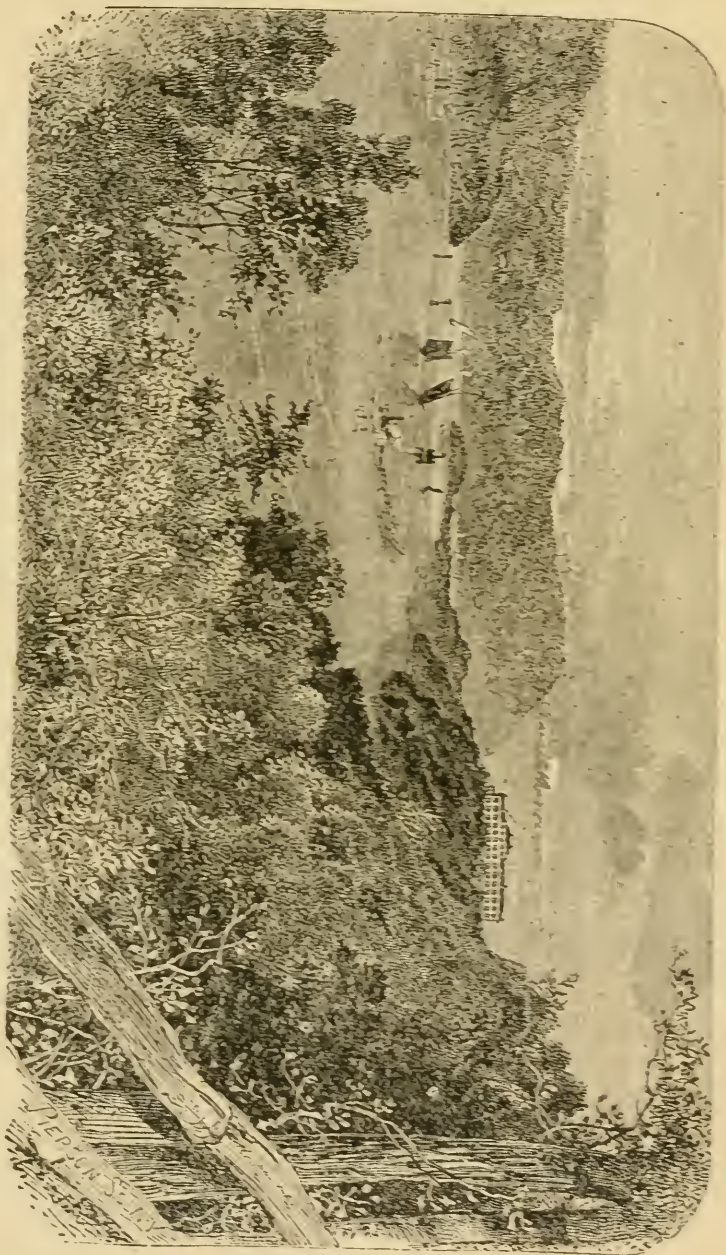
About a mile and a half to the north, in a picturesque glen, are Indian Falls, well known to artists, and by them made familiar to those who never had the opportunity of visiting one of the prettiest little points of scenery on the Hudson. It is impossible to condense their beauty into a single sketch, but we present the above cut as an index-hand pointing the tourist to the real beauty of which any representation would be only a shadow. With a book of poems in hand, or a *walking romance* on one's arm, we imagine a summer's day would glide by, "as golden hours on angel wings."

The Glen Falls are only half a mile distant; and, added to this blended history and beauty, all over this eastern bank there are local legends—unclaimed children of history—waiting for their relationship to be acknowledged. Surely there is no place where the history of our country can be studied with greater interest than among these wild fastnesses, where Freedom found protection.

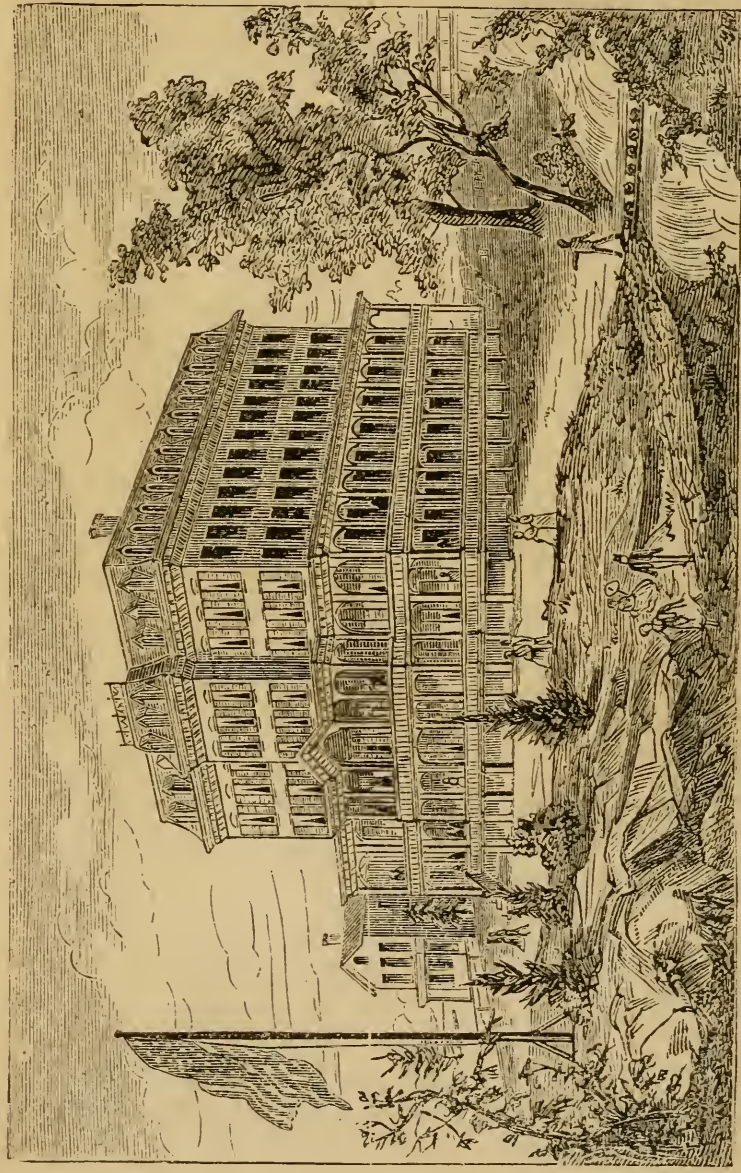
CONSTITUTION POINT.—A short distance above West Point Landing the steamer turns a right angle. On the east bank, almost opposite, known as Constitution Island, lives Miss Susan Warner, author of "Queechy" and "The Wide, Wide World," of which latter work 40,000 copies were sold in the United States. On this point, or island, ruins of the old fort are still seen. It was once called Martalaer's Rock Island.

COLD SPRING.—A little to the north, also on east bank, is the village of Cold Spring, which received its name very naturally from the fact that there *was* a cold spring in the vicinity. A short distance north of the village we see

UNDERCLIFF, the home of the poet Morris, now owned by his son. It lies, in fact, *under the cliff* and shadow of Mount Taurus, and has a



Passengers by Albany Day Boat, landing at West Point, can take Dinner at
COZZEN'S HOTEL,
and return to New York, by boat, same day.



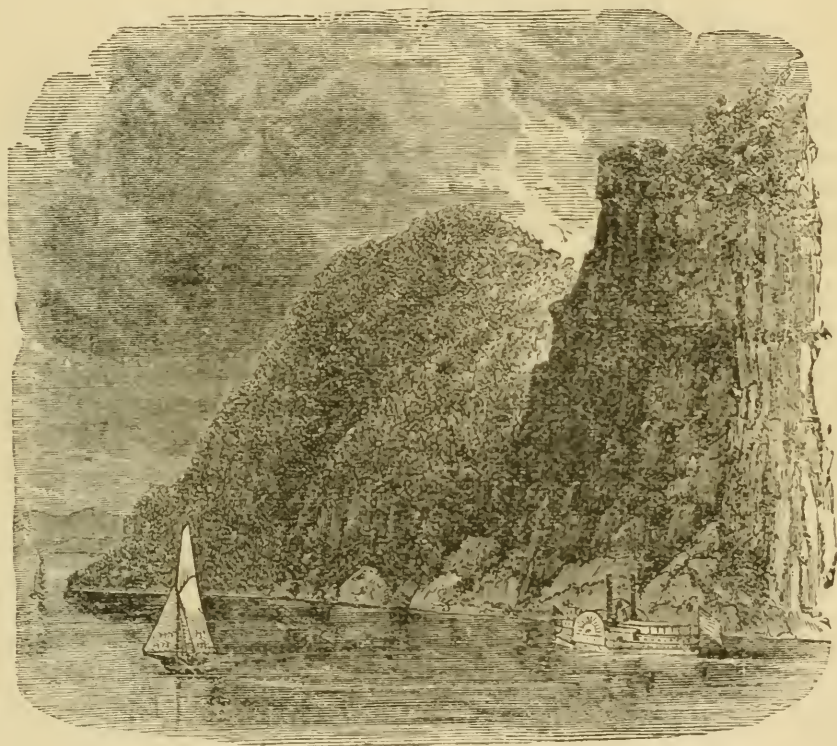
CASCADE HOTEL,

West bank of the Hudson River, delightfully situated, newly and handsomely furnished, distant one and one-half miles below West Point. The above Hotel is conducted by

E. S. KILBOURNE, Proprietor of Westmoreland Hotel, New York City.

fine outlook upon the river and surrounding mountains. Standing on the piazza, we see directly in front of us Old Cro' Nest; and it was on this piazza that the poet wrote

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cro' Nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star."



OLD CRO' NEST.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

It is said that Mrs. Morris was the *original* of that beautiful character painted by Washington Irving, in his charming essay, "The Wife."

OLD CRO' NEST is the first mountain above West Point, and 1418 feet high. Its name was given from a circular lake on the summit, suggesting by its form and solitary location a nest among the mountains, and

this fancy soon gave a name to the entire mountain. This mountain is also intimately associated with poetry, as the scene of Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay":—

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer night,
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright,
The moon looks down on Old Cro' Nest—
She mellowes the shade on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge grey form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below."

STORM KING, to the north of Cro' Nest, is the highest peak of the Highlands, being 1800 feet above tide water. Its first name was Klinkersberg, afterward called Butter Hill, and christened by Willis Storm King. This mountain forms the northern portal of the Highlands, on the west side. Breakneck is opposite, on the east side, where St. Anthony's Face was blasted away. In this mountain solitude there was a shade of reason in giving that solemn countenance of stone the name of St. Anthony, as a good representation of monastic life; and, by a quiet sarcasm, the full-length nose below was probably thus suggested.

The Highlands now trend off to the northeast, and we see the New Beacon, or Grand Sachem Mountain, 1685 feet high, and about half a mile to the north, the Old Beacon, 1471 feet in height. These mountains were used for signal stations during the Revolution. They were called by the Indians the Matteawan, and the whole range of Highlands were sometimes referred to as the Wequehachke, or the Hill Country. It was also believed by the Indians that, in ancient days, "before the Hudson poured its waters from the lakes, the Highlands formed one vast prison, within whose rocky bosom the omnipotent Manito confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control. Here, bound in adamantine chains, or jammed in rifted pines, or crushed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for many an age. At length the conquering Hudson, in its career toward the ocean, burst open their prison-house, rolling its tide triumphantly through the stupendous ruins." An idea quite in accordance with modern science.

There is no better place along our river to muse over its early history than at the base of "Storm King," in the beautiful bay of Newburgh. Last summer a friend who has true devotion for the Hudson, penned for us the following lines, full of real beauty and poetry.

A SOLILOQUY ON THE HUDSON.

BY I. L. W.

Written for "The Hudson River by Daylight."

Like one who near some ancient ruin stands
And peoples it with forms that long ago
Wrote on the page of History their mark,
By daring deed or some outrageous act,
So I, in silent thought, have traced the past,
While idling in some nook in Newburgh's Bay.—
And, as they dreamed their dreams, I, too, dreamed mine
Of thee, my lovely, gentle, rippling stream.

Now stay thy passage in the widening bay,
And rest awhile, as common mortals do,
To think o'er all the weary way thou'st come—
From wilderness so wild, and Northern woods,
Or Adirondack's rocky, towering hills.

Pray tell me, silvery wave, in murmur low,
How long ago the light first saw thy face?
Who lived among those tall and verdant trees
That shaded thy first efforts to the sea?
What race of men, with form erect—divine—
First looked upon thy infant frolics, free,
And welcomed thee among them? Or if
Thy waters, tripping o'er its bed of sands,
Awoke responsive melody, from those
Whose little throats, in love for thee, poured forth
Their sprightly carols in these groves unknown—
Say, tell me, whose the face thy mirror first
Reflected? The swift deer, the heavy moose,
The sluggish bear, as well the cunning fox—
All these, I know, thy banks would frequent seek—
But who of those whom God has stamped, erect,
With nobler souls, minds intellectual,
First looked upon thy gentle loveliness?—
Who saw thee when, in all thy rushing might
And strength, thou burst the highland chain and forced

Thy rugged way on to the sea ? Or who,
With joy from "Storm King's" haughty brow, looked down
Upon thy winding, ribbon turns, well pleased
At the discovery ? Was it "Poor Lo ?"

Perchance when He, the Master—Saviour—came
From heaven's courts, and in the manger-bed
Was cradled there, thy shores were *then* defined ;
And daughters of the mighty chiefs, whose homes
Along thy shaded borders, grouped in camps,
At some sweet twilight hour, sported and laved
Among thy cooling waves. Or, long before,
When Moses, by his God empowered, led forth,
From Egypt's bonds, that Israel host, in faith,
To seek the land of promised rest—perhaps
Along thy shores, in basket nests, and hid
Beneath the reeds, some white-winged mother
Reared her young.

Again ; who named thee "Shate muck ?" 'Tis a word
So recent in its birth—it takes thee back
To but few years ago ! and marks thy age
From the Mohegan's time !

Who knows but, in the lap of Olden Time,
Thy course was traced with Jordan's sacred stream
Or Eden's lovely river ?

In sweet Luzerne

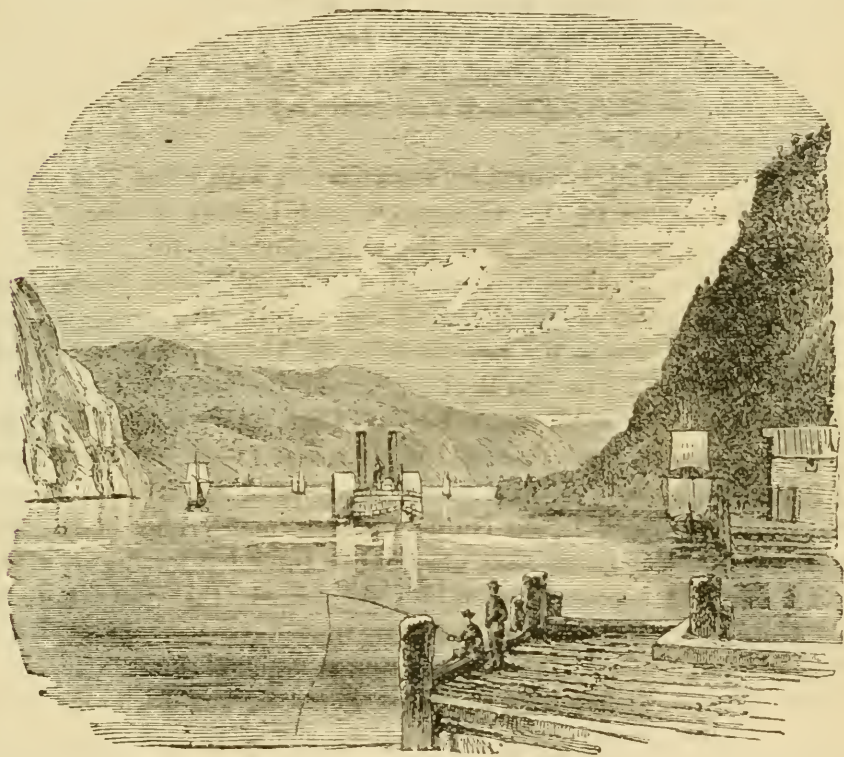
Where thou hast played for ages past, I find
From out the solid rock, where thy limpid waves
With pebbles, round and round, have worn, in time,
Caverns as deep, as wonderful ; and like
The seeker after fame, hast left thy mark ;
But, oh ! how many ages past—have fled—
Since these began !

Cast off from thee the name the Indian gave ;
The Dutelman's too ; for why, forsooth, should he
Whose bark, by chance and accidental winds
Borne on between thy shores, without design,
Be known forever, from thy lovely self ?

Here on this calm, enchanting bay I see
The "Storm King" rising to the clouds above ;
Old "Cro' Nest," too, with rocks on rocks, piled high.
Is lifted up, still up, in towering mass.
Their shadows on thy sparkling breast I see,
And in the lines they draw thy name is writ—
The motto of our State—"EXCELSIOR."

The steamer is now passing close to the base of old Storm King, and we get a fine view of this mountain rock, with sides all scarred and torn by storms and lightning. Almost before us, to the right, we see

POLLIPEL'S ISLAND, supposed by the Indians to be a supernatural



UPPER ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS, FROM CORNWALL LANDING.

(From Lossing's "Hudson, from the Wilderness to the Sea.")

spot. The island, however, has a little romance connected with it, which is decidedly *supernatural*. Some fair Katrina of the neighborhood, a great many years ago, was beloved by a farmer's lad. She reciprocates, but, by coquettish art, was playing the —— (sad havoc) with a young minister's affections. One winter evening, minister and Ka-

trina were driving on the ice, near this island. The farmer's son very naturally was also driving in the same vicinity. The ice broke, and minister and young lady were rescued by the bold youth. The minister discovers that Katrina and young Hendrich both love each other; and there, under the moonlight, on that supernatural island, with solemn ceremony, unites them in bonds of holy matrimony. It ought henceforth and forever to be called the "Lovers' Island." This pleasing story presents a strong contrast to the sad fate of a wedding-party at the Danskammer Rock, to which we shortly refer. We are now nearing the pleasant village of

CORNWALL, where the hillsides are crowned with villas and summer homes. This is one of the pleasantest and healthiest places on the Hudson. A short distance from the village, on the old road leading from Cornwall to Newburgh, is situated Idlewild, where Willis passed the last fifteen years of his life; and now, as the steamer leaves Cornwall Landing, we are in the beautiful *bay of Newburgh*, pronounced by many the finest point on the Hudson.

NEWBURGH—settled by the Palatines, 1708. As we approach Newburgh, on the west bank, we see the old house known as Washington's Headquarters, already noticed in our *analysis* of the river. Here are gathered, as we stated in our Guide for 1869, many relics of the Revolution: old Hessian boots that were never intended for flight, making either victory or capture inevitable; old swords that have a history written in blood; trappings of soldiers, that have lost the glitter and the tinsel; and a piano of most harmonious discord.

At the time of disbanding the army Congress was negligent in furnishing supplies or payment; the soldiers wished to make Washington the head of a monarchical government; he declined; then an appeal was secretly disseminated to officers to form a military despotism. Washington was informed of it. He called a meeting of the soldiers, on the grounds near the old building, and his first words, before unfolding the paper, touched every heart. "You see, gentlemen," said he, as he placed his spectacles before his eyes, "that I have not only grown gray but blind in your service." It is needless to say that the

mutiny was quelled. If the logic of war has not been sufficient to answer the old argument of State Rights, it would be well to re-read the history of those disjointed days, and see if there were not previous to our Constitution sufficient need to "form a more perfect union."

The city rises in natural terraces, and presents a fine river front. It is the eastern terminus of the *Newburgh Branch* of the *Erie Railway*.

FISHKILL LANDING.—Opposite Newburgh are the villages of Matteawan and Fishkill; and about one mile to the south, the depot and ferry of the *Dutchess and Columbia Railroad*, which connects with the Connecticut Western, and makes a direct eastern route to Hartford and Boston. These thriving towns guard the northern portal of the Highlands, sixty miles from New York.



We will close our third division of the Hudson with a few verses from a little poem which revives in happy music the ringing of the Hudson sleigh-bells, as they once rang out their music under these grand old mountains. Our moonlight picture will at once call up to every one some little experience of their far-off days.

HUDSON SLEIGH-BELLS.

With sweetheart nestled close by our side,
We were started off for a jolly ride—
With a sleighing party.

When we were young, with nothing to do
But busy ourselves at trying to woo
The girl who had stolen our boyish heart;
The little coquette! how she played her part
At that sleighing party.

Away we glide, with mirth and glee,
Joyous and happy as youth can be,—
While the sweet and merry music swells
From happy hearts and tuneful bells
Of the sleighing party.

The snow falls faster!—so she said,
Tossing her curls and dropping her head
Till the tinted cheeks were totally hid.
I couldn't resist—she didn't forbid—
'Twas a sleighing party.



Protect her! Of course!
The snow was blinding, the air was keen;
As I drew her closer it could not have been
That the red-ripe lips, so tempting to kiss,
And those tell-tale eyes meant other than Yes!
At a sleighing party.

Didn't I kiss her?
But why you should laugh I never could tell,
For I know you boys would have liked it well;
And as to the girls, they all well knew
That the unkissed ones were very few
At that sleighing party.

We trust that we will find sympathy among our readers for this suggestion of star-lit eyes; and, in the summer season, we consider these snow-scenes as a species of ice-cream dessert.

HILLSIDES FOR TWENTY MILES—THE PICTURESQUE.

"By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
By palace, village, cot,—a sweet surprise
At every turn the vision breaks upon."

Low Point, or Carthage, is a small village on the east bank, about four miles north of Fishkill. It was called by the early inhabitants Low Point, as New Hamburg, two miles to the north, was called High Point. Almost opposite Low Point, on the west bank, is a large flat rock, covered with cedars, known as the

DUYVEL'S DANS KAMMER.—Here Hendrich Hudson, in his voyage up the river, witnessed an Indian pow-wow—the first recorded fireworks in a country which has since delighted in rockets and pyrotechnic displays. Here, too, in later years, tradition relates the sad fate of a wedding-party. It seems that a Mr. Hans Hansen and a Miss Katrina Van Voorman, with a few friends, were returning from Albany, and disregarding the old Indian prophecy, were all slain:—

"For none that visit the Indian's den,
Return again to the haunts of men,
The knife is their doom! O sad is their lot!
Beware, beware of the blood-stained spot!"

Some years ago this spot was also searched for the buried treasures of Captain Kidd, and we know of one river pilot who still dreams semi-yearly of there finding countless chests of gold.

Two miles above, on the east side, we pass New Hamburg, at the mouth of Wappinger's Creek. The name Wappinger had its origin from Wabun, east, and Acki, land. This tribe held the east bank of the river, from Manhattan to Roeliffe Jansen's Creek, which empties into the Hudson near Livingston, a few miles south of Catskill Station on the Hudson River Railroad. Passing the little villages of Hampton, Marlborough, and Milton, on the west bank, and we see on the east bank,

LOCUST GROVE, residence of the late Prof. S. F. B. Morse, inventor of the electric telegraph, who for all time will receive the congratulations of every civilized nation, and the whole globe is destined one day to speak *his* language. Yes, the islands of the sea, and the people that sit afar off in darkness, are beginning to feel the pulses of the world through the "still small voice" whispering beneath ocean and river, and across mighty continents, "putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," like the fairy of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

We now see Blue Point, on the west bank; and, in every direction, we have the finest views. The scenery seems to stand, in character, between the sublimity of the Highlands and the tranquil dreamy repose of the Tappan Zee. It is said that under the shadow of these hills was the favorite anchorage of

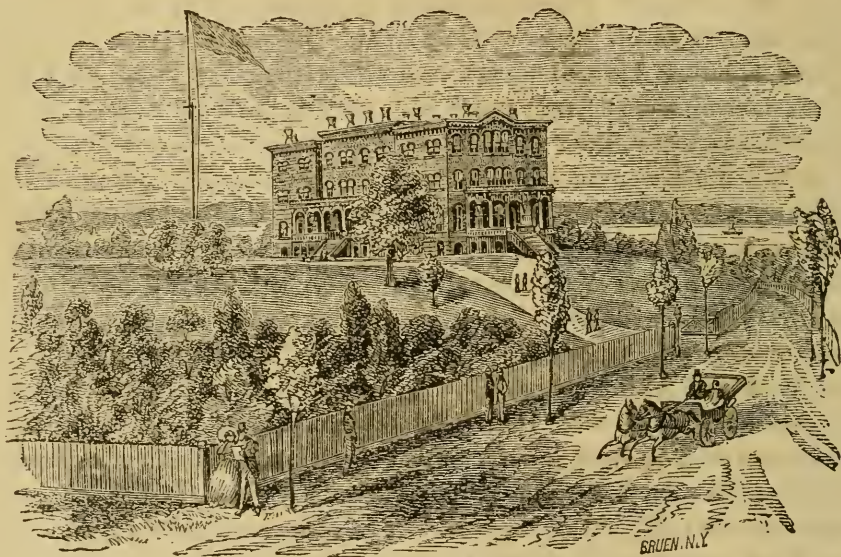
THE STORM SHIP, one of our oldest and therefore most reliable legends. The story runs somewhat as follows. Years ago, when New York was a village—a mere cluster of houses on the point now known as the Battery—when the Bowery was the farm of Peter Stuyvesant, and the Old Dutch Church on Nassau Street (now used as the post-office) was considered the country—when communication with the old world was semi-yearly instead of semi-weekly or daily—say one hundred and fifty years ago—the whole town one evening was put into great commotion by the fact that a ship was coming up the bay. She approached the Battery within hailing distance, and then, sailing against both wind and tide, turned aside and passed up the Hudson. Week after week and month after month elapsed, but she never returned; and whenever a storm came down on Haverstraw Bay or Tappan Zee, it is said that she could be seen careening over the waste; and, in the midst of the turmoil, you could hear the captain giving orders, in *good Low Dutch*; but when the weather was pleasant, her favorite anchorage was among the shadows of the picturesque hills, on the eastern bank, a few miles above the Highlands. It was thought by some to be Hendrich Hudson and his crew of the "Half Moon," who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, seeking a northwest passage to China; and people who live in this vicinity still insist that under the

calm harvest moon and the pleasant nights of September, they see her under the bluff of Blue Point, all in deep shadow, save her topsails glittering in the moonlight. Perhaps it was this quiet anchorage that gave the name to

POUGHKEEPSIE, Queen City of the Hudson,—derived from the Indian word Apokeepsing, signifying safe harbor. Near the landing is a bold rock jutting into the river, known as Kaal Rock, signifying barren rock; and perhaps this also furnished a safe harbor or landing-place for those days of birch canoes. It is said there are over forty different ways of spelling Poughkeepsie, and every year the Post-Office Record gives a new one. The first house was built in 1702 by a Mr. Van Kleek; and we believe the State Legislature held a session here in 1777 or 1778, when New York was held by the British, and Kingston had been burned by Vaughn. Ten years later, the State Convention also met here for ratification of the Federal Constitution. (For further historical particulars see Barber's Historical Collection of New York, or the State Records.) The city has a beautiful location, and is justly regarded the finest residence city on the river; and it is not only midway between New York and Albany, but it is also bounded by a historic and poetic horizon midway between the Highlands and the Catskills, commanding a view of the mountain portals on the south and the mountain overlook on the north—the Gibraltar of Revolutionary fame and the dreamland of Rip Van Winkle. The magnificent steamers which ply daily between New York and Albany, thirty trains on the best-appointed railroad in the country, and fine steamers of home enterprise, make the traveling facilities complete. The city has a population of 25,000 inhabitants—the largest between the capital and the metropolis. In addition to its natural beauty, Poughkeepsie is noted throughout our country for refined society, and as a nucleus of the finest schools in our country.

Just before the river boats land at Poughkeepsie we see upon our right, as we come up the river, a large structure, the "Riverview Military Academy." It crowns a fine eminence looking off toward the Highlands on the south, and the Catskills to the north and west. It is most thoroughly ventilated, and heated by steam throughout. Water

is accessible on every floor, and the room of each pupil is pleasant and commodious. The views are delightful in every direction, as will be seen from the cut here given. Mr. Bisbee has met with the most marked success in training boys for business, college, for West Point, and other military and naval institutions. In fact, he believes in an education which results in *force* of character—the true aim of all education.

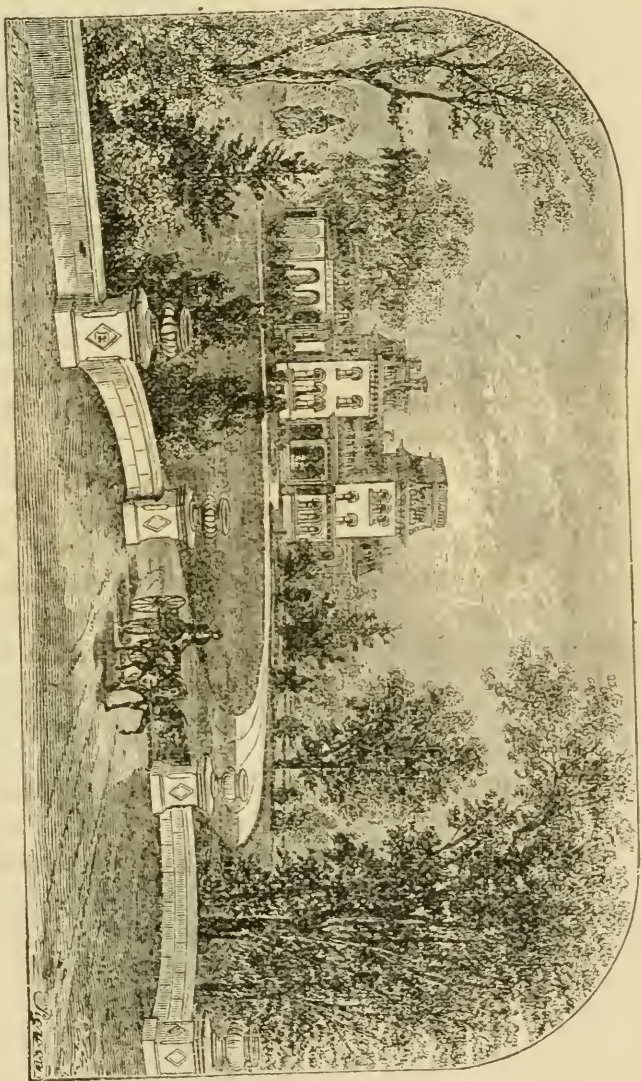


RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY.

A wide-awake thorough-going School for Boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy.

OTIS BISBEE, A. M., PRINCIPAL AND PROPRIETOR.

We would also mention "Vassar College" and "Poughkeepsie Female Academy," the latter under the rectorship of the Rev. D. G. Wright, A.M. It is located in the central part of the city, and has long been distinguished for its thoroughness of instruction and carefulness of supervision. The buildings are ample and commodious; the rooms large, well ventilated, and furnished with regard to taste, convenience,



(RESIDENCE OF THE HON. H. G. EASTMAN.)

These Grounds are appropriately styled the "Central Park" of Poughkeepsie.

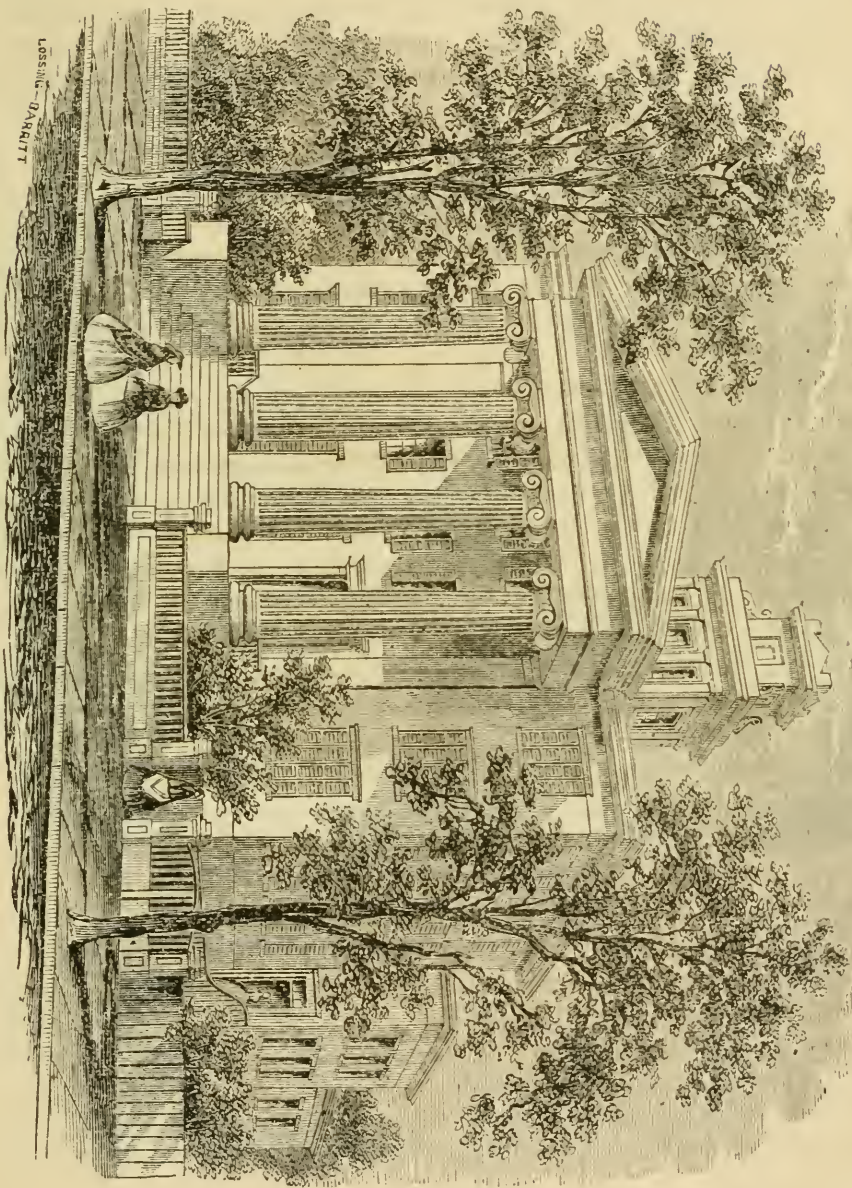
and home comfort. The laboratory is furnished with an extensive philosophical, chemical, and astronomical apparatus. Pupils are carried through a collegiate course, or fitted to enter any class in Vassar College. For many years this Academy has ranked among the first in our State in educational spirit and progress; and there are few, if any, places where young ladies acquire a more healthy mental or moral education, a more finished and perfect symmetry in the development of mind and heart. We present a cut of the Academy on the opposite page.

Vassar College, situated two miles from the City Hall, ranks among the first educational institutions of our land. It is for young ladies what Yale and Harvard are for young men. It was founded by the late Matthew Vassar, who has left behind him, in this stately building and generous endowment, "a monument more lasting than brass." We regret that we have not a cut of the buildings and grounds, and hope to secure them another season.

Near the river landing we see the extensive manufactory of Adriance, Platt, & Co. In 1857 and 1858 this firm commenced the manufacture and sale of the Buckeye Mower at Poughkeepsie, with salesroom in New York. The business has increased and enlarged in their hands materially, and they have attained such excellence in the manufacture of their machines that their reputation is world-wide. Twelve years have sufficed to extend the sale of the Buckeye from twenty-five machines to 30,000 in a single season. Surely the old chariots of war have become chariots of peace.

The fine park, grounds and terrace buildings of Mayor Eastman are a fine feature of the city. The new terrace building is, taken with the entire surroundings, the finest on the Hudson, or any other river in the world. He has been a live man in the city, and has always stood in the front rank of enterprise. His grounds are always open to the public. The houses of his Terrace Block are now completed, and can be purchased for what the rent of an ordinary house in the city of New York would cost for only three or four years. His Business College, referred to in another place, is a very successful institution, and its reputation reaches, like the Pacific Railroad, from New York to San

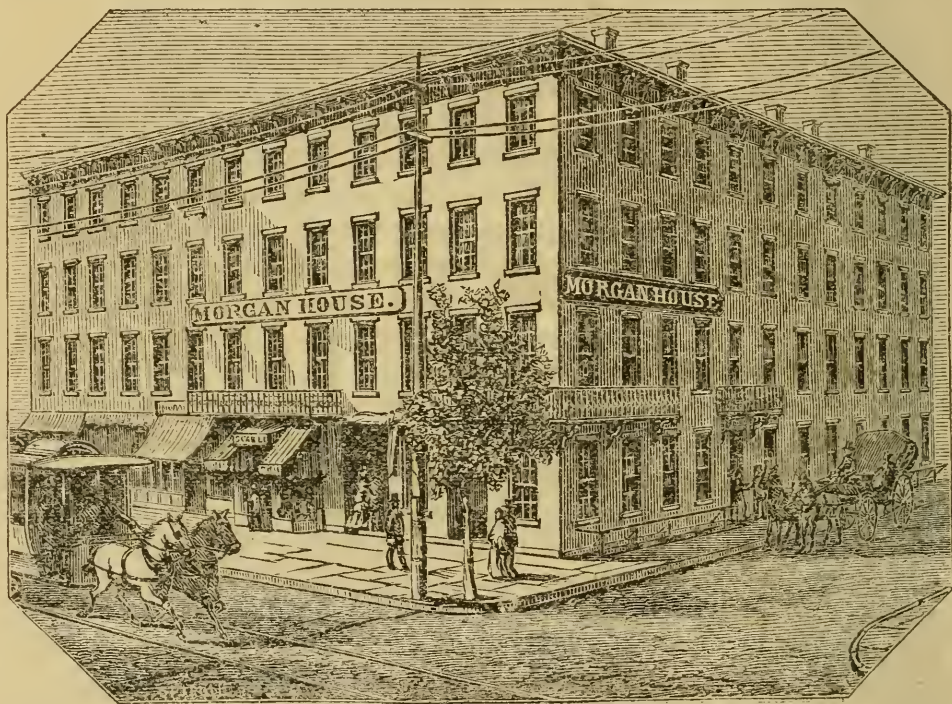
POUGHKEEPSIE FEMALE ACADEMY.



LOSSIE - DANAULT

Francisco. In fact, we know of no city that has been so thoroughly advertised as Poughkeepsie, through its various institutions and successful enterprise.

The "Morgan House," a cut of which is here given, is a fine hotel, situated in the central part of the city, corner of Main and Catherine



MORGAN HOUSE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

PUTNAM & CHAPMAN, PROPRIETORS.

Streets. Carriages meet the boats and cars. The horse-cars also pass the door. It is considered the finest city hotel between New York and Albany. L. S. Putnam, Proprietor.

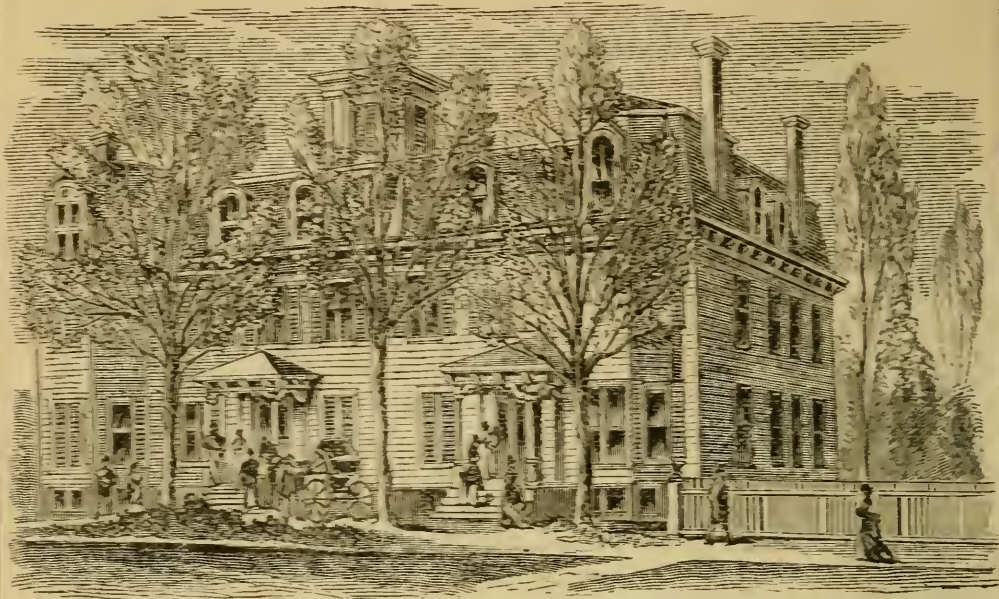
The Memorial Fountain, "To the Patriot Dead of Dutchess County," is probably the finest in the State; the Collingwood Opera-House is an

elegant music-hall capable of seating twenty-two hundred people; the Insane Asylum is a magnificent structure; and the drives are charming in every direction. In fact, it would be an easy matter to write a work on Poughkeepsie alone; and we would like to write fifteen or twenty pages on the

POUGHKEEPSIE AND EASTERN RAILROAD, which forms a direct route across the county, connecting the pleasant valley of the Harlem and the Housatonic with the Hudson. We would suggest, as one of the finest little trips out of New York, the day boat to Poughkeepsie; spend a day in the city; take the Poughkeepsie and Eastern Railroad to Millerton; run up to Bash-Bish Falls, near Copake, or down the Harlem to the Dover Stone Church, to Lake Mahopac, and so to New York,—making the whole trip in three days. This route also, in connection with the Connecticut Western, opens up a direct way to Hartford and Boston. We would also like to speak of the enterprise of the city in supplying pure water from the Hudson; and the coming bridge, connecting the east with the coal-fields of Pennsylvania.

As the steamer leaves Poughkeepsie, we see New Paltz Landing, almost opposite, and Hyde Park, on east bank, six miles above Poughkeepsie. Then Staatsburgh Station, on the east side; and then Rhinebeck, ninety miles from New York. Rondout, or City of Kingston, is directly opposite, at the mouth of Rondout Creek. This is the eastern end of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. Rhinebeck is two miles from Rhinecliff Landing, and is one of the finest towns in Dutchess County. It was named, as some say, by combining two words—Beekman and Rhine. Others say that the word *beek* means cliff, and the town was so named from the resemblance of the cliffs to those of the Rhine.

RONDOUT had its derivation from the redoubt that was built on the banks of the creek. The creek took the name of Redoubt Kill, afterward Rundout, and then Rondout. The old town of Kingston was once called Esopus, on Esopus Creek, which flows north and empties into the Hudson, at Saugerties. The Indian name for Kingston was At-kar-kar-ton—the great plot or meadow, on which they raised corn and beans.



THE DEGARMO INSTITUTE,

AT

RHINEBECK, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

A PRIVATE BOARDING-SCHOOL for both sexes, is in a pleasant village, has an attractive and comfortable Building, and its Rooms are neatly furnished.

It prepares Pupils for Business or for College. An able Corps of Teachers is constantly employed, and thorough work is done.

For Catalogue containing Terms and all Particulars, address the Principal,

James M. DeGarmo,

RHINEBECK, N. Y.

THE CATSKILLS—BEAUTY.

"And soon the Catskills print the distant sky,
And o'er their airy tops the mist clouds driven,
So softly blending that the cheated eye
Now questions which is earth or which is heaven."

We have now approached the fifth division of our river, guarded by the most classic range of mountains in our country. By a *natural ascendancy* they have many counties of the Hudson under their jurisdiction—Ulster, Greene, and Albany, on the west bank; and Dutchess, Columbia, and Rensselaer, on the east.

The first place above Rhinecliff, our last landing, is the village of

BARRYTOWN, on the east bank, ninety-six miles from New York. It is said, when Jackson was President, and this village wanted a post-office, that he would not allow it under the name of Barrytown, from personal dislike to General Barry, and suggested another name. But the people were loyal to their old friend, and *went without* a post-office until a new administration. The name Barrytown, therefore, stands as a monument to pluck. The place is known among the old settlers as Lower Red Hook Landing.

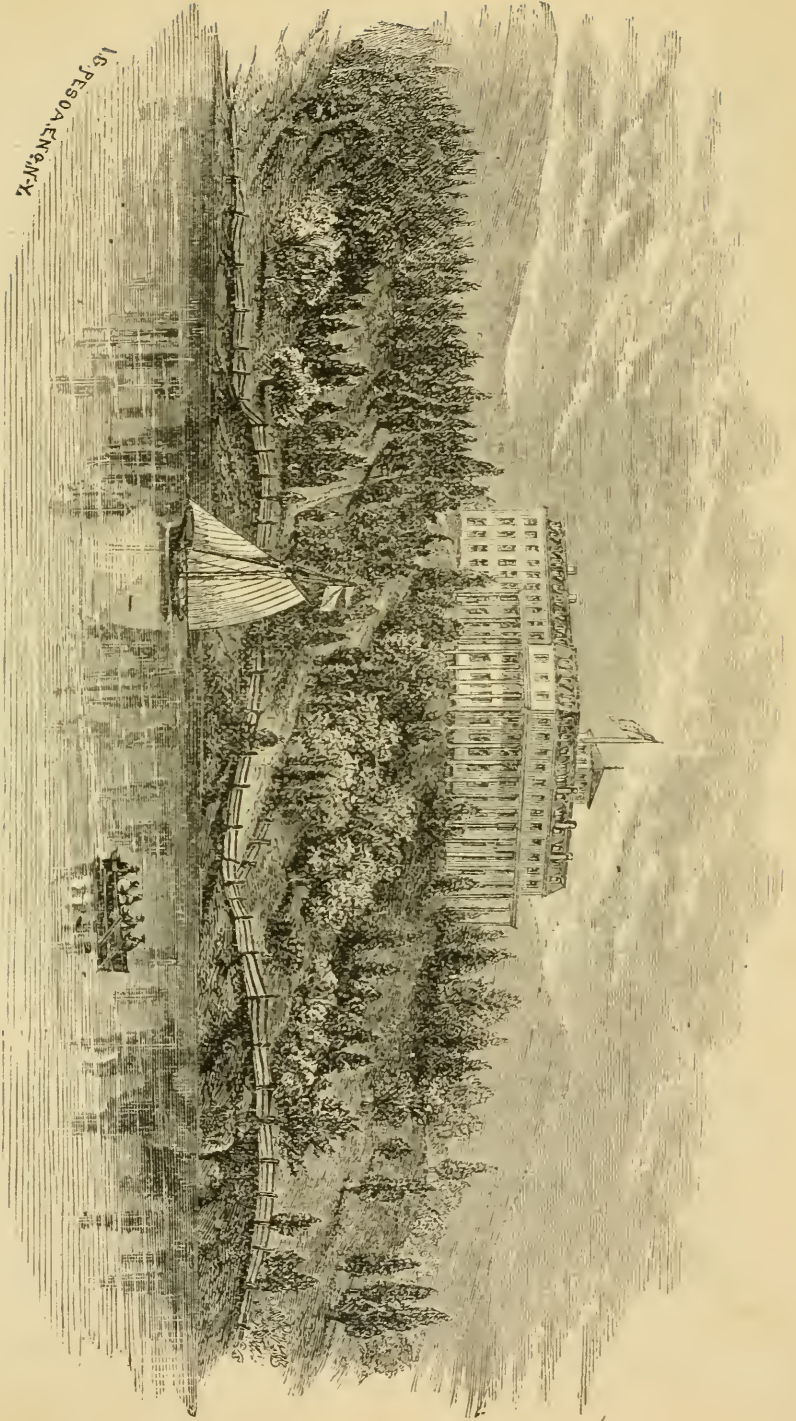
TIVOLI, one hundred miles from New York, is the only name on our river that ought to be printed in old-style Roman letters, for it carries us back to the days of the Seven-Hilled City, and one of the famous watering-places of the days of Horace. We have sometimes thought it received its name from a little waterfall near the landing and its general romantic surroundings. One of the mansions of the old Livingston family is near the village. Saugerties lies directly opposite.

GERMANTOWN, 105 miles from New York, is on the east side. A short distance above, the Roeliff Jansens Kill flows into the Hudson. This stream, called by the Indians the Sankpenak, was the boundary between the Wappingers on the south and the Mohegans on the north. Near its mouth is the old Claremont estate—the original Livingston manor. Here Fulton's project found special favor, and he was materially aided by the sympathy and generosity of Chancellor Livingston. The first steamboat on the Hudson made its first trip the early part of September,

1807, and was called the "Claremont," as a testimonial of gratitude. The trip from New York to Albany, in those "good old days," took about forty hours (*vide* Lossing's "Wilderness to the Sea.")

CATSKILL LANDING is just above the mouth of the Catskill, or Kaaterskill Creek. It is said that the creek and mountains took their name from the following fact. It is known that each tribe had a *totemic* emblem, or rude banner: the Mohegans had the wolf as their emblem, and some say, that the word Mohegan means the enchanted wolf. (The Lenni Lenapes, or Delawares, at the Highlands, had the turkey as their totem.) Catskill was the southern boundary of the Mohegans on the west bank, and here they set up their emblem. It is said, from this fact the stream took the name of the Kaaters-kill. The large cat and wolf were at least similar in appearance, from the mark of King Aepgin in his deed to Van Rensselaer. Perhaps, however, the mountains at one time abounded in these animals, and the emblem may be only a coincidence.

PROSPECT PARK HOTEL.—The first thing that attracts our attention as the steamer nears the landing, is a fine hotel, well known to the public through a successful four years' administration—the Prospect Park Hotel: Jno. Breasted, Proprietor. This plateau, two hundred and fifty feet above the river, is appropriately named; for, as you sit on the broad piazza which almost surrounds the hotel, you can see to the south, the valley of the Hudson for thirty miles—the "Man in the Mountain," and the whole range of the Catskills; to the north and northeast, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and whichever way you look, it seems as if the river lay at your feet. The grounds are twenty acres in extent, and are well adapted to the chief design. Guests can find either shade, sunshine, or quiet. It was first opened in 1870, and within these five years the proprietor has been compelled to enlarge it to more than treble its former capacity. The main building is now two hundred and fifty feet front, with wing one hundred and fifty feet by forty. There are three hundred and seventy feet of two-storied piazza, sixteen feet wide, supported by Corinthian pillars twenty-five feet high. We think it is safe to say that it is the most airy and cheer-



PROSPECT PARK HOTEL, Catskill, New York.

“The Switzerland of America.”

Elevation 250 feet, with twenty acres of ground on the bank of the Hudson. House and grounds greatly enlarged and improved this season. Mountain air; Scenery unsurpassed in the world. Accessible by nearly all trains of the Hudson River Railroad, and by the daily Palace Steamers *Daniel Dove* and *Chauncey Vibbard*; also the Catskill Steamers every evening, leaving New York from Franklin Street Pier. Hotel Omnibus and Carriages at the Trains and Boats.

ful hotel on the river bank between New York and Albany. Like Aladdin's Palace it sprung up all at once, white and beautiful, and gave life, as it were, to the whole landscape. It is one of the few hotels that had the good fortune to become prominent all at once; and this popularity was not accidental, but owing to many causes: its fine location—its enchanting views—its splendid management. Moreover, the fresh bracing air from the Catskills makes Catskill one of the pleasantest places to spend the heat of the summer, or the noontide of the year;



IRVING HOUSE.

H. A. PERSON, Proprietor.

and, indeed, a summer tour is not complete unless we pay Catskill a visit. Prospect Park stages and carriages meet passengers at the landing.

CATSKILL VILLAGE.—The old village, with its Main Street, lies along the valley of the Catskill Creek, not quite a mile from the Causeway Landing, and preserves some of the features of the days when *Knickerbocker* was accustomed to pay it an annual visit. Its location seems to

have been chosen as a place of security—out of sight to one voyaging up the river. It has, however, grown rapidly during the last few years, and the northern slope is covered with fine residences, all of which command extensive views of the Hudson. A new hotel, long needed in the business part of the village, was built on Main Street in 1871. It was appropriately christened the “Irving House,” as Catskill owes a large part of its present popularity—probably more than it imagines—to the pen of Washington Irving. It is fitted up with all the conveniences of a first-class hotel, and is kept open during the whole year.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.—For miles up and down the river, and from almost any point in the six counties we have mentioned as under the jurisdiction of the Catskills, we can see the “Mountain House,” *three thousand feet above the river*, like a bit of snow left on the mountains. This hotel is only ten or eleven miles from the landing, and the ride from the village is pleasant and romantic. This hotel has been for years the favorite summer resort on the river, and its popularity is continually on the increase. No European traveler ever thinks of leaving it unvisited. The Catskills and Niagara Falls are two points *known everywhere*.

These mountains are, indeed, the glory of the Hudson, and have been poetically termed, “the ever-changing legendary Kaatsbergs.” They were called by the Indians the Onti-o-ras, or Mountains of the Sky, as they sometimes seem like clouds along the horizon. This range of mountains was supposed by the Indians to have been originally a monster who devoured all the children of the Red Men, and that the Great Spirit touched him when he was going down to the salt lake to bathe, and here he remains. “Two little lakes upon the summit were regarded as the eyes of the monster, and these are open all the summer; but in the winter they are covered with a thick crust or heavy film; but whether sleeping or waking, tears always trickle down his cheeks. Here, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine, presided over by an old squaw spirit who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountains. She kept day and night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one at a time. She

manufactured new moons every month, cutting up the old ones into stars, and, like the old Æolus of mythology, shut the winds up in the caverns of the hills." A morning view from this cliff will be remembered a lifetime; at least we remember, as if it were yesterday, a July morning three years ago. We rose at 3.30, at least an hour before

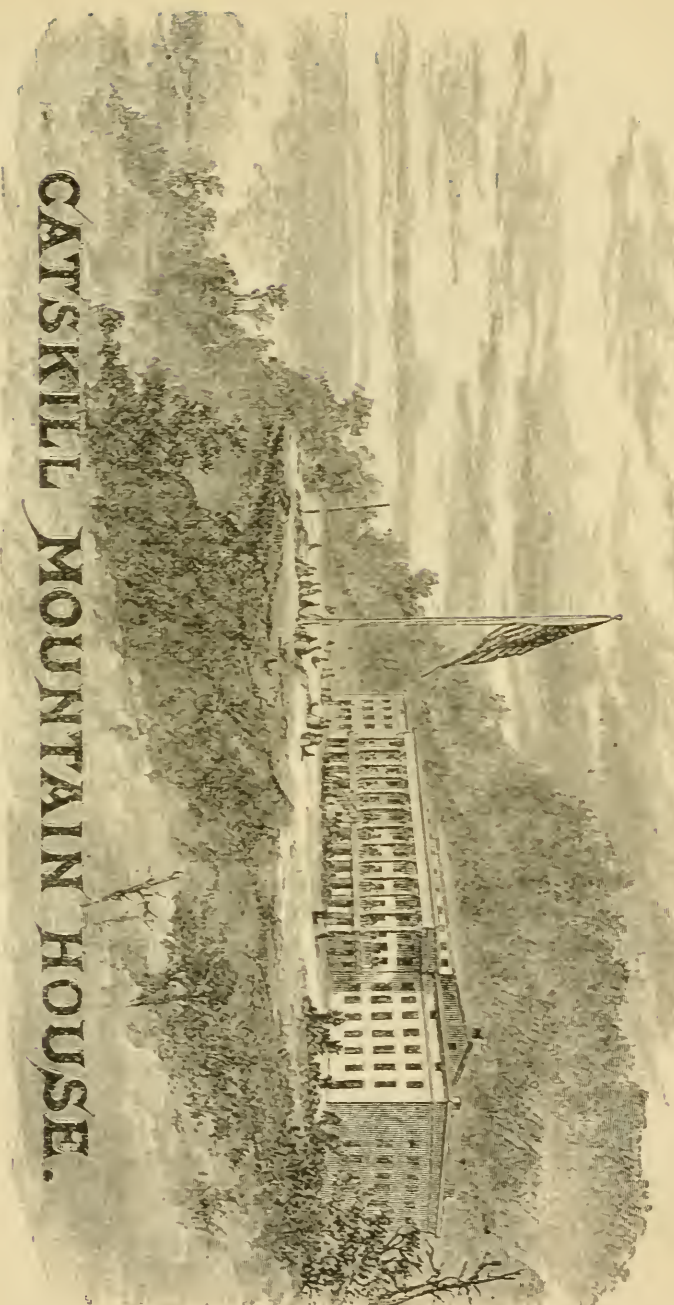
"Night murmured to the morning,—
Lie still, oh! love, lie still."

Patiently we waited the sun's advent, and as the rosy dawn announced the morning coming with "looks all vernal and with cheeks all bloom," the *windows* of the Mountain House, one after another, began to reveal undreamed visions of loveliness, and it were really difficult to tell which had the deeper interest, the sun's rising in the east, or the daughters in the west. The rosy clouds of the one, the tender blushes of the other; the opening eyelids of the morning, or the opening eyelids of innocence; the bright ambrosial locks hanging far and wide along the deep blue chiseled mountain side, or the *uncombed* ripples which, like mountain streams receiving additions from other sources, would probably become beautiful waterfalls. In four minutes more by solar time, and the sun would sprinkle the golden dust of light over the valley of the Hudson. The East was all aglow, and, *as we stood musing the fire burned*, yes, brighter and brighter, as if the distant hills were an altar, and a sacrifice was being offered up to the God of Day. It truly reminded one of an Oriental dry-goods store, with costly goods in the show-windows running opposition to the muslin and dimity-filled window-cases in the west.

Cities and villages below us sprang into being, and misty shapes rose from the valley, as if Day had rolled back the stone from the Sepulcher of Night, and it was rising transfigured to Heaven. Adown and up the river for the distance of sixty miles, sloops and schooners drifted lazily along, while below us the little

"ferry-boats plied
Like slow shuttles through the sunny warp
Of threaded silver from a thousand brooks."

Truly the Catskills were a fitting place for the artist Cole to gather inspiration to complete that beautiful series of paintings, "The Voyage



CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

1824.

32nd SEASON.

1875.

Twelve miles from the Village of Catskill, N. Y., accessible by the best mountain road in the country. The largest Hotel in the Catskill region, and only first-class House on the Mountains. Elevation 2,600 feet. View extending over 10,000 square miles of the Valley of the Hudson, unsurpassed for beauty by any in the world. *Temperature 15 to 20 degrees lower than New York or Catskill. Open from June 1st to October 1st.*

C. L. BEACH, Proprietor.

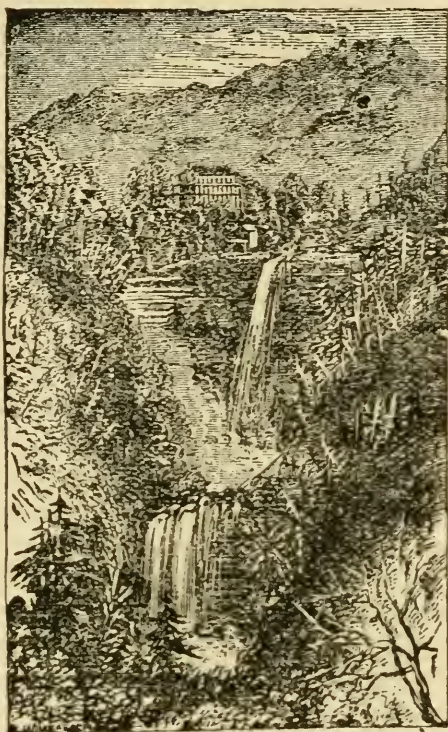
Catskill and Mountain House Stages and Carriages. An Agent will be in attendance on the arrival of all Trains and Boats at Catskill. CHAS. A. BEACH, Proprietor.

of Life," for no finer mountains in all the world overlook a finer river. Irving, in writing of his first voyage up the Hudson, "in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had annihilated time and space, and driven all poetry and romance out of travel," says: "But of all the scenery of the Hudson the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them, predominating over a wide extent of country,—part wild, woody, and rugged, part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day; undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach; at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until in the evening they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape." On preceeding page we presented a cut of the Mountain House, furnished by Mr. C. L. Beach, proprietor. This favorite summer resort, so justly celebrated for its grand scenery and healthful atmosphere, will be open from June 1st to October 1st. Ready access may be had at all times by Mr. Beach's stages connecting at the village of Catskill with the Hudson River steamboats and the trains on the Hudson River Railroad. Two miles from the hotel are the Kaaterskill Falls. The waters fall perpendicularly 175 feet, and afterward 85 feet more. A sort of amphitheater behind the cascade is the scene of one of Bryant's finest poems:—

"From greens and shades where the Catterskill leaps
From cliffs where the wood flowers cling;"

and we recall the lines which express so beautifully the well-nigh fatal dream:—

"Of that dreaming one
By the base of that icy steep
When over his stiffening limbs begun
The deadly slumbers of frost to creep.
* * * * *
There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With their weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb,
There are naked arms with bow and spear
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.



LAUREL HOUSE, KAUTERSKILL FALLS, N. Y.

J. L. SCHUTT, PROPRIETOR.

THE LAUREL HOUSE has a charming location near the brow of the falls, and a few steps lead one to the platform and stairs which command a view of both the upper and lower falls. There are many points of interest within an hour's stroll, of a summer afternoon—Haines Falls and Sunset Rock. From the rock at sunset we get a view of the entire extent of the Catskill Clove. A musket-shot in the evening wakes the echoes, and, perhaps, disturbs the repose of old Hendrick Hudson's men, who are supposed to slumber here occasionally. The hotel is under the efficient management of Mr. J. L. Schutt, and is one of the most popular in the mountain region; it will accommodate 250 guests. Tourists will find an obliging agent at the steamboat landing, and coaches that run direct to the Laurel House.

About half-way up the mountain is the place said to be the dream-land of Rip Van Winkle—the greatest character of American Mythology, more real than the heroes of Homer or the massive gods of Olympus. And our age has reason to congratulate itself on the *possession* of Joseph Jefferson and John Rogers, who on the stage and in the studio have illustrated to the life this master-piece of Irving.

The cut here given represents Rip Van Winkle at home, the favorite



of the village children. You will remember Irving says, "the children of the village would shout with joy whenever he approached, he assisted at their sports, made them playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village he was surrounded by a troop of them hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity." Two others complete the group, Rip Van Winkle on the mountains, and Rip Van Winkle returned. As will be seen above, the figure of Rip was

modelled from Mr. Jefferson, who sat for his likeness. And as we turn away from the Catskills, with their visions of beauty and reality of fiction, we can only say, don't fail to hear the great actor when opportunity occurs, don't fail to read again the story of Irving, and don't fail to have the finest group of statuary in the world,—price twelve dollars each.

These, with the courtship of Ichabod and Katrina, give an artistic delineation of the comic-tragedy and the tragic-comedy of the Hudson. A stamp enclosed to John Rogers, 212 Fifth Avenue, will procure a fine illustrated catalogue and price-list.

Catskill was for many years the home of Cole, the artist; and the new residence of Church will be seen almost opposite, on the east bank.

HUDSON, six miles north of Catskill, was founded in the year 1784, by thirty persons from Providence, R. I. The city is situated on a sloping promontory, bounded by the North and South Bays. Its main streets, Warren, Union and Allen, run east and west a little more than a mile in length, crossed by Front street, First, Second, Third, etc. Main street reaches from Promenade Park to Prospect Hill. The Park is on the bluff just above the steamboat landing; we believe this city is the only one on the Hudson that has a Promenade ground overlooking the river. It commands a fine view of the Catskill Mountains, Mount Merino, and miles of the river scenery. The city has always enjoyed the reputation of hospitality, and strangers receive a kindly welcome. It is the western terminus of the Hudson and Boston Railroad, which passes through Claverack, with its flourishing "Hudson River Institute," and Philmont with its fine water power, to Chatham, where connections are made with Harlem Extension Railroad for Lebanon Springs, and Boston and Albany Railroad for Pittsfield. Passengers can reach either place the same evening, or remain over night and take a fresh start in the morning. The "Worth House," about three blocks from the landing or depot, is the best hotel in the city. It has a fine location on Warren street, and has long been known as one of the very pleasantest and best conducted on the Hudson. Its name is associated with the brave General Worth of the Mexican War,

whose fine monument stands in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. The Worth House is built on the site of the old building where the General was born. The Messrs. Miller, Proprietors.

ATHENS, directly opposite Hudson, is suggestive of at least one thing, that we have names on the Hudson of all *complexions*—Troy, Athens, Tivoli, and Carthage, “mixed up” with English, Dutch, and Indian names of every dialect. An old Mohegan village, known as Potick, was located west of Athens.

After leaving Hudson we pass Stockport on the east side, and Cox-sackie on the west (name derived from an Indian word signifying cut banks; others say Cooks-ockay, owl-hooting; and others from Kaak-aki, a *place of geese*).

STUYVESANT, ten miles north of Hudson, on the east bank, was once known as Kinderhook Point, or Landing, and took its name from an old Swedish family with numerous progeny, that once lived on a point half a mile above the landing—Kinder-hook signifying Children’s Corner, or Point. The village of Kinderhook is the finest in Columbia County, five miles from the landing. *Lindenwold*, the home of Martin Van Buren, is about two miles from the village. Columbia is one of the few counties in our republic that can boast a President of the United States.

The villages of New Baltimore and Coeymans are on the west bank. Schodack Landing and Castleton on the east. In digging for the foundation of a house at Coeyman’s, in the winter of 1872, it is said that ruins of the old castle were discovered, where Anthony Van Corlear blew his trumpet in vain, and carried back certain signs to the good people of New Amsterdam, strange to behold (see Irving’s Knickerbocker).

SCHODACK.—The township of Schodack is one of the oldest and pleasantest in the County of Rensselaer, and was the head-centre or capital of the Mohegan tribe. It has its origin in the word *Schoti*, signifying fire; and *ack*, place; or the place of the ever-burning council-fire of the Mohegan tribe. Here King Aepgin, the 8th of April, 1680, sold to Van Rensselaer “all that tract of country on the west side of the Hudson, extending from Beeren Island up to Smack’s Island, and in breadth two day’s journey.” 77

THE MOHEGAN TRIBE originally occupied all the east bank of the Hudson north of Roeliff Jansen's Kill, near Germantown, to the head waters of the Hudson; and, on the west bank, from Cohoes to Catskill. The town of Schodack was central, and a signal displayed from the hills near Castleton could be seen for thirty miles in every direction. After the Mohegans left the Hudson, they went to Westenhook, or Housatonic, to the hills south of Stockbridge; and then, on invitation of the Oneidas, removed to Oneida County, 1785, where they lived until 1821, when, with other Indians of New York, they purchased a tract of land near Fox River, Minnesota.

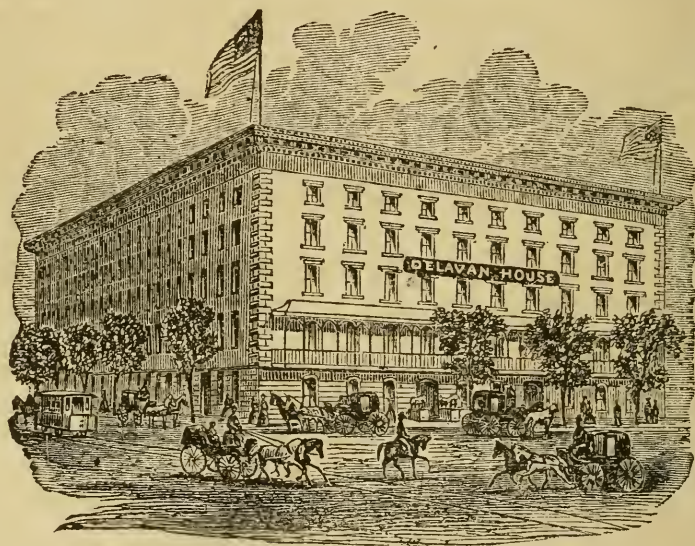
The Mourder's Kill flows into the Hudson just above Castleton. The Norman's Kill flows into the Hudson a few miles above, on the west side. It was called by the Indians the Tawasentha, or "place of many dead." We are now in sight of Albany, and our summer day is drawing to a close.

ALBANY is a city of about eighty thousand inhabitants, and one of the most flourishing in the State. Its prosperity is due to, at least, three causes. First, the capital was removed from New York to Albany in 1798. Then followed two great enterprises, ridiculed at the time by every one as the *Fulton Folly* and *Clinton's Ditch*; in other words, steam navigation, 1807, and the Erie Canal, 1825. Tourists and travelers will find interest in visiting the old and new Capitol, the State Hall, the City Hall, and the Dudley Observatory, to the north of the city; and, during their stay, they will find the best care and attention at the "Delavan House." This hotel is complete in all its appointments, and is known everywhere as one of the best in the State.

The Albany Cathedral is also a grand structure, and will well repay a visit. The iron fence about it was made at the Albany Iron and Machine Works (H. C. Haskell, Proprietor), and is probably the finest work of its kind in the United States. The railing, also, on the new bridge across the Hudson at Albany, is of their manufacture, to which we call the respectful attention of all who have a taste for art and beauty, in this "age of iron." During the past winter he completed one of his fine engines for the Government Printing House in Washington, and it is pronounced the most effective in our country. He has

recently erected a new building near the steamboat landing and the depot of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, four stories high, fifty feet by sixty, which increases his facilities for doing with promptness and despatch his continually increasing business.

The site of Albany was called by the Indians Shaunaugh-ta-da, or the Pine Plains, a name which we still see in Schenectada. From an old book in the State Library, we condense the following description,



DELAVAN HOUSE.

CHARLES E. LELAND & Co., Proprietors.

presenting quite a contrast to its modern business activity. "Albany lay stretched along the banks of the Hudson, on one very wide and long street, parallel to the Hudson. The space between the street and the river-bank was occupied by gardens. A small but steep hill rose above the centre of the town, on which stood a fort. The wide street leading to the fort (now State Street) had a Market Place, Guard-House, Town Hall, and an English and Dutch Church, in the centre."

It is also said that Albany existed one hundred years without a lawyer, even as Rome five hundred without a physician. Its name, as we said before, was given in honor of the Duke of Albany, although it is still claimed by some of the oldest inhabitants, that, in the golden age of those far-off times, when the good old burghers used to ask for the welfare of their neighbors, the answer was always "All bonnie," and hence the name of the hill-crowned city.

And now, while waiting to "throw out the plank," which puts a period to our Hudson River Division, we feel like congratulating ourselves that the various goblins which once infested the river have become civilized, that the winds and tides have been conquered, and that the nine-day voyage of Hendrich Hudson and the "Half Moon" has been reduced to the *nine-hour system* of the "Vibbard" and the "Drew."

Those who have traveled over Europe will certainly appreciate the quiet luxury of an American steamer; and this first introduction to American scenery will always charm the tourist from other lands. Three years ago it was my privilege to visit some of the rivers and lakes of the old world, well known in song and story, but I imagine that no single day's journey in any land or on any stream can present such variety, interest, and beauty, as the trip of one hundred and forty-four miles from New York to Albany. The Hudson is indeed a goodly volume, with its broad covers of green *lying open* on either side; and it might in truth be called a *condensed* history, for there is no place in our country where poetry and romance are so strangely blended with the heroic and the historic,—no river where the waves of different civilizations have left so many waifs upon the banks. It is classic ground, from the "wilderness to the sea," and will always be

THE POETS' CORNER OF OUR COUNTRY;

the home of Irving, Willis, and Morris,—of Fulton, Morse, and Field,—of Cole, Audubon, and Church,—and scores besides, whose names are Household Words.



STANWIX HALL,

ALBANY, N. Y.

DELAN VAN PECK, . . . Proprietor.

Conveniently located on Broadway, in the central part of the city, within a minute's walk of the Depots of the New York Central, Hudson River, Rensselaer, and Saratoga Railroads.

A Pleasant Hotel for the Tourist and Business Traveler.

ALBANY TO LEBANON SPRINGS AND PITTSFIELD.

We have already indicated in our Hudson paragraph, the route *via* the Hudson and Boston Railroad to Lebanon Springs and Pittsfield, by which one reaches his destination the same evening. We now give a brief description of these interesting points for summer excursion. If the tourist has arrived at Albany, he will remain over night and start the next morning, *via* the "Boston and Albany Railroad," from the new Depot in the rear of Delavan House. Crossing the Hudson on one of the finest bridges on the continent, and halting a moment at East Albany to take passengers from Troy, and the north, the railroad for three or four miles rises gradually along the eastern slope of the river, until a lovely view is obtained of the Hudson and the distant Helderbergs from the car windows. Eight miles from Albany, we pass the little station of Schodack Depot, cross the stream and valley of the Mourdener's Kill, over a high embankment, through South Schodack to Kinderhook, the landing place for Valatia, about two miles distant, and Kinderhook village, about three miles distant, the pleasantest in Columbia County; then through Chatham centre to Chatham village, an enterprising place of about 2,000 inhabitants. Chatham village was once known as "Chatham Four Corners," and might still be appropriately so styled, as four railroads centre at this place; the Harlem Railroad, south to New York; the Hudson and Boston, west to Hudson; the Harlem Extension, or New York, Boston, and Montreal Railroad, north to Lebanon Springs, Bennington, Manchester, and Rutland; the Boston and Albany, east to Pittsfield, Springfield, and Boston.

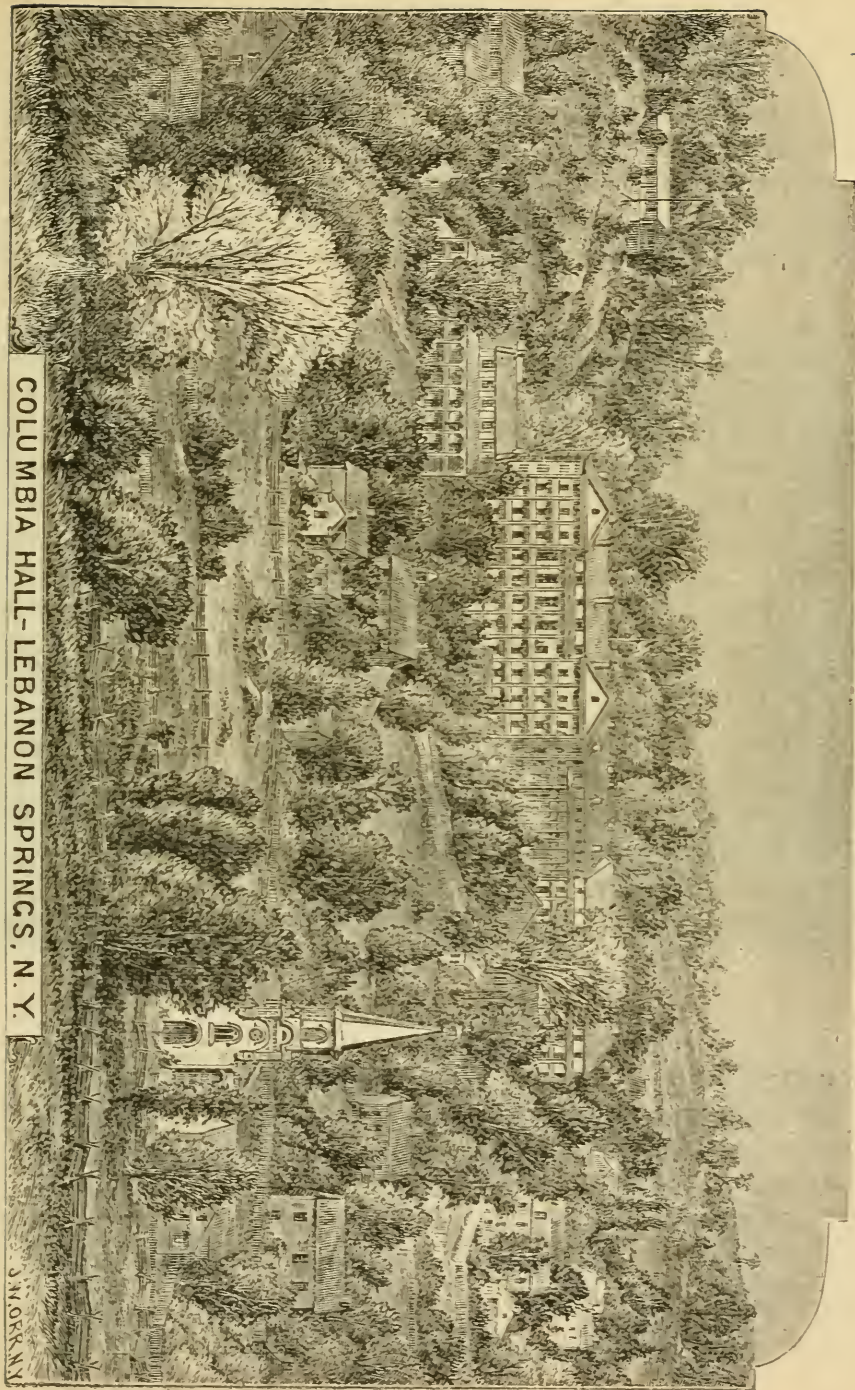
LEBANON SPRINGS, is about eighteen miles north of Chatham village, and is easily reached by any of the lines here mentioned. The Valley of Lebanon is one of the sweetest and fairest in the world. When Henry Vincent, the eloquent friend of Bright and Cobden, visited this country, he likened "this ever varying beauty of hills, mountains, and valleys, to the lovely scenery of Llangollen in Wales."

"Columbia Hall" stands at the head of the valley (and, in fact, at the head of most of our summer resorts), commanding the entire avenue of beauty. Maple Hill to the south-east, rises with an easy slope from the clustering hamlet at our feet, and a mile distant lies the village of New Lebanon. The Wyamonnack Creek (its name of Indian origin), flows through the valley, blending its waters with the Kinderhook on its way to the Hudson. It seems to be "shut in by hills from the rude world," and a poetic quiet rests over this picture in repose. If the beauty of the landscape which from every point meets and focalizes itself in the soul, could be written in words or impressed on electrotypes plates, it might be worth while to attempt a description, but not understanding the art of spiritual photography, we can only say, in the words of Goldsmith, "Every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity." Columbia Hall has been thoroughly revised, and looks like a holiday book in its new binding. It is now in the hands of Mr. James T. Fulton, formerly of the International Hotel, Niagara Falls. Mr. Fulton has the good fortune of being popular not only with the traveling public, but also with all the Hotel Proprietors from New York to Montreal, and from Portland to Chicago. As he travels east from the sublimity of Niagara to the quiet loveliness of Lebanon, he has the best wishes of a host of friends. About two miles from the Hall is the New Lebanon Society of Shakers. This society is the largest in the United States. They number some six hundred persons, and have possession of some six thousand acres of land devoted to farming purposes, gardens for seeds, fruits, etc., which are everywhere famed for their quality. A visit is at all times interesting. The Spring in the hotel grounds is a great curiosity, and keeps an even temperature of 72° summer and winter. The Hotel and hill were once known as Montepool (the mountain pool.)

The Sycamore tree which shades it has a tradition that a man from New Haven some sixty years ago, stuck his riding-whip in the ground. Then it was only large enough to do one boy justice; now a thousand youths could lodge in the branches thereof.

The village of New Lebanon is delightful, the birth place of Samuel

COLUMBIA HALL-LEBANON SPRINGS, N. Y.



J. Tilden, and the present home of the two successful and enterprising brothers, Mr. Moses Tilden, and Mr. Henry Tilden.

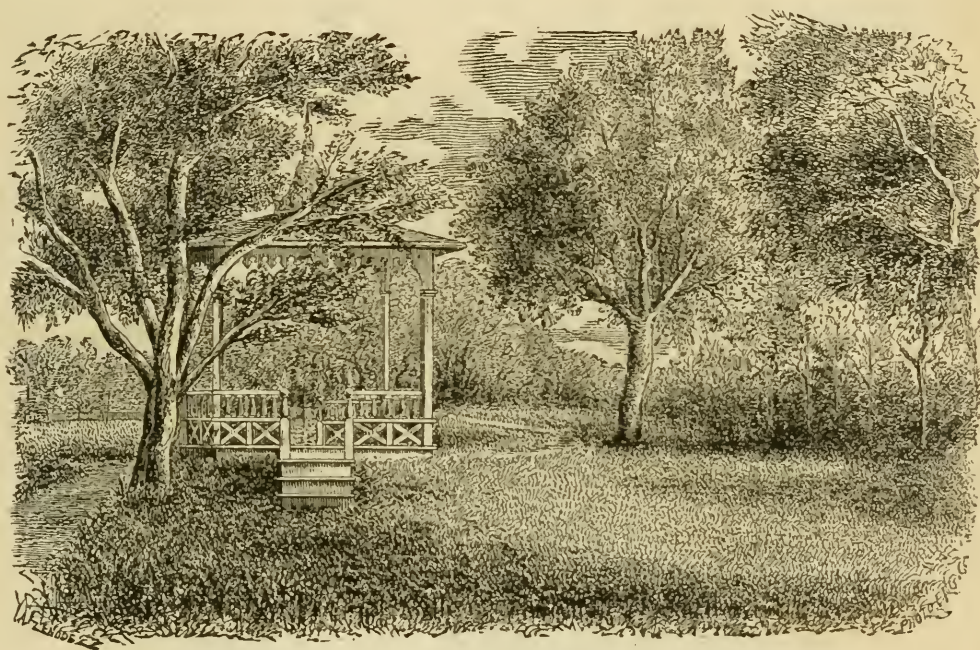
PITTSFIELD is the first town of importance east from Chatham village, on the Boston and Albany Railroad, and we know of none more attractive to the traveler, especially between April and November.



MAPLE AVENUE.

The population of the town is about 13,000, and occupies the center of that panorama of hills which encircles the county of Berkshire. This county lies upon a grand plateau having an average height of over 1,000 feet, being the most compact heights of the Green Mountains. Upon and around this plateau rise hills of an average altitude of 1,800 feet above tide-water, or 800 above the Park of Pittsfield, which is 1,041 feet above the sea-level.

Greylock, which bounds the northern view, rises 3,505 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest point in the State. The various branches of the Housatonic River here unite, filling the town with a network of "braided brooks," and there are beside, six beautiful lakelets, Onota, Pontoosuck, Richmond, Melville, Silver, and Goodrich.



MAPLEWOOD GROUNDS.

The town was first permanently settled in 1752, as the plantation of Pontoosuck, taking its name from that of the district, which means the "haunt of the winter deer," it being the favorite hunting-ground of the Mohegan Indians in winter. It was incorporated in 1761, by the name of Pittsfield, in honor of the great English statesman who had been earnest in defending it against the French and Indians.

The "Maplewood Young Ladies Institute" has a classic location, with grounds as fine as those of Yale or Harvard. We present a cut

of Maple Avenue, as furnished by our friend the Principal, Rev. Charles V. Spear. The Institution has been known for years not only to Berkshire and Eastern Massachusetts, but throughout New England and the Middle States, as one of the best conducted and most flourishing in the Country. "Maplewood Hall" is opened this season for summer guests, and furnishes a home with every convenience. The rooms are ample and newly furnished, and windows and piazzas afford extensive and charming views. The large Gymnasium, with its



BERKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

swings and bowling alleys, is also open to the guests of the Hall during the vacation of the school. Horses and carriages, including the somewhat famous Maplewood Omnibus, furnish facilities for drives, picnics or mountain excursions.

CAPITAL NEW BOOKS.

A Mad Marriage.

An intensely interesting new novel by *May Agnes Fleming*, author of.—A Wonderful Woman—Guy Earlscount's Wife—A Terrible Secret, etc., of which the *Tele ram* says: "For intense interest, it has not been surpassed since the time of Wilkie Collins' 'Woman in White,' or Mrs. Wood's 'East Lynne.'" ** Price \$1.75.

A Perfect Adonis.

A powerful new novel, by the author of *Rutledge—The Sutherlands—St. Philips—Frank Warrington—Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's—Richard Vandermark*, etc., etc. ** Price \$1.50.

True as Steel.

A delightful story by *Marion Harland*. One of the most fascinating she has ever written. ** Price \$1.50. The other works by this popular author, are:—*Alone—Sunny bank—Moss-side—Nemesis—Miriam—Helen Gardner—Husbands and Homes—Hidden Path—Phemie's Temptation—Ruby's Husband—Empty Heart—At Last—Jessamine*.

Ten Old Maids.

"Five of them Wise, and Five of them Foolish." A sparkling new novel, by *Mrs. Julie P. Smith*, author of *Widow Goldsmith's Daughter*, etc. ** Price \$1.75.

Manfred.


A deeply interesting new romance, translated by *Luigi Monti*, from the Italian of *F. D. Guerrazzi*, author of *Beatrice Cenci*. ** Price \$1.75.

Ecce Femina;

Or, *The Woman Zoe*. A very remarkable new novelette, by *Cuyler Pine*, author of *Mary Brandegee*.

Pickwick Papers.

By *Charles Dickens*. The elegant new edition, known as "*Carleton's New Illustrated Edition*." ** Price \$1.50.

 These books are all beautifully printed and bound. Sold everywhere—and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price, by

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The great American novel of the year. *** Price \$1.50. By *Mary J. Holmes*, author of the following excellent and popular novels:

Tempest and Sunshine,
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Homestead on Hillside,
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West Lawn. (*new*).

Artemus Ward.

An entirely new stereotyped edition of the complete Works of *Artemus Ward*, containing an excellent portrait of the great American Humorist—a carefully prepared Sketch of his Life, and more than 50 pages of his fugitive writings never before printed in book form. Four volumes in one, with 50 comic illustrations. *** Price \$2.00.

Shiftless Folks.


A brilliant, undiluted Love Story, by *Christabel Goldsmith* ["Widow Goldsmith's Daughter"]. *** Price \$1.75.

A Woman in Armor.

A powerfully written novel, absorbingly interesting to ladies—by the new author, *Miss Mary Hartwell*. *** Price \$1.50.


St. Elmo.

A charming love story by *Augusta J. Evans*, author of some of the best and most successful novels ever written—*Beulah*—*Inez*—*Macaria*—*Vashti*, etc. *** Price \$1.75.

 *Miss Evans*' new novel, *INFELICE*, is in rapid preparation, and will be published very soon.

David Copperfield.

By *Charles Dickens*—the elegant new edition, known as "Carleton's New Illustrated Edition." *** Price \$1.50.

 These books are all beautifully printed and bound. Sold everywhere—and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price, by

G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers,
MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

The Hall is now under the efficient management of Mr. E. F. Carter. In the midst of this beautiful park, with its elms and maples, of fifty years, it cannot fail to receive a generous patronage. In addition to the views here given, we call attention to the grounds of Maplewood, as presented on the Hudson River map.

We have also been furnished with a fine cut of the Berkshire Life Insurance Company, situated in the business and financial centre of the town. It is one of the oldest, safest, and most prosperous in the Country. The Building is occupied by the officers of the Company, by two National banks, one Savings bank, with fire and burglar-proof safes for each, the post-office and telegraph; the upper story is occupied by Masonic bodies. A little way from the main street the house is still standing, but somewhat modified, where Longfellow married his wife. He also took the "old clock" to Cambridge.

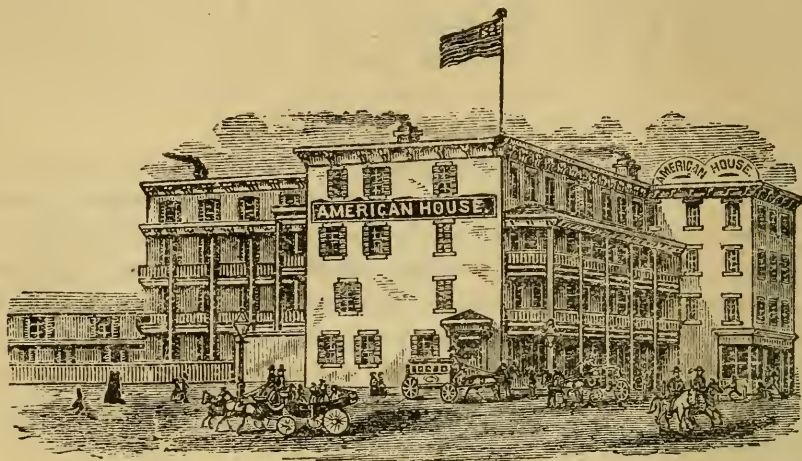
"A little back from the village street,
Stands an old-fashioned country seat,
Across whose antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw."

One could easily write a "book" about Pittsfield. It is the centre of wealth, and refinement.

Bryant, Hawthorn, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Longfellow, the Sedgewicks, Fanny Kemble, and Melville are a few of the names that are associated with this beautiful town. Monument Mountain, Greylock, the Hoosac Tunnel, Lebanon Springs, the Shakers', Williams College, Lenox and Stockbridge are all within easy drive. In fact, the pleasantest drive we have had for many a day was this present season of 1874,

"In the leafy month of June,"

from Pittsfield to Lebanon Springs, at the invitation of Mr. James W. Hull. The mountain road was a little rough, but like Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, we beguiled the way with poetry of the olden time, until there suddenly burst upon us a vision of beauty, equal to anything which Chaucer or Spencer ever dreamed,—the County of Columbia at our feet, reaching away to the Catskills.



American House,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

CEBRA QUACKENBUSH, Proprietor.

Pleasantly located midway the main street of the most delightful town or village of Berkshire.

A convenient Hotel for Tourists or Business Travelers.

Free Omnibuses to and from the Cars.

DELAWARE AND HUDSON CANAL COMPANY.

ALBANY AND SUSQUEHANNA DEPARTMENT.—There are few railroads in our country that possess for so many miles such variety and interest as the Albany and Susquehanna. All the way from Albany to Binghamton the hills and valleys, the streams, rivulets, and rivers form a succession of beautiful landscapes, framed in the moving panorama of a car window. The railroad follows the valleys of three streams—the Schoharie, the Cobleskill, and the Susquehanna.

Leaving Albany we pass through the little villages and stations of Adamsville, Slingerlands, New Scotland, Guilderland, Knowersville, Duanesburgh, Quaker Street, Esperance, and come to Central Bridge, thirty-six miles from Albany, the junction with the branch road for Schoharie Court-House and Middleburgh. Schoharie village, the county seat, is situated on Schoharie Flats. First settlement made in 1711. Population about fifteen hundred. The old stone church, erected in 1772, is now used as an arsenal. Three miles from Central Bridge, or thirty-nine miles from Albany, is the celebrated

HOWE'S CAVE, discovered on the 22d May, 1812, by Lester Howe. In interest and extent it is second only to the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and presents, in truth, a new world of beauty, with arches and walls reaching away for miles, of which perhaps the half is only discovered. Among the prominent points of interest in the cave are the following, as named by Mr. Howe:—

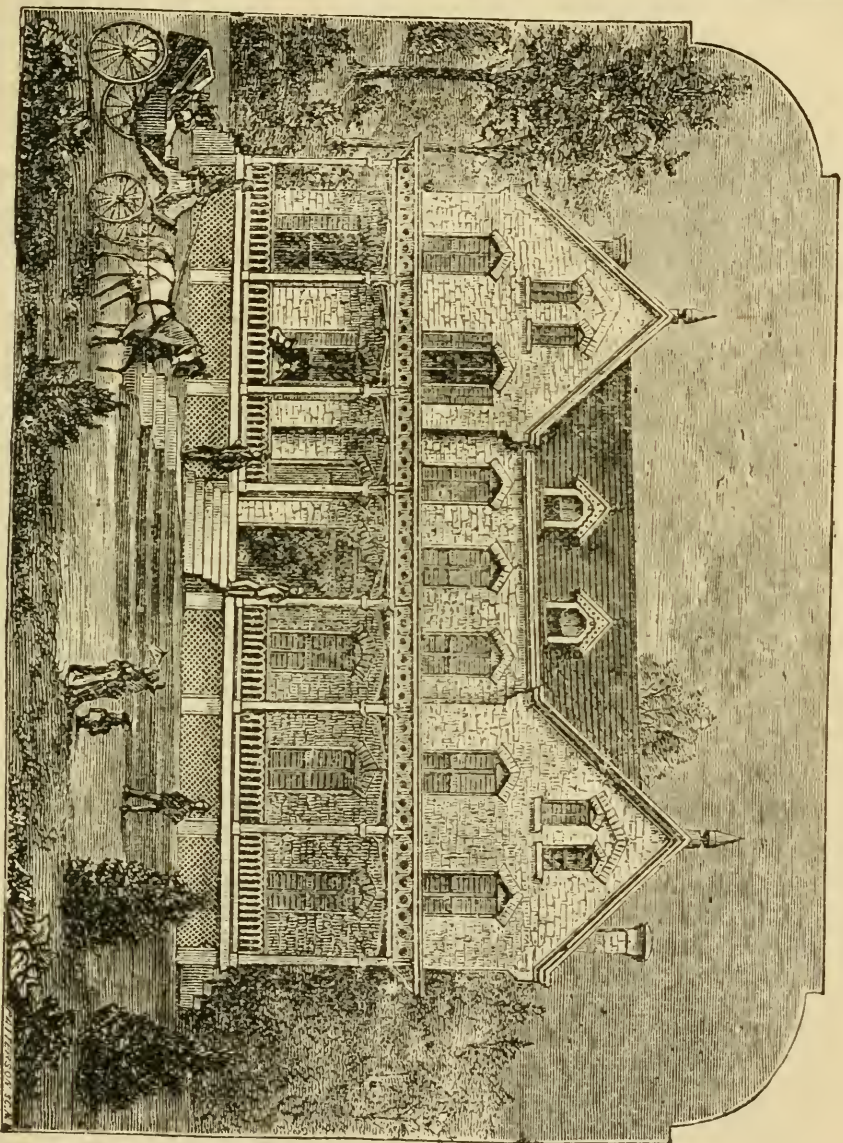
“Reception, or Lecture Room,” “Washington Hall,” “Bridal Chamber,” (temperature 48 deg. Fah.), where many have been nuptially tied, including the two daughters of the discoverer; “The Chapel,” some forty feet high; “Harlequin Tunnel,” “Cataract Hall,” “Ghost Room, or Haunted Castle,” “Music Hall,” “Stygian, or Crystal Lake.” At the foot of the lake there are several gas-burners, giving the visitor a beautiful view of that portion of the cave and lake, and the side grotto near by. From thence visitors proceed by boats across the

lake to "Plymouth Rock," and from thence continue the journey to the "Devil's Gateway," "The Museum," "Geological Rooms," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Giants' Study," "Pirates' Cave," "Rocky Mountains," "Valley of Jehoshaphat," "Winding Way," and "Rotunda." There are the usual formations, known as "Stalagmites" and "Stalactites," many of them singular in form and variety. In Washington Hall are two, named "Lady Washington's Hood" and "Washington's Epaulet;" and beyond these are "The Harp," and numberless others. At the head and foot of the lake there are two large stalagmites, the former large enough to fill the entire body of the cave, which has made it necessary to excavate an artificial passage around it. These are among the most wonderful formations in the cave, and of particular interest to the geological and scientific student.

We are only able to mark out the route in this hasty manner. To speak of all the objects of interest would draw us aside from the purpose of a general guide. The "Cave House" is a fine hotel, recently erected at the mouth of the cave, and the wants of the tourist and explorer will be carefully attended to. Every one should visit Howe's Cave, and see these real Arabian Night beauties, so near the capital of the Empire State.

The next station is Cobleskill, forty-five miles from Albany. This rich and fertile valley was called by the Indians Ots-ga-ra-ga. The village is thriving and flourishing. Smith's "National Hotel" is one of the best on the route, and decidedly the best in the place. This is also the junction of the Cherry Valley Branch, which passes through Hyndsville, Seward, and Sharon Springs.

SHARON SPRINGS is one of the oldest and most satisfactory summer resorts. The village is splendidly located—as we said years ago, on our first visit—in a valley on a hill. The streets are well shaded. There are nine large hotels, always full. One of the pleasantest of these—in location and every point of comfort—is the "Union," a cut of which is here given. The cool and shaded verandahs, the large and well-fur-

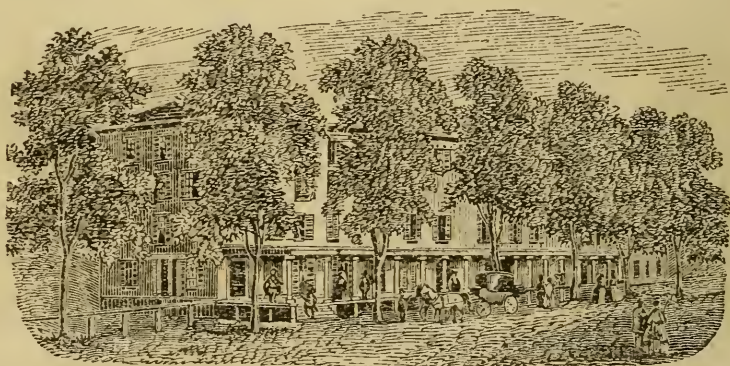


CAVE HOUSE, HOWE'S CAVE, N. Y.

J. W. WOOD. (Formerly of Delavan House.)

nished rooms, and every luxury in its season, combine to make it a pleasant place to spend a summer season.

The picturesque scenery of Sharon and environs, and the beautiful park promenades and drives, have made this summer resort one of the most frequented in the United States. The Sulphur, Magnesia, and Chalybeate Springs have a fine reputation for the cure of cutaneous diseases. Since the completion of the Branch Railroad from Cobleskill it is very easy of access,—only two hours from Albany *via* the pleasant drawing-room coaches of the Albany and Susquehanna Department.



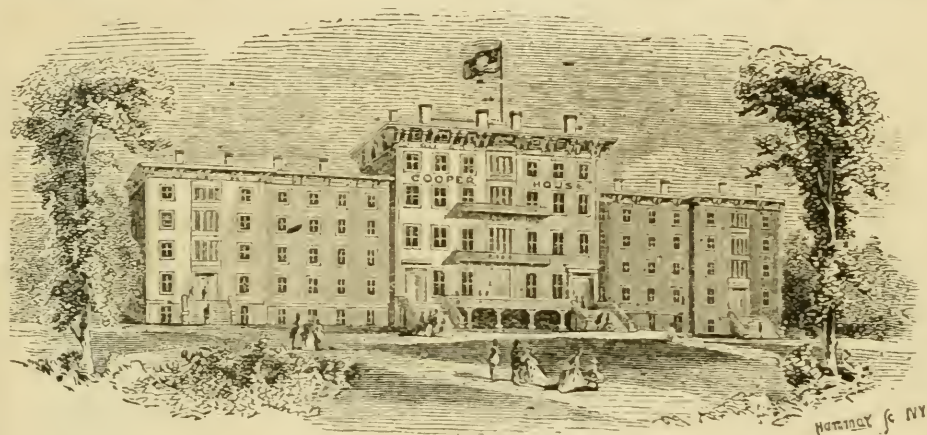
UNION HALL, SHARON SPRINGS, N. Y.

CHARLES SCHWARZ, Proprietor.

CHERRY VALLEY.—The next station to Sharon is Cherry Valley, a pleasant town in the northeast corner of Otsego County; and from this point a stage-line connects with Richfield Springs, and its long-established and popular hotel, the “American House.” Returning to Cobleskill we pursue our route westward on the main line of the Albany and Susquehanna; and we pass through Richmondville, lying in a valley on our left; then East Worcester, Worcester, Schenevus, and Maryland, to the junction of the Cooperstown and Susquehanna Valley Railroad for Portlandville, Milford, Clinton, Phoenix, and

COOPERSTOWN, one of the pleasantest villages in New York, and one

of the classic points of our country. It is situated on the shore of Otsego, a beautiful lake, worthy of being the fountain-head of the bright flowing Susquehanna. Every one who has read "The Deerslayer" or "The Pioneer" knows something of its beauty. The name Otsego signifies "friendly greeting," from the fact that a small rock near the shore was a rendezvous where the tribes were wont to assemble; and its name is still significant to the tourist and traveler, for the "Cooper House" is indeed a place of "friendly greeting," and has for its motto the old Scotch proverb, "Welcome the coming, and speed the



COOPER HOUSE, COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.

(Foot of Otsego Lake.)

COLEMAN & MAXWELL, Proprietors.

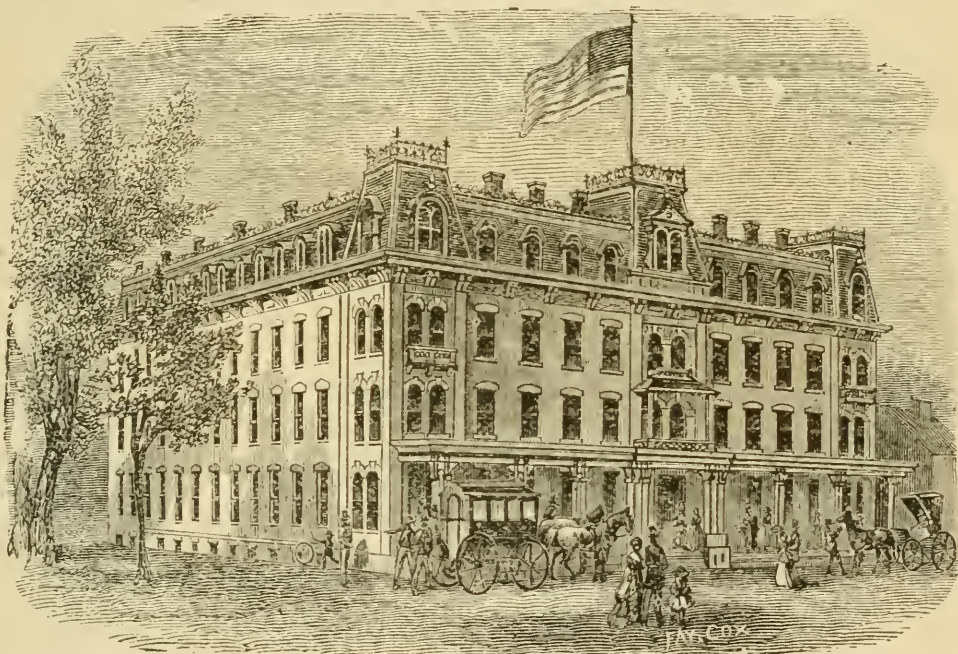
parting." In the hands of its present popular proprietors—William B. Coleman, of the "New York Hotel," and Albert Maxwell, late superintendent of the "Union Club,"—it has won the first position as a place of summer resort. The hotel is, in every particular, one of the finest and best-furnished in the United States. It stands on the highest ground in the village—80 feet above the lake, 1200 feet above the sea—and is surrounded by a fine park of over seven acres, handsomely planted with shade-trees; and with croquet, ball, and archery grounds

within the inclosure. The internal arrangements of the house are complete with all the modern improvements, including bells, gas in every room, hot and cold baths, &c.

There are also desirable cottages, containing six, twelve, and twenty-two rooms each.

The surroundings of Cooperstown are delightful in every particular, and there are fine drives in every direction. Mount Vision, a little to the north, overlooks the village; and still further to the north is Prospect Cliff. Otsego Lake, like Lake Mahopac, is literally surrounded with beauty; and, like Irvington or Tarrytown, Cooperstown is one of the literary Meccas of our country. It is the place to read the works of Cooper; for, in reading them, we are here surrounded by the same inspiration which produced them. In his "Deerslayer" we have the finest description of the lake and surrounding hills. "On a level with the point lay a broad sheet of water, so placid and limpid that it resembled a *bed of the pure mountain atmosphere* compressed into a setting of hills and woods. At its northern or nearest end it was bounded by an isolated mountain; lower land falling off east and west, gracefully relieving the sweep of the outline; still the character of the country was mountainous; high hills or low mountains rising abruptly from the water on quite nine-tenths of its circuit. But the most striking peculiarity of the scene were its solemn solitude and sweet repose. On all sides, wherever the eye turned, nothing met it but the mirror-like surface of the lake, the placid view of heaven, and the dense setting of woods. So rich and fleecy were the outlines of the forest, that the whole visible earth, from the rounded mountain-top to the water's edge presented one unvaried hue of unbroken verdure." The same points still exist which "Leather Stocking" then saw. There is the same beauty of verdure along the hills, and the sun still glints as brightly as then the ripples of the clear water. There are some things that are constant even upon earth, and surely the unchanging stars should have a changeless mirror! Cooper himself says in the preface, "Even the points exist, a little altered by civilization, but so nearly answering to the description as to be easily recognized by all who are familiar with the scenery of this particular region."

HOTEL FENIMORE. The hotels of Cooperstown are loyal in name to the writer who has made his home illustrious, and the new hotel completed in 1873, very happily completes, in its christening, the name of Fenimore Cooper. The building is a most substantial structure of brick and stone, and newly and completely furnished throughout. It contains all modern conveniences, and in all essentials for comfort is unsurpassed by any hotel on our route. It is lighted with gas, heated with steam, has electric belis, a steam laundry, and an unlimited supply of pure wa-



HOTEL FENIMORE.
JAMES BUNYAN, PROPRIETOR.

ter. The Union Telegraph is in the hotel. The beautiful lake which we have just described is within one minute's walk of the hotel, with opportunity for yachting, rowing and fishing.

The new steamboat named after the great hunter, "Natty Bumppo," will run three times a day during the season, touching at Three Mile

Point, Five Mile Point, and Springfield landing, connecting with a new line of stages at the head of the lake, for Richfield Springs ; this makes a route of pleasant interchange between the guests of Cooperstown and Richfield Springs. From frequent experience we can testify to delightful excursions on this beautiful lake. The walks about the hills are very attractive, and we venture to say that the cemetery has a finer location than any in the country.

There are many elegant residences in the village ; the house and grounds of Mr. Edward Clark are noted throughout the State. To use the words of the old proverb, the town is at once "healthy, wealthy, and wise," and it will be profitable for every tourist to use the words of Mr. Seward's oration of July 4th, 1840, "I have desired to see for myself the valleys of Otsego, through which the Susquehanna extends his arms, and entwines his fingers with the tributaries of the Mohawk, as if to divert that gentle river from its allegiance to the Hudson."

RICHFIELD SPRINGS. Of all routes to this popular summer resort, there is none so picturesque and pleasant as this *via* Cooperstown and Otsego Lake. Of course persons in a hurry will take a drawing-room coach at the New York Grand Central Depot, and in eight hours without change of cars find themselves on the pleasant verandas of the "Spring House." This Hotel, the finest in Richfield Springs, is now in the hands of Mr. Proctor, one of the proprietors of Baggs' Hotel, Utica.

Returning now to the main line of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad, we can pursue our western journey through Collier's and Emmons', to Oneonta, one of the most stirring villages on the route. The next station is Otego. From this point stages connect with the pleasant village of Franklin, passing through Wells' Bridge, Unadilla, Sidney (with its branch road to Delhi), Afton, and Harpersville, we come to the Tunnel, 127 miles from New York. Then passing through Osborn Hollow and Port Crane, we come to Binghamton, and complete the equilateral triangle—New York, Albany, and Binghamton. It is a flourishing city of 16,000 inhabitants, and has complete railway connections with the Erie, the Delaware, Lackawana and Western, and Syracuse and Binghamton railways. The best hotel is the "Spaulding House," only a short distance from the depot.

BALLSTON SPA ARTESIAN LITHIA SPRING.

The water of this remarkable Spring is shown by analysis to be twice as rich in valuable Remedial Agents as any other water found in Saratoga County, and to surpass in excellence all the Waters found in other parts of the United States. Flowing from a depth of six hundred and fifty feet, through a tube bored into the solid rock, it is not diluted or contaminated by surface water, as is generally the case with shallow springs.

Its medical properties partake of the most celebrated Springs of the world, and in fact combine the ingredients of all the principal ones in Europe and America. It is very strongly impregnated with *that valuable mineral, Lithia, which is so effectual in dissolving the Chalk, or Limestone and Urate*, deposits in RHEUMATISM, GOUT and GRAVEL, and has been successfully used by hundreds in these diseases, with quick and telling effect; as also in KIDNEY DISEASE, LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CONSTIPATION and PILES, and has proved itself a perfect panacea for these difficulties.

The large quantities of Lithia, Bromine, and Iodine which it contains, specially recommend it to the attention of every Physician.

ANALYSIS BY PROF. C. F. CHANDLER, PH. D.

Chloride of Sodium.....	750.030 grains.	Sulphate of Potassa.....	0.520 grains.
Chloride of Potassium.....	33.276 "	Phosphate of Soda.....	0.050 "
Bromide of Sodium.....	3.643 "	Biborate of Soda.....	trace.
Iodide of Sodium.....	0.124 "	Alumina.....	0.077 "
Fluoride of Calcium.....	trace.	Silica.....	0.761 "
Bicarbonate of Lithia.....	7.750 "	Organic Matter.....	trace.
Bicarbonate of Soda.....	11.928 "		
Bicarbonate of Magnesia.....	180.602 "	Total per gall. (231 cubic in.).	1233.246
Bicarbonate of Lime.....	238.156 "		
Bicarbonate of Strontia.....	0.867 "	Carbonic Acid Gas.....	426.114 cub. in.
Bicarbonate of Baryta.....	3.881 "	Density.....	1.0159 "
Bicarbonate of Iron.....	1.581 "	Temperature.....	52 deg. F.

School of Mines, Columbia College, N. Y., April 21, 1868.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the richness of the different Springs, we give a Statement of the quantity of mineral matter contained in one gallon of Water of the Springs which claim to be the most effective in disease:—

Ballston Artesian Lithia Spring	1233.246 grains.	Star Spring.....	615.685 grains.
Congress Spring.....	567.943 "	Seltzer Spring.....	401.680 "
Empire Spring.....	496.352 "	Excelsior.....	514.746 "
High Rock Spring.....	628.038 "	Gettysburgh Katalysine.....	266.930 "

The Water is carefully and securely bottled, and packed in boxes of four-dozen Pints, and will bear transportation to any part of the world.

To prevent imposition, the corks are marked thus: **Artesian Spring Co., Ballston, N. Y.**

Address,

ARTESIAN LITHIA SPRING CO.,

Ballston Spa., N. Y.

NIAGARA FALLS, AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

At the unveiling of Shakespeare's monument in Central Park, William Cullen Bryant said, *What Niagara is to other waterfalls Shakespeare is to other poets.* In the converse of this sentence we have a happy expression of Niagara's greatness and grandeur, for it is in truth the crowning glory of our continent.

The route from Albany is via "The New York Central," one of the best-appointed railroads in our country; furnished with Wagner's elegant drawing-room cars and Pullman coaches. There are five through trains from New York to Niagara Falls; and this route combines speed with the greatest comfort. In fact, our times have outgrown the inconveniences of travel. The dream of Arabian fancy is realized. These sumptuous saloons remind one of the "enchanted carpet" which wafted the traveler from place to place.

Leaving the domes of the river-crowned capital behind us, we pass through Schenectady, Fonda, Palatine Bridge, Fort Plain, and places of minor interest, and come to Little Falls, the head centre of Herkimer cheese. Here the gentle Mohawk of the poet rushes through a rock channel of remarkable formation, and we come to the conclusion that the writer of

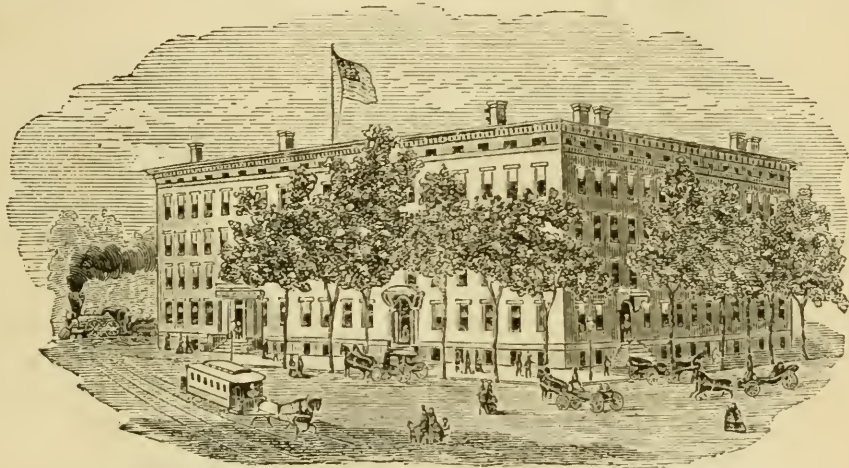
"How sweet is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides"

was not a native of Herkimer. We get, from the car window, quite a good view of the river and its rocky channel. A few miles further bring us to

UTICA—the first express station—ninety-five miles from Albany. This, in continental days, was the site of old Fort Schuyler, and now one of the most flourishing towns in Central New York. It is the landing-place for Trenton Falls and Richfield Springs. The attractions in and about Utica will well repay an extended visit.

THE UTICA AND BLACK RIVER RAILROAD, from Utica to Clayton has opened up a route to the North woods, and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, making this one of the pleasantest routes to this attractive

country. Persons on the way to Trenton Falls or Richfield Springs will find Baggs' Hotel (a cut of which is here given), by far the pleasantest and most convenient. It has long been known as the best in Utica, or on the line of the Central Railroad. Tourists who fail to connect with trains, or who wish to rest a few hours in comfort, will find themselves in the hands of courteous and gentlemanly proprietors. Mr. Proctor of New York, and Mr. Chamberlain of the Delavan House, Albany, and the Clarendon Saratoga Springs. It is only a few steps from the station, and does away with an Omnibus, that last relic of barbarism.



BAGGS' HOTEL.

PROCTOR & CHAMBERLAIN, Proprietors

TRENTON FALLS.—Taking the Utica and Black River Railroad, sixteen miles bring us to Trenton Falls, one of the most charming and romantic summer resorts on the continent. For the last ten years we have heard of these beautiful waterfalls, located in what Willis has styled an “alcove,” aside from the main line of travel, “fifteen miles at right angles from the general procession, a side scene out of ear-shot from the crowd,” but it was not until the middle of June, 1874, that good fortune conducted us thither, and led us by the hand from rock to rock, from cascade to waterfall, through all that realm of enchanting beauty. The hotel, a short distance from this mountain glen,

is a model of summer resorts, and its proprietor, Mr. M. Moore, is an educated gentleman. The first rural resort of this place was built by Mr. John Sherman, a graduate of Yale, 1793. Hither some forty years



N. ORR. SO. N.Y.

SHERMAN FALL.

ago Mr. Moore, present proprietor, came like Hiawatha of old, and found his Minnehaha, great grand-daughter of Roger Sherman, a line more illustrious even than the tribe of the Dakotahs. It is said that on his return to Manhattan he was not unmindful of the vision, and always heard the Falls of Trenton

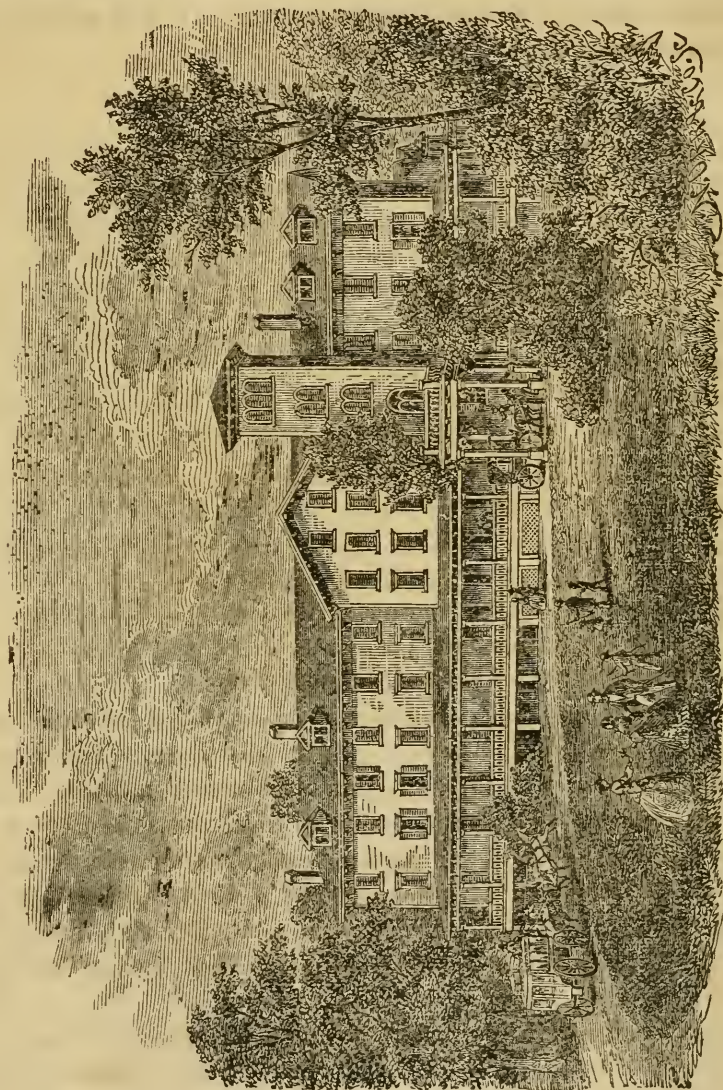
“Calling to him through the distance,
Calling to him from afar off.”

So much for his personal history, which we only mention as evidence that fiction is but the *shadow* of truth. We arrived at Trenton a little before six, and at once descended the stairs to the natural pavement, which for two miles, level with the water's edge, borders the left side of the stream. This is the pleasantest hour of the day for lonely rambles like these, and the falling water at eventide has all the melody of sadness. Passing a few rods up the stream, over fossil formation which recount fifty million years of history, and under overhanging rock, every leaf of whose folds has been a recording page for science, we suddenly come in full view of Sherman Fall. Here, it is said, a fairy (perhaps great grand-daughter of Undine) occasionally dances through the mist “modestly retiring as the visitor changes his position, and blushing all colors when she finds him gazing at her irised beauties.” The Fall has been poetically styled by Mrs. Kemble,

“The daughter of heaven and earth,
With dark eyes, white feet, and amber hair.”

In no place, save the northern Highlands of Scotland, have we seen such amber foam, and such dark headlong flow of river. The arrowy Rhone is not swifter, the Falls of Foyers are not so beautiful. High Falls are forty rods beyond, a succession of lovely cascades, one over forty feet in height. Here we have the whole organ choir, from the tenor and treble of the sheet of water on the right, to the deep bass of the heavy fall on the left. Above this, the Mill Dam Fall and the Alhambra with its cascade, and still further on the Rocky Heart, a good spot for lovers to propose in by way of contrast. We can only point out these beauties in a general way. Even the guide book of N. P. Willis, the poet of descriptive language, fails to do Trenton Falls justice, although it is a model handbook of its kind. It is a place to

be visited. Go! Pursuing our journey up the Black River Railroad we pass through Prospect to Boonville, a flourishing village thirty-five miles from Utica. Here are good hotels, and large numbers annually



MOORE'S HOTEL, TRENTON FALLS, N. Y.

M. MOORE, Proprietor.

Three Express Trains Daily each way.

go from this point to the Old Forge and Moose River lakes, where the finest of fish and plenty of game are found. Lyons Falls is forty-six Miles from Utica, upon the border of the Great Forest.

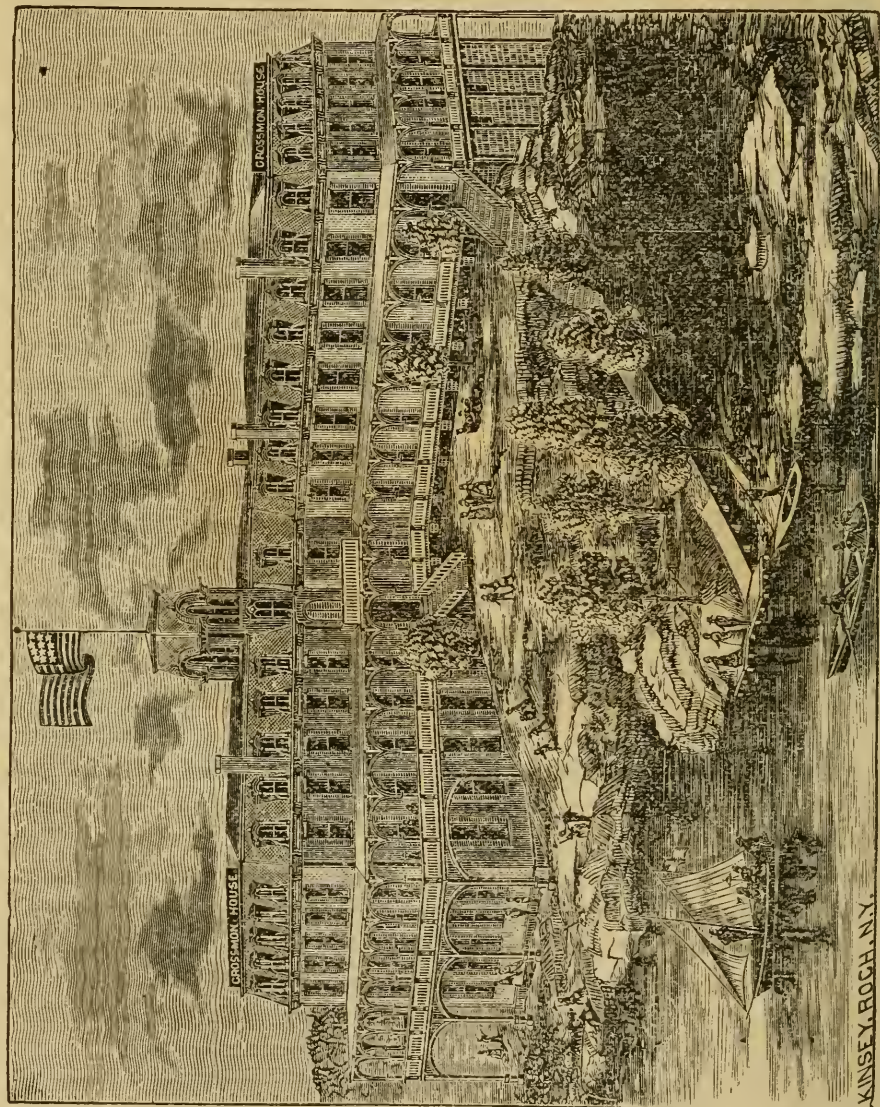
LOWVILLE, sixty miles from Utica, "is one of the most beautiful villages in Northern New York, situated in the midst of a fertile and well cultivated country. It has large and commodious Hotels, shady streets and delightful drives. From this point it is 18 miles by a good road to Fenton's, a good hotel in the famous John Brown's Tract. Fishing and hunting abound, and from Fenton's, sportsmen voyage in boats scores of miles through rivers and beautiful lakes situated in the heart of an unbroken wilderness."

CARTHAGE, seventy-four miles from Utica, is celebrated for its water power at junction of the Carthage, Watertown and Sackett's Harbor Road, within forty-five minutes of Watertown.

CLAYTON is one hundred and nine miles from Utica, a delightful place on the St. Lawrence, with good hotel accommodation. Kingston is twenty-three, and Alexandria Bay twelve miles distant. All boats up and down the St. Lawrence stop at Clayton.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS, eighteen hundred in reality—extend about forty miles, and vary in size from a few feet in diameter to three hundred acres. The general average, we would say, is about one or two acres, all beautifully shaded and wooded. The idea of building on these islands was first conceived by Mr. George Pullman, of palace-car fame, who, some ten years ago, purchased one of these islands, and erected thereon a temporary cottage. In the summer of 1870, Mr. Henry R. Heath, of New York City, and Mr. Charles S. Goodwin, of Oneida, New York, purchased the first island situated below Pullman Island, and known as Nobby Island, from a large rock near the water's edge resembling the knob of a door. In the summer of 1871 they erected a modern Gothic cottage, with docks, flag-staff, &c., a cut of which is here given. Now the islands, on every side, are being improved and built upon.

The Thousand Islands is a pleasant spot in our memory. Here, in the summer of 1873, we lingered for three days at "Nobby," and our thoughts were full of "poetry, and such," all the time. We thought

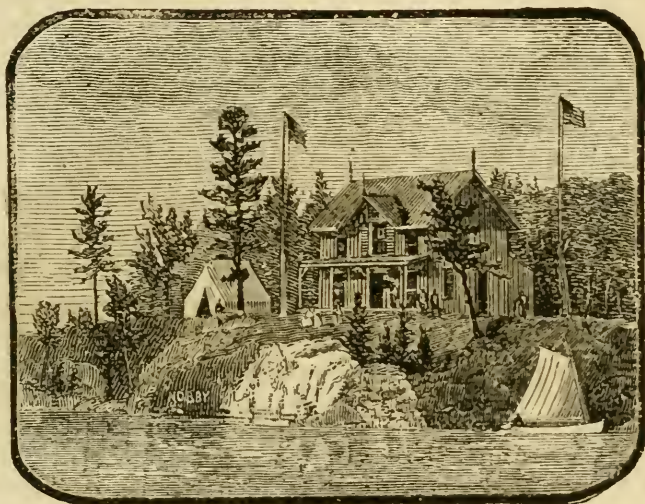


CROSSMON HOUSE, Alexandria Bay, N. Y.

C. CROSSMON & SON, Proprietors.

of Miranda, although she wasn't along ; of Enoch Arden ; Alexander Selkirk ; Helen Douglas, and twenty other island homes.

There is probably no river or lake in the world more romantic and delightful than this section of the St. Lawrence; and we imagine these islands furnish a good foundation for a *rural Venice*. During the summer of 1872, President Grant and family, General Phil. Sheridan, &c., were domiciled nearest neighbors to Nobby Island.



NOBBY ISLAND.

The Crossmon House is the pleasantest, best kept, and most popular hotel at Alexandria Bay, in fact the pleasantest on the St. Lawrence river from Lake Ontario to Montreal. It has accommodations for over 300 guests, is lighted throughout with gas, supplied with pure river water (as poetic as that of Lake Katrine, which supplies the city of Glasgow,) with electric bells, and admirably finished from rocky foundation to mansard roof. The excellence of its table has been known for 30 years, when it was only a fishing resort "A cottage by the Bay." Tom Moore's Canadian Boat Song "Row Brothers row," and several minor poets have localized many an island, from "Harts," to the "Devil's Oven."

Returning to Utica from our pleasant excursion to Trenton Falls and the Thousand Islands, we resume our western route, passing through Rome, Oneida, Chittenango, and Manlius, to

SYRACUSE, 148 miles from Albany, the most flourishing and enterprising town of central New York. The Vanderbilt House, a cut of which is here given, is the finest hotel in the city.

It is centrally located, and first-class in all its appointments, popular alike with tourist and business traveler. Syracuse is the center of the



VANDERBILT HOUSE.

JOHN L. COOK, JOHN L. COOK, JR., AND AUSTIN D. COOK, PROPRIETORS.

salt interest of the State. The principal railroad connections are with Binghamton and Oswego. Here also the New York Central Railroad diverges, familiarly known as the old and new roads; the old road passes through Geneva, connecting with steamer for Watkins' Glen, the new road passes through Clyde, Lyons, and Palmyra, meeting again at

ROCHESTER, 229 miles from Albany, the finest city of Western New York, and, in many particulars, the finest in the State. As we come into the city we cross the Genesee river, just above the Genesee Falls, where Sam Patch made the last *extempore* effort of his life. The Genesee has a fine water power, and the falls once furnished successful inspiration to one of Daniel Webster's celebrated speeches. The best hotel is the

“Osborn House,” centrally located, in fact it has a reputation second to none from New York to Chicago. Passing through Brockport, Albion, Medina, and Lockport, we come to

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, 304 miles from Albany, the first great enterprise of the New World ; for, without being personal, there was certainly “a great gulf fixed ” between the United States and Canada, until one day a little kite-string drew a wire across the chasm, and the wire grew and multiplied until the spider-like art hung a thousand tons in equipoise. Two miles now bring us to

NIAGARA FALLS, and, making our way through throngs of porters and carriages, whose clamor drowns even the roar of the waters, we soon



INTERNATIONAL HOTEL.

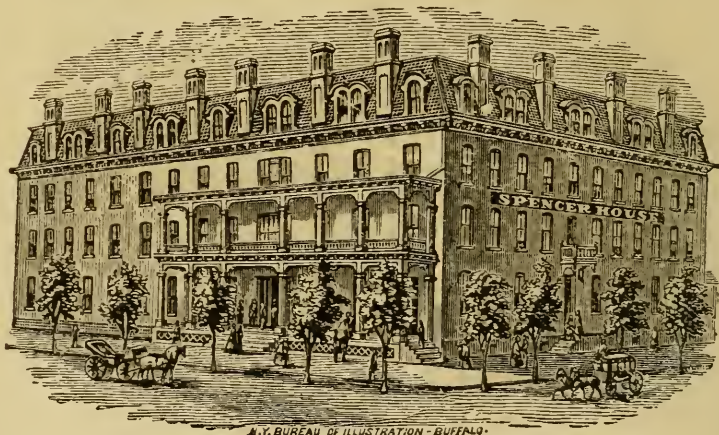
GALE & FULLER, PROPRIETORS.

find ourselves safely and quietly located in the pleasant rooms of the “International,”—appropriately named, for scenery like Niagara, even if Canada were a part of our country, could never belong to one nation or people. It is *International*. It belongs to the world. This hotel, under the supervision of James T. Fulton, has won a wide reputation for civility and attention to travelers.

During the last winter it has passed into the hands of Mr. Daniel Gale, whose reputation is almost world-wide as the original proprietor of the Fort William Henry Hotel, Lake George. It is the largest and

most pleasantly situated at Niagara, having ample accommodation for over five hundred guests. It has been thoroughly re-fitted, and is unsurpassed for comfort, location, and scenery; railroad, steamboat, and telegraph offices in the building. A fine cut of the building is here given, furnished by the courtesy of Mr. Henry Morford, whose handbooks on American and European travel are favorably known on either side of the Atlantic.

We also take pleasure in introducing the Spencer House to our readers, well known to Niagara visitors by many years of successful management. It has received from all parties the highest testimonials for ex-



SPENCER HOUSE.

A. CLUCK, PROPRIETOR.

treme neatness and excellence of table. Charles Dickens said he got the best roast beef here that he had found since leaving England. In fact, the hotel has been singularly fortunate in receiving encomiums from distinguished travelers. Wilkie Collins remarked, "it was not a hotel, but a home;" and Clara Louisa Kellogg testifies to the excellence of the viands by always remaining over a day whenever she is in the vicinity of the falls.

Every room in the house, although new, has already its traditions of the many illustrious people who have sojourned therein. The house is open at all times of the year, and in the winter season large parties now come from Philadelphia and New York, sure of good care, and of taking Niagara at its best. The hotel is largely patronized by Philadelphia and Boston ; of late years many from New York have taken rooms.

We are happy also to state that the proprietors of both of these hotels were among the first to inaugurate a new system of things at Niagara. Many people have been deterred from visiting Niagara by fear of imposition, and until this season their fears have been well founded : now, like Hamlet to the players, "they have reformed it altogether." The true friends of the business interests of Niagara have issued a paper, or journal, highly spoken of by the New York Press, known as the *Niagara Falls Register*, with Mr. S. S. Southworth manager. Visitors will find this on the cars before reaching Niagara, and will find a protecting interest in the columns of the paper, in fact, one column will be devoted to visitors, giving information what to see and what to avoid.

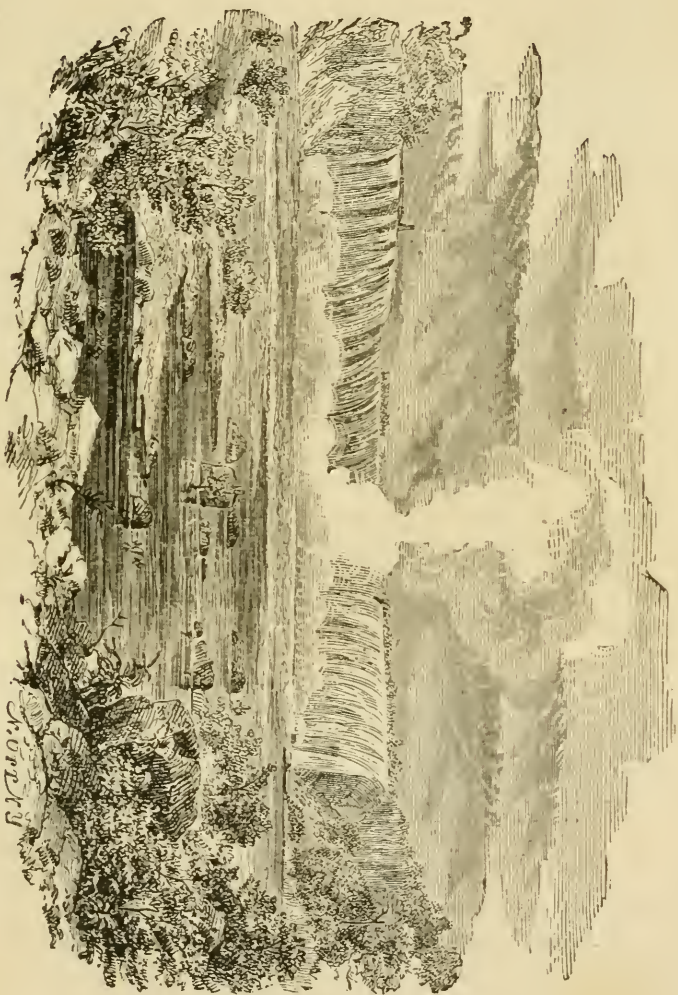
During the last two years the surroundings of the falls have been greatly improved on the American side, and a fine park enclosed, and laid out in walks. It was quite the thing to do, and the improvement is worth more than the extra quarter the owner demands. It is now secure, even for children and absent-minded lovers. The walled battlements present safe stand-points which command the finest views. This project at first created quite a sensation among the rural people near Niagara, but now it is universally conceded to be a great benefit, especially to tourists and travelers who appreciate the comforts of civilized life.

With this introduction we will now proceed to take a look at the scenery. The American Fall (900 feet across, 164 feet high) is only a short distance from the village. We have seen pictures of these falls, from Church's masterpiece to the hastily-engraved cut of a guide-book. We all have an idea how the falls look, but they never speak to us until we have looked over that deep abyss, and up the stream which ever rushes on, like an army to battle, and down the crowded chasm,

where the black waters have worn their passage, through the silent, unknown centuries. Remember what they say to you, oh, hearer! and as you look upon them the first time uncover your head a single moment. The *language* is addressed to your soul. One-eighth of a mile below these falls is the new Suspension Bridge, the longest in the world—1300 feet in length, the towers 100 feet high, and cables 1800 feet long. This carriage and foot-way was long needed, and now not only presents a fine view of the Falls from every stand-point, but affords the most convenient route to the views on the Canada side. It was opened to the public January 4th, 1869. Goat Island, the natural Central Park of the Falls, is connected with the American side by a bridge. The area of the island is about sixty acres. In our hasty sketch we will, however, only name the places to be visited, leaving the description to the local guide books. The Cave of the Winds, with its magnificent curtain of changing beauty, the Rainbow, the Whirlpool Rapids, reached by the Double Elevator. Terrapin Bridge and Prospect Tower, overlooking Horse Shoe Falls (about 1900 feet wide and 158 feet high). On the Canada side the principal points of interest are Table Rock and the broad Causeway, where one can feel all the glory of Niagara, and where Mrs. Sigourney wrote those expressive lines—

“ God has set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the clouds
Mantled around thy feet.”

Burning Spring is about a mile above Table Rock, near the river edge. Not far from this the battle of Chippewa was fought, July 5, 1814. And also, a mile and a half from the falls, is the battle ground of Lundy's Lane. The Suspension Bridge, two miles below, is a triumph in art; the Whirlpool is about a mile below this bridge. Many writers have attempted to describe Niagara, but in every description there is something lacking. We can give its dimensions, its height and breadth, and point out the places to be seen; but there is a *Unity* about Niagara which can only be felt. It makes one wish that David could have seen it, and added a new chapter to the Psalms. It surely would not have



NIAGARA FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.

Horseshoe Falls.

been out of place in the chapter following "The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament showeth His handiwork." In happy reminiscence the great English novelist has perhaps written its best description: "I think in every quiet season, now, still do these waters roll, and leap, and roar, and tumble, all day long. Still are the rainbows spanning them, a hundred feet below. Still, when the sun is on them, do they shine and glow like molten gold. Still, when the day is gloomy, do they fall like snow, or seem to crumble away like the front of a great chalk cliff, or roll down the rock like dense white smoke. But always does the mighty stream appear to die as it comes down, and always from the unfathomable grave arises that tremendous ghost of spray and mist which is never laid, which has haunted the place with the same dread solemnity since darkness brooded on the deep, and that first flood before the deluge—Light—came rushing on Creation at the word of God."

From Niagara tourists may make the round trip to Montreal, Lake Champlain, Lake George, and Saratoga, or the still longer round trip to Montreal, the Green and White Mountains, and so to New York, via Portland and Boston. Tourists taking either of these trips have *two routes* to Montreal—one via the Grand Trunk Railroad, the other via boat down the lake and St. Lawrence. The rapids and islands are interesting features of the route as we have already indicated in our description of the Thousand Islands.

TOURISTS WILL FIND

The best Summer and Winter Stereoscopic Views of

N I A G A R A F A L L S,

AT

MR. GEO. BARKER'S,

Almost opposite the International Hotel.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DISTINCT VIEWS.

Also, Indian Work and Curiosities.

CLEVELAND. The pleasantest route to the great West is, in our opinion, the Hudson River and the New York Central, and the Michigan and Lake Shore Railroads, and the pleasantest city is Cleveland, Ohio. It was originally settled by persons from New Haven, and we see the mother's beauty inherited by her fair daughter; in fact, the public squares and noble avenues are the finest in the land. The tourist should make this his resting-place on the way to Chicago, and take a drive on "Eu-



KENNARD HOUSE.

D. McCLASKY, PROPRIETOR.

clid Avenue." This avenue is pronounced by many travelers the finest in the world. For two miles it presents an unbroken vista of all that is pleasant in trees, shrubbery, and architecture.

The finest hotel is the Kennard House, a cut of which is here given, where the traveler will find everything for his comfort and convenience. It is a first-class house in every particular. The proprietor was for many years with Mr. Roeselle, in the early days of the Delavan House, Albany, N. Y.

TREMONT HOUSE, CHICAGO, ILL.



JAMES CHURCH Proprietor.

Cor. Lake and Dearborn Sts.

The best-conducted and most *Pleasant House* in the City. Re-built since the Great Chicago Fire, at the cost of \$750,000.

The House contains over three hundred large, commodious rooms, with all the modern improvements, one half of which are *en suite*, with bath-rooms, closets, etc., all furnished in the most elegant style.

The offices, corridors, club-rooms, parlors, bridal chambers, and ladies' ordinary are models of beauty in design, arrangement, and finish; while the dining-hall, with its beautiful carvings in wood, massive mirrors, immense chandeliers, marble floor, magnificent side-boards and elegant furniture, forms a scene of splendor not to be surpassed.

Three elevators will be in constant operation to convey guests and baggage to any floor of the house. Colored servants will be employed in the main dining-hall, ordinary, and rotunda. The office, bar, telegraph-office, restaurant, billiard-room, news-stand, etc., are the most elegant in the City, and are all on the first floor. In every particular it stands without a rival in the world.

FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE,
AND WASHINGTON,

VIA

ROCHESTER, CANANDAIGUA, PENN-YAN, WATKINS' GLEN,
ELMIRA, WILLIAMSPORT, AND HARRISBURGH.

This route—from Niagara to Philadelphia and Washington—presents some of the finest scenery of New York and Pennsylvania; and makes



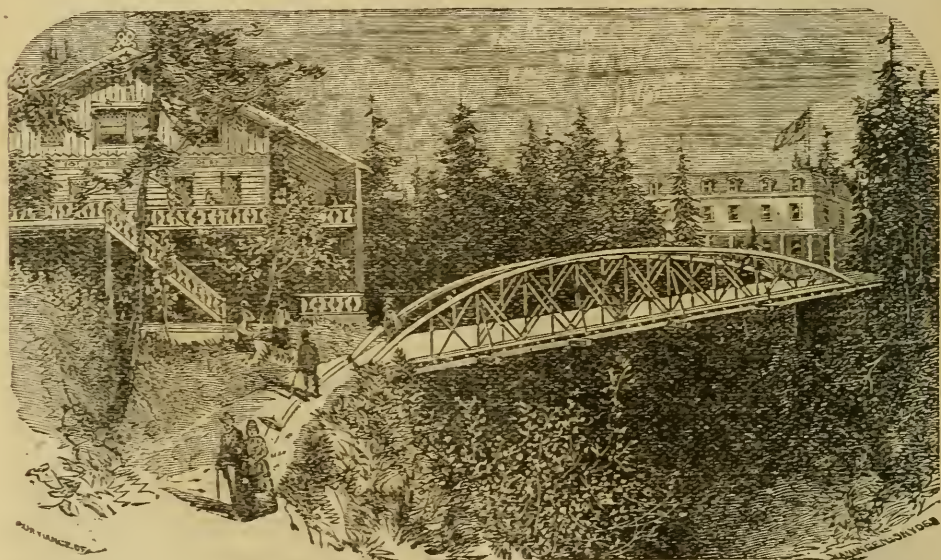
SENECA LAKE.

one of the best round trips to be taken in connection with the day-line of the Hudson and the route we have just indicated to Niagara. Tourists may also reverse the order, going direct from Philadelphia to Niagara and Watkins' Glen, and then to Albany and down the Hudson to New York.

These beautiful glens—Watkins and Glenola, near the shores of Seneca Lake—have been poetically styled “a secluded mystery of

beauties which the elements have been for ages carving and decorating." No person, in fact, can be said to *do* New York State thoroughly without paying them a visit. During the last few years there have been many descriptive articles giving an idea of their general character; but, like all descriptions, they fall short in the expression. One of the best of these—at least in point of brevity—was published in *Scribner's*, 1872; and we subjoin the following description of

THE GLEN, or cabinet edition of a Colorado cañon: "Here we see



THE GLEN MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

a placid pool, there a thundering waterfall, beyond a ribbon of foam, where the stream tears through a crooked rift in the rocks; then a series of rippling cascades, followed by long reaches of still water, so clear and glassy that one seems to look through the slaty bottom into an under world of fantastic forms—an inverted spiritual counterpart of the wonderful region round and above. Now the stream overspreads a broad channel, as level as a pavement; now it rushes through a narrow sluice-way, and again sleeps in a chain of oval pools, the footprints

of waterfalls long since receded." These various points are so rapidly and poetically referred to in the above quotation that it reminds one of the musical poem often read by elocutionists, "The way the water comes down at Ladore."



HECTOR FALLS.

The double fall of Hector, in the neighborhood, is well worthy of a summer day's excursion, "where a stream much larger than any of the Glen streams, leaps into the lake over a quick succession of bold cliffs, falling two hundred feet or more in as many yards."

From Watkins' Glen our route will take us via Elmira to Minequa, with its noted Springs; and Williamsport, with its fine hotel,—the "Herdie House."

At Northumberland, forty miles south of Williamsport, the north and west branches of the Susquehanna meet. The north branch, you will remember, takes its rise in Otsego Lake, at Cooperstown (referred to in our article on the route to Cooperstown, Sharon and Richfield Springs), and is famous in poetry and history for the cruel tragedy of Wyoming, and the stirring scenes on its banks. You will also remember Campbell's beautiful line—

“On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming.”

And now we pass the marriage of two poetic streams, where the “blue Juniata” is willing to change her name, and, in maiden modesty, *give all herself* to her liquid Romeo. Then, thirty-seven miles to Lancaster, where Robert Fulton, when a boy, made his first paddle-wheels; and Thaddeus Stevens and Buchanan lived. Then sixty miles bring us to Bryn Mawr, a pleasant village in the suburbs of Philadelphia, with station and railway appointments suggesting an English landscape, and so to Philadelphia, with its pleasant streets, “that re-echo the names of the trees of the forest.”

It is probably the most quiet and orderly city in the world for its size. Although it has a population of about 700,000, and possesses stirring business activity and enterprise, still the quiet genius of its great founder seems to reign supreme. The most pleasant, quiet, and convenient hotel is the “Colonnade House,” John Crump, Proprietor, corner of Chestnut and Fifteenth Streets. The tourist can spend a number of days in Philadelphia with profit; and, in addition to its commercial activity, it has a decent and respectful reverence for antiquity—a quality in New York which seems to be honored in the breach rather than the observance. Old Independence Hall is a Fourth-of-July Oration in itself; as is the old bell, with its singularly prophetic inscription.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has made this one of the most delightful routes; and we wish to acknowledge their courtesy in furnishing the cuts which illustrate this article. From Philadelphia the tourist will proceed on his route for Baltimore and Washington.



TROY CONFERENCE ACADEMY, POULTNEY, VERMONT.

This Institution is located on the Rutland and Washington Railroad, *sixty-eight miles from Troy, N. Y., and eighteen miles from Rutland, Vermont.*

Poultney is a beautiful village, free from saloons and vicious places of resort.

The Academy prepares students for college, gives a full course to young ladies, and, *in every particular*, is strictly on a par with other New England Academies.

The Terms are *very moderate*.

A *discount* is made in favor of the *children of Clergymen*, and of young men preparing for the Ministry.

The school year for 1875-6 begins *September 1st, 1875.*

For catalogues of information address the Principal,

Rev. MARTIN E. CADY, A. M.,

POULTNEY, VERMONT.

THE
Congress and Empire Spring Waters
OF SARATOGA

ARE THE BEST OF ALL THE SARATOGA WATERS FOR THE
USE OF PERSONS OF CONSTIPATED HABIT.

They act promptly and pleasantly, without producing debility; and their effect is not weakened by continued use, as is the case with ordinary cathartics. At the same time they are not *too* cathartic,—*a fault with some of our more drastic mineral waters*,—but sufficiently so for daily healthful use, and not strong enough to produce reaction.

As an alterative, these waters, by continued use, keep the blood in a very pure and healthful condition, producing a *clear, florid complexion*.

They are especially beneficial in cases of habitual Bilious Headache, Dyspepsia, and Constipation, and are sure preventives of all bilious disorders.

EVERY GENUINE BOTTLE OF CONGRESS WATER HAS A LARGE "C" RAISED ON
THE GLASS.

For Sale by Druggists and Hotels throughout the country.
None Genuine Sold on Draught.


At our General Mineral Water Depot in New York all varieties of Natural Waters for sale at proprietors' prices, delivered free in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Empties taken back and allowed for at liberal prices. Address,

CONGRESS & EMPIRE SPRING CO.,

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and

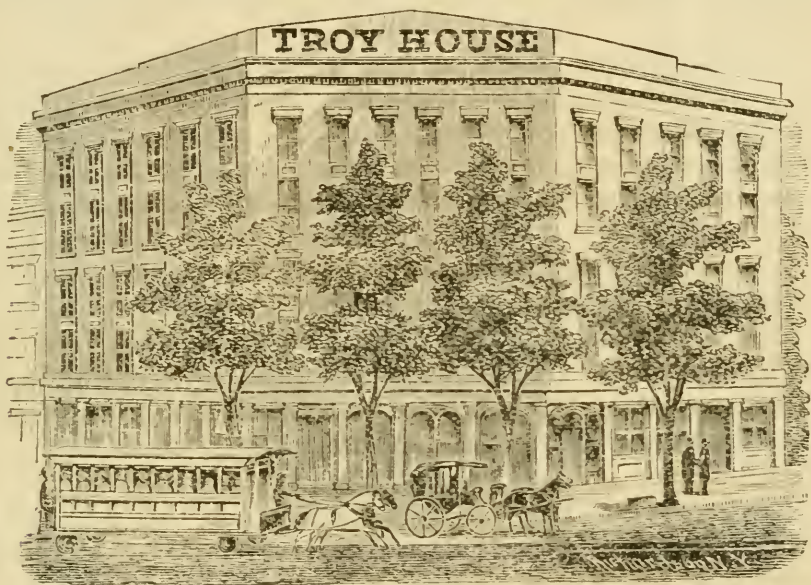
94 Chambers St., New York City.

 In connection with a recent Analysis of Congress Water, Prof. C. F. Chandler remarks that "as a *cathartic* water, its almost entire freedom from iron should recommend it above all others."

SARATOGA, LAKE GEORGE, AND PLATTSBURG.

From Albany we take the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad (division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company) direct to Saratoga, or by way of

TROY, at the head of tide-water, the enterprising city of the Hudson. In fact, it might be considered the *live* town of the river. In the year



TROY HOUSE.

J. W. STEARNS, Proprietor.

1706, it was called Ferryhook. In 1787, Rensselaerwyck. In the fall of 1787, the settlers began to use the name of Vanderheyden, after the family who owned a great part of the ground where the city now stands. January 9th, 1789, the freeholders of the town met and gave it the name of Troy. As a natural sequence, the adjoining hills took the names of Ida and Olympus.

The best hotel is the "Troy House," corner of First and River Streets, near the steamboat dock, and only a few blocks from the depot.

It is now conducted by Mr. Taylor, who has been connected for several years with the famous Massasoit House, Springfield. It is in the centre of the city, and tourists will find gentlemanly clerks and kind attention.

Like Troy of old, this city flourishes in an "age of iron." The Bessemer Steel Rail Works, in the southern part of the city, keep up a continual Fourth of July by a display of fireworks that are well worth an evening visit. The manufacture of stoves is also a large part of the business enterprise. We would call attention to the new Empire Heating Range of Swett, Quimby, & Perry, as something new and successful in the way of heating rooms, connected with a fine cooking-range. Troy has also the best reputation for making elegant marbleized mantles. The extensive works of C. W. Billings are situated on the corner of Hutton and North Third Streets; and here we can trace the progress of a slab rough from Hydeville through various manipulations, until it becomes in fact "a thing of beauty." The finest residences in our country are being furnished with mantles of his manufacture. Henderson's Hot-Air Furnace is also manufactured in Troy, by Shavor & Henderson, 66 Sixth Street; considered the finest in the United States. Water's Paper Boats are also here made, winners of a hundred races.

The population of Troy is over 50,000, and rapidly growing. The falls of the Poestenkill are in a romantic ravine, within thirty minutes' walk of the Troy House. This stream and the Wynantskill furnish a good water-power. The Union Depot is a fine building; and three railroads centre here—the Hudson River, the Rensselaer and Saratoga, and the Troy and Boston. Taking the

RENSSELAER AND SARATOGA RAILROAD, we cross the Hudson and Green Island, the birthplace of Morrissey, and we believe once used as a camping-ground by General Gates. We pass through the long street of Waterford, and leave Cohoes on our left, a manufacturing town which received its name from the falls of the Mohawk, one of the mouths of which here empties into the Hudson. Its Indian name is said to signify the "Island at the Falls." We pass through Mechanicville, near the historic fields of Stillwater and Bemis Heights; Round Lake Station, with its summer village and camp-meeting privileges, and come to

BALLSTON SPA, twenty-five miles from Troy, a pleasant watering-

place, although under the immediate shadow of Saratoga. The best hotel is the "Sans Souci."

We lately came across an article in *Harper's Magazine*, published twenty years ago, which gives a gorgeous description of the youth and beauty that were there assembled; and we were more surprised at the fact that we had a summer hotel that had existed twenty years, than when we met soon after a reference to one of the German Spas in the lines of Spenser's "Faery Queen."

THE BALLSTON ARTESIAN LITHIA SPRING is everywhere noted, and recommended by medical and scientific men as containing the most valuable properties of any spring in our country. The analysis is given in full on another page. It is said that the grandfather of the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas built a log house in Ballston in the year 1792, for the accommodation of invalids.

From Ballston there is a Schenectady Branch Railroad, which materially shortens the distance for those *en route* to Niagara, Sharon, or points west. Seven miles more bring us to

SARATOGA SPRINGS, thirty-two miles from Troy, and one hundred and eighty-two from New York.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

In our hasty sketch of watering-places and the routes thereto, this great summer resort of our country ought to be printed in large capital letters. The heading deserves a full line of itself, instead of being crowded into a left-hand corner of a page of type—and *it shall have it*. In other words, Saratoga is something more than a *paragraph*, or Barnum would have wheeled it across the continent thirty years ago. Compared with the Springs, other watering-places are mere commas, semi-colons, or, at the most, colons; but this punctuation-point in pleasure-travel is a *full stop*. It is, in fact, a place which every one likes to visit once in a lifetime, and most people once a year.

It pleases a *philosopher* because it is the best place on the continent to study human nature. It pleases the young gentleman and lady of flirting propensities, because they can easily find hearts and heads as

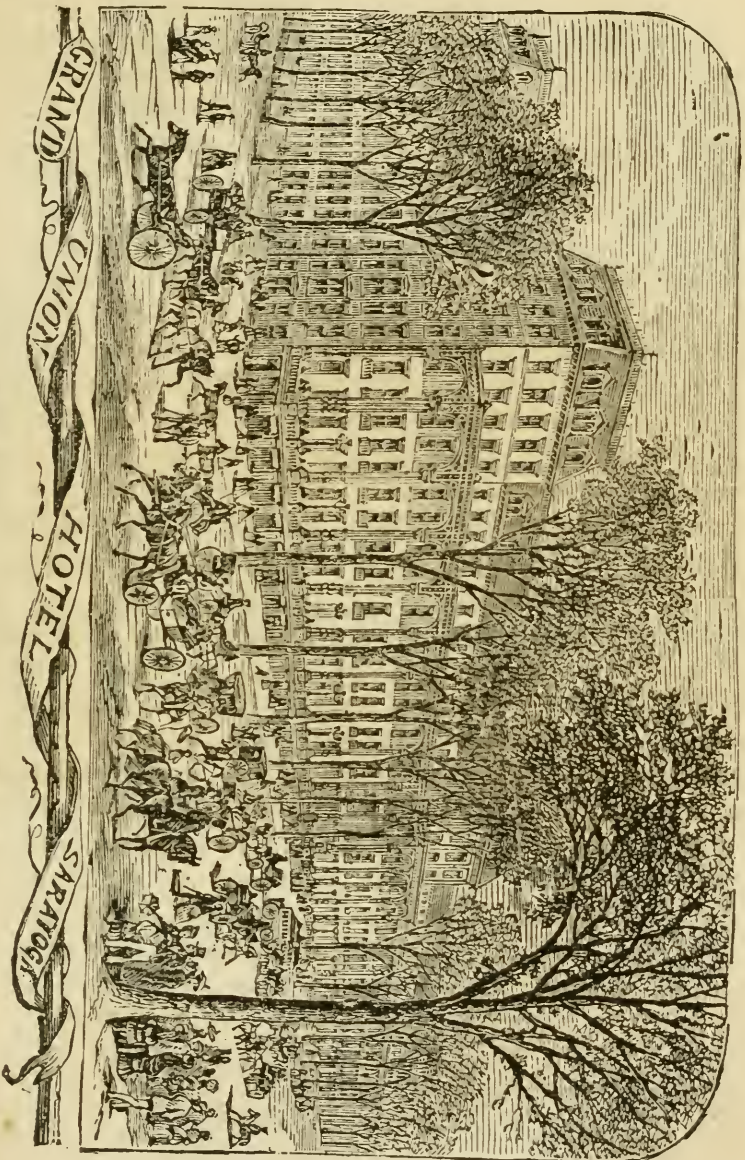
soft and responsive as their own. It pleases the managing mother, because she has a field for diplomacy which would puzzle a Richelieu or a Bismarck. It pleases the sporting gentleman, because he has an opportunity of displaying his interest or losing his principal in a fashionable horse-race. It pleases the invalid, for this has been to many a genuine fountain of health. In short, it presents to every condition and character something to be enjoyed; and each class soon attracts its own companions.



PARK OF THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.

J. H. BRESLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

This cut only faintly suggests the finest park of the finest hotel in the world, but it will give some idea of the cool and shaded walks enclosed by this magnificent structure. Since its enlargement and completion, during the last season, it is the largest hotel on the continent, and by far the most convenient and symmetrical in de-

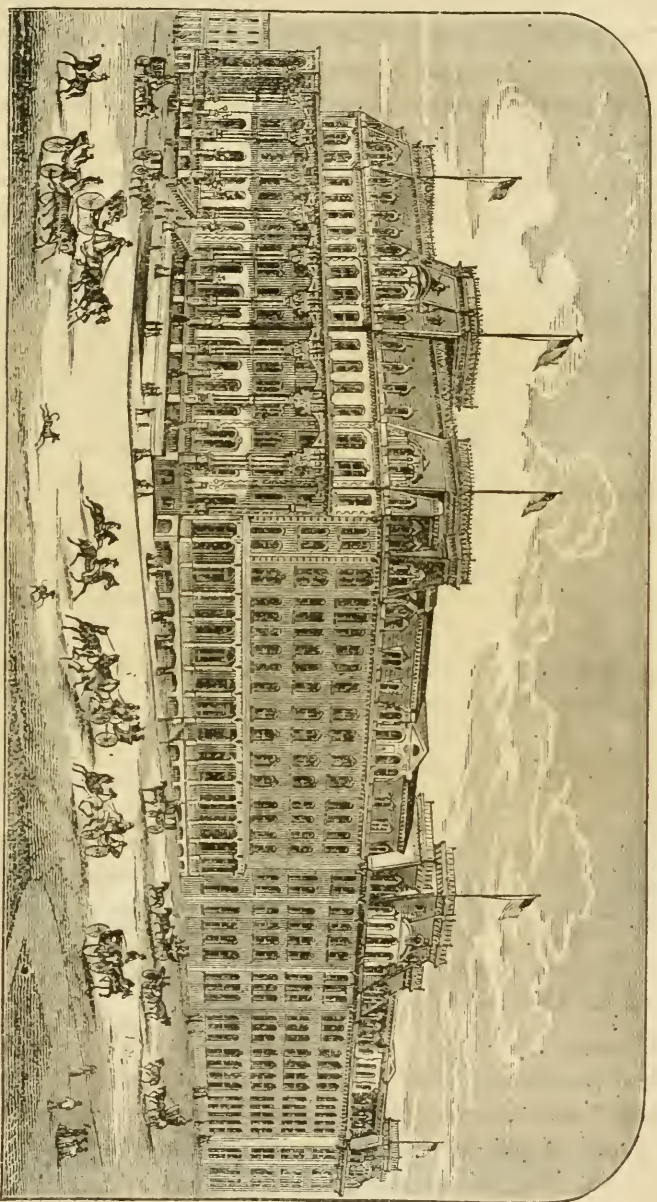


J. H. BRESLIN & CO., Proprietors.

Also of the "METROPOLITAN" and "GILSEY HOUSE," New York.

sign. There are over two hundred and fifty suites, with bath-rooms and all conveniences. The whole house has been newly furnished. Its graceful verandas, always cool and shaded; its magnificent park, filled with trees of twenty years' growth; its Opera Hall directly opposite; its cheerful cottages; its airy and beautiful office, with dome rising eighty feet above the marble pavement, with a terrace overlook from every floor; its splendid dining room, all combine to render this one of the most charming hotels in the world. It is, moreover, on the right side of the street, fronting the east, and free from the afternoon sun. The grounds and buildings cover a space seven acres in extent, and the hotel presents a street frontage of 1,364 feet. We have already given a view of the inclosed park, but it is impossible to convey by any representation, an idea of the fairy-like beauty when the trees bloom with many colored lamps, when the grounds are filled with "visions of lace," and every heart is responsive to the gentle power of music. Its capacious drawing rooms and dining halls have been newly adorned and frescoed, and its destiny is secure in the hands of its popular proprietors, J. H. Breslin & Co.

UNITED STATES HOTEL. This hotel, erected on the site of the old 'United States,' is a mammoth and stupendous structure. It was commenced in 1873. We see it as we approach the station, with its long line of cottages on one side, and its long wing on the other, reaching almost to the railroad track as if standing with open arms, awaiting the tourist and traveler. In the June number of the *College Spectator*, published at Saratoga Springs, there is a full description of its stupendous proportions, from which we quote the following: "The building occupies a plot of ground of seven acres in extent, in the form of an irregular pentagon. It has a frontage on Broadway, of two hundred and thirty-two feet, six inches, and a frontage of five hundred and three feet on Division street, also a frontage of one hundred and fifty-three feet on Railroad Place. The architectural features of the main building, present the Norman style of architecture. The grand ball room is located in the second story of the railroad front, fifty feet wide, by one hundred and twelve feet long. The main building is six stories in height, the sixth story being the mansard roof." Although Saratoga



UNITED STATES HOTEL, Saratoga Springs.

JAMES M. MARTIN, Proprietor,

TOMPINS, PERRY, GAGE & JANVIER, Managers.

is naturally a sandy place, this hotel, every foot of it, is "founded on a rock," and has in every sense one of the finest foundations in the world, resting on the solid Silurian formation of its old reputation, and on the successful management of Tompkins, Perry, Gage & Janvrin.

The Hotel enterprise of our country rather surprises even a European traveler. And, in fact, it is a marvel to find a city of hotels in a country so new as the United States. This building is a fit type of the growth of our country, and speaks well for a Centennial of prosperity. With such enterprise, wealth, and foresight directing the affairs of Saratoga, this watering place has no occasion to fear the future. It is the morning of her history;

"For we are ancients of the earth,
And in the morning of our times."

THE AMERICAN HOUSE is also on Broadway, located in the pleasantest and liveliest part of Saratoga, between the United States and the Grand Union. It can accommodate between three hundred and four hundred guests, and has won a wide reputation for its complete and satisfactory management under its prompt and gentlemanly proprietor, Mr. William Bennett. The American is kept open the entire year, and at all seasons is a favorite of traveling people.

THE COLUMBIAN HOTEL is also on Broadway beyond the Grand Union, just south of the Grand, and is one of the coziest and neatest Hotels in Saratoga. Its fine front forms one of the grand chain of Hotels, reaching from the west end of the United States to the Clarendon. It looks off on Congress Park, one of the prettiest features of Saratoga. Brooklyn and New York almost of themselves fill the Columbian every season. Captain Dodge was formerly a Brooklyn man, and has many friends of the right stamp.

THE CLARENDON, stands on a beautiful elevation, clothed, as it were, "in white garments," and forms a beautiful terminus to this long line of "brick," reaching from the station to the hill. We regret that we have not a cut of the building, as it is one of the finest of the *congerie*. Under its popular and gentlemanly proprietor, Charles

E. Leland, of the "Delavan House," Albany—it has attained the first position in reference to an aristocratic and select class of guests. The celebrated Washington Spring is inclosed in the pleasant grounds connected with the hotel.

STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE is the finest health resort in our country, and is not only a Christian home for the sick, but also a grand

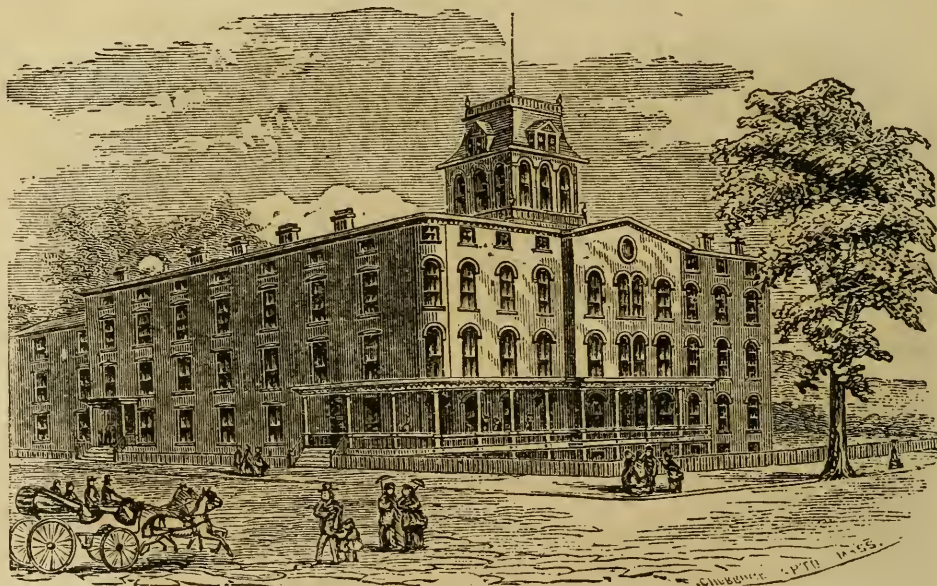


DRS. STRONG'S REMEDIAL INSTITUTE.

centre for wealthy, literary, and Christian people. It is the annual summer resort of the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, Robert Carter, and ex-Governor Wells, of Virginia. The most marked features are its homogeneous society, its social life, and its musical entertainments.

The proprietors—Drs. S. S. and S. E. Strong—have become so

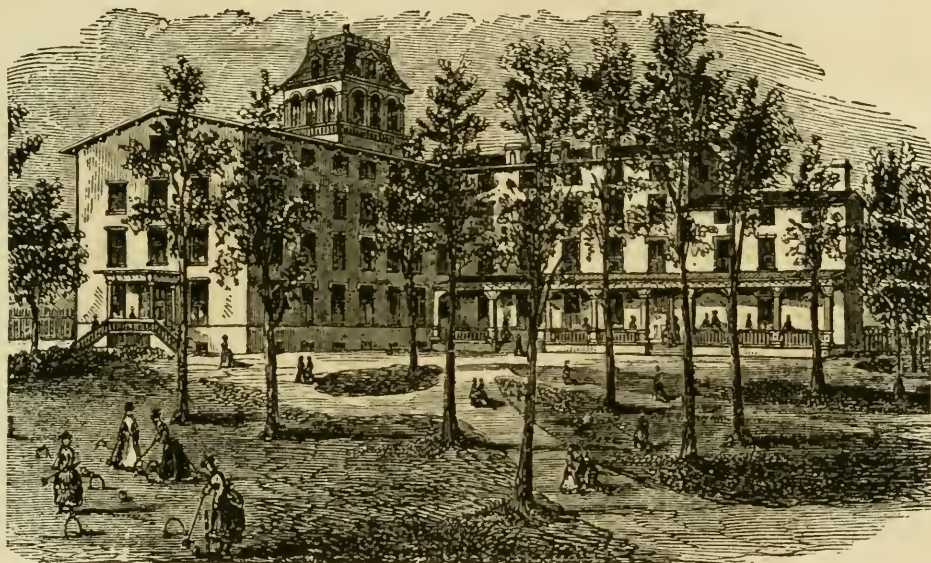
celebrated in their various specialties that leading physicians all over the country recognize the fact that many chronic cases can be treated more effectually in an institution having special appliances than in ordinary practice, and are sending more and more such cases to them for treatment. The senior proprietor has been spending the winter abroad in Paris and in London, giving special attention to the latest researches of the French and English physicians. The house is open all the year, and has no appearance of invalidism.



TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY (STREET FRONT).

TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY has a delightful location on what was once called Temple Hill, in the eastern part of the village. The institution is under the efficient management of Charles F. Dowd, A.M., a graduate of Yale College, and well known to the educational world as conducting one of the best Young Ladies' Seminaries in the State. The cuts here given present a fine view of the building. The grounds comprise about one and a half acres, and are covered with a grove of over one hundred native forest trees.

During the winter Saratoga combines all the advantages of a city with the quiet of a country town; for, although the public works and beautiful avenues were constructed mainly for the benefit of summer visitors, they are none the less to the advantage of those who live here in the quiet possession of them from September to June. During the rush of the vacation months, Temple Grove is turned into one of the most delightful summer resorts in Saratoga, and combines the advantages of a commanding position, large and well-shaded grounds, and within five minutes' walk of the Springs. From the Seminary observa-



TEMPLE GROVE SEMINARY (GROVE SIDE).

tory one gets a fine view of the surrounding country for miles in every direction. From the *Saratoga Sun*, edited by our friend Mr. A. S. Pease, we clip the following:—

“Among the institutions of which Saratoga has just reason to be proud is Temple Grove Seminary. Under the excellent and skillful management of Professor Dowd, this Seminary has attained not only a State but a National eminence. Among the pupils are young ladies from all points of the United States, and the reputation of the Semi-

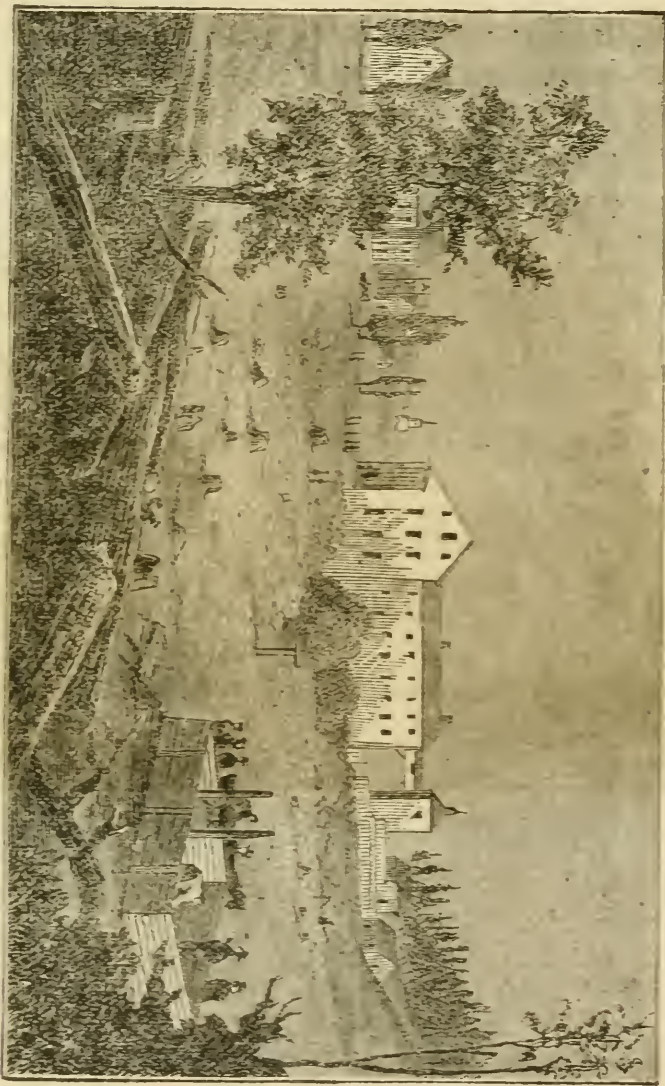
nary is steadily increasing. The scholarship of the graduates of Temple Grove has for several years been of marked excellence. No department of mental or general culture seems to be neglected, but everything that contributes to a perfect education is carefully regarded by the Principal, and inwrought, as it were, into the character of the pupil. Not only is Professor Dowd to be congratulated on his notable success, but Saratoga Springs possesses no institution of which she ought to feel more proud or prize more highly than Temple Grove Seminary."

The most prominent Springs in and about Saratoga, and those best known for the excellence of their mineral properties, are the Congress, the Empire, the High Rock, the Star, the Excelsior, and the Geyser.

CONGRESS SPRING was discovered in 1792, by a party of gentlemen who were engaged in hunting in the vicinity. One of these gentlemen was an ex-member of Congress, from Exeter, New Hampshire, and the name of Congress was complimentarily bestowed. Since then, its name has become familiar in every civilized country. The old picture of the Spring, as it appeared in 1816, presents a great contrast to the present pavilion and surroundings of Congress Park. It has a decided advantage in being handy to the various hotels; but we would cite the following incident as a gentle caution to rashness and new arrivals. It was attributed to John G. Saxe, in the summer of 1872. A lady returning from the Spring one morning, met the poet and said, with great gusto, "Good morning, Mr. Saxe; I have just drank six glasses of Congress Water."—His response was at once kind and expressive: "Don't let me detain you, madam."

THE EMPIRE SPRING is situated near the base of a high limestone bluff, about three-fourths of a mile from the Congress Spring. It was called, for a long time, the New Congress, as its general qualities closely resemble the Congress; but it has lately attracted the attention of medical men, as it possesses valuable properties which are adapted to the successful treatment of lung complaints.

THE HIGH ROCK is the only spring in Saratoga which seemed independent of tubing and masonry, and ages ago built a curb for itself. It



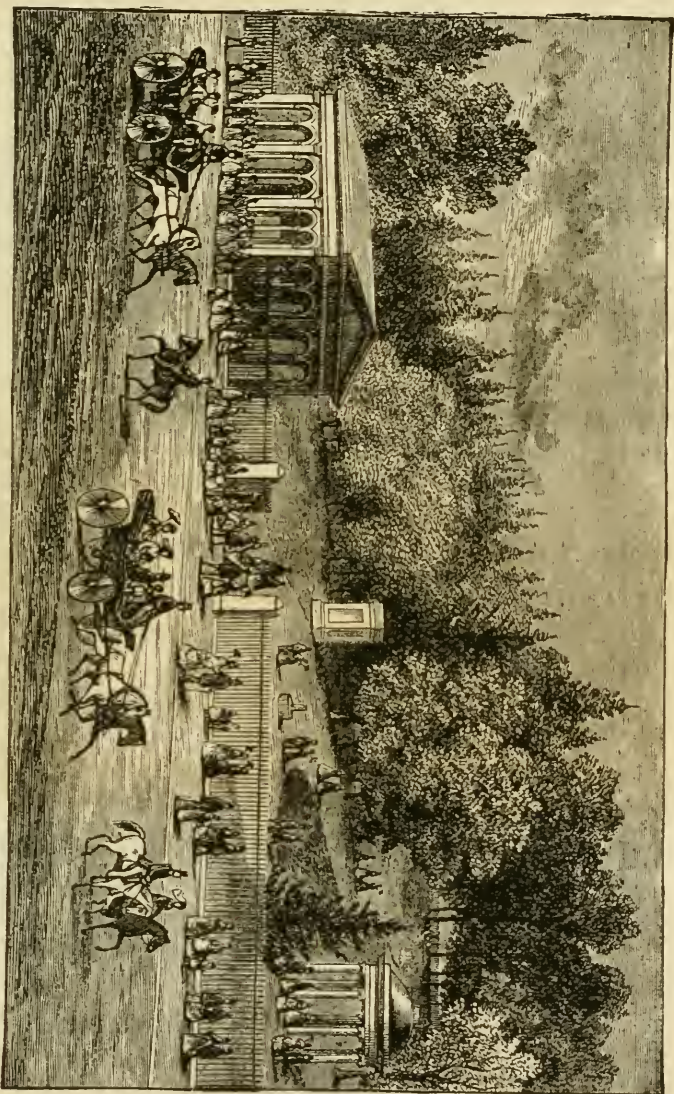
CONGRESS SPRING, SALTFOG, IN 1816.

was the first discovered, and was a deer resort long before Saratoga was made happy by a hotel. The first white man on record who tasted these waters was Sir William Johnston, in the year 1767. Our cut furnishes a good aboriginal idea of Saratoga and its great healing rock in the wilderness. The mound is about three or four feet high, and is certainly a great curiosity. The geologist and the chemist find here a subject for reflection and analysis, and it carries them far back into a

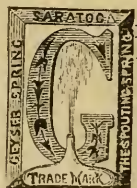


SARATOGA HIGH ROCK, 1767.

pre-historic past. It is, indeed, a venerable mound; but the water still bubbles up as brightly as when the bursting of its gas-cells broke only on the stillness of the wildwood. One thing is certain—there is more poetry in High Rock than any other fountain in the country. It has been known for centuries as the “great medicine spring;” and many of those who to-day gather under its pleasant pavilion, give it the preference over later rivals.



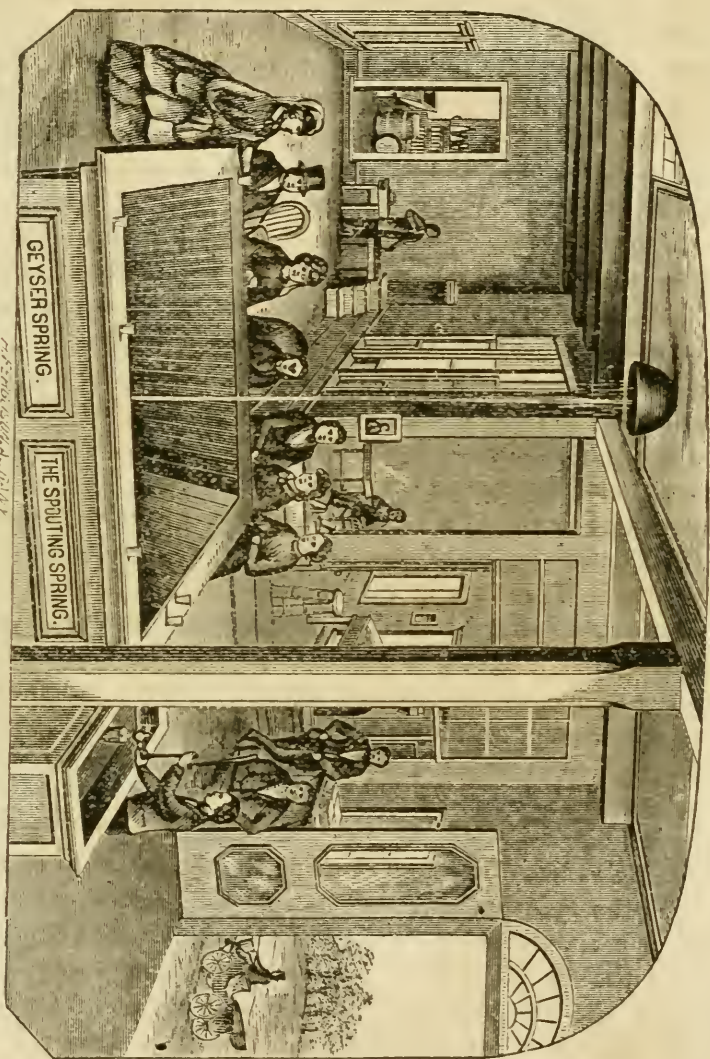
CONGRESS SPRING AND PARK, AND COLUMBIAN SPRING, 1874.



GEYSER SPRING, the great natural curiosity of Saratoga, is about one mile and a half from the principal hotels of Saratoga; a pleasant ride, either by carriage or a line of stages which run every half-hour for the accommodation of visitors. This spring was discovered in February, 1870, and developed by experimental drilling in the solid rock. The vein was struck by the drill in the bird's-eye limestone, one hundred and thirty-two feet beneath the surface rock, and the water immediately commenced spouting at the surface, being forced up by the pressure of its own carbonic acid gas, spouting, through an inch nozzle, to the height of thirty feet. The grounds about the Geyser Spring are very beautiful. Nature has been bountiful in good gifts, and art and taste have developed a fine park of well-shaded and delightful walks. The Geyser Lake, close at hand, is over one mile in length, and covers about sixty acres. The park to which we have referred contains thirty acres, with ravines, terraces, and a very handsome waterfall of twenty-two feet, in fact, a nice place to read a novel, talk with a friend, or while away a summer day.

This Spring is now one of the best-known in Saratoga, and is very popular in our cities, as it sends its water in barrels, and is drawn at druggists' counters, retaining all its sparkle and vigor. The fact that it is located one hundred and thirty-two feet beneath the solid rock, renders it free from all impurities of surface water, which accounts for its uniform taste and clearness. The proprietors of the Geyser are Messrs. Jacob M. Adams and Frank Jones.

THE EXCELSIOR SPRING is found in a beautiful valley amid picturesque scenery, about a mile east of the town hall, near the center of Excelsior Park. A romantic walk conducts one to the spring, or we may approach it by Spring avenue, leading past the Mansion House, with its fine trees and beautiful lawn, and the water-works which supply Saratoga with water from Excelsior Lake. The Excelsior Spring has been appreciated for its valuable qualities by the oldest visitors for the last fifty years. Its bottling house is an interesting place to visit, and its underground vaults preserve the water alike from winter frosts, or summer heat.



GEYSER SPRING.

THE SPULTING SPRING.

GEYSER SPRING, SARATOGA.

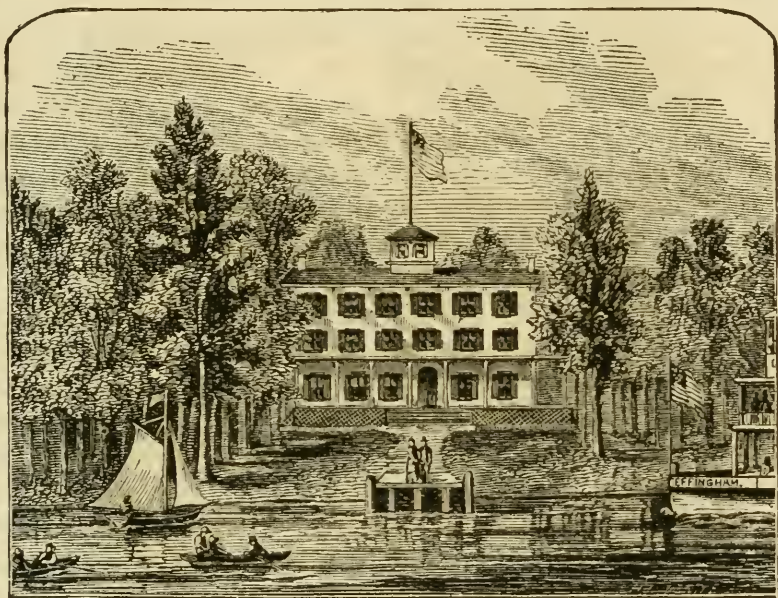
EXCELSIOR LAKE, in the "valley of the ten springs,"—a beautiful sheet of water, with sloping banks adorned by lofty trees, also adds its charms to the place. The more elevated portions of Excelsior Park have been divided into large and small villa plots, many of which command fine views of the mountains in Vermont and the Lake George Hills; and we believe that the attention of the public has only to be called to the lots now offered for sale in Excelsior Park to make this beautiful spot soon vie with the environs of Newport in its villa homes and tasteful cottages.

POINTS OF INTEREST.—Saratoga has many places of interest in its immediate vicinity. Saratoga Lake, with its "legend;" and "Moon's House;" "Chapman Hill," with its charming view; Wagman's Hill, about three miles beyond; Haggerty Hill, six miles north of the village; and Lake Lovely, on the boulevard to Saratoga Lake. For further particulars we refer the tourist to the neat handbook of "Saratoga, and How to See It," published by Mr. R. F. Dearborn, and sold at all the news-stands and Springs in the village.

ADIRONDACK COMPANY'S RAILROAD.—This route to the Adirondacks and Lake George is one of the most popular excursions to be taken from Saratoga. The traveler by this route passes through the romantic and picturesque valley of the Upper Hudson—through King's, South Corinth, Jessup's Landing to Hadley, the railroad station for Luzerne, a charming village at the junction of the Hudson and the Sacandaga. "Rockwell's Hotel" is known to all the sojourners and guests of Saratoga as the place to secure a game dinner, a dish of trout, and a "taste" of the wilderness.

Pursuing the railroad, we pass through Stony Creek to Thurman, thirty-six miles from Saratoga Springs, at the junction of the Schroon River and the Hudson, and the station for parties *en route* for Lake George or Warrensburgh. Stages connect for these points on the arrival of the train. This stage route to Lake George is over a fine plank-road, and the same in distance as the route from Glen's Falls. The next stations above Thurman are the Glen, forty-four miles; and Riverside, fifty miles from Saratoga. At Riverside persons leave the cars for Chester, Pottersville, Schroon Lake, and Johnsburg.

THE WELLS HOUSE, is situated at Mill Brook, on the eastern shore of Schroon Lake, and is reached by coach from Riverside (about seven miles) to Schroon Lake, thence in steamer Effingham, Captain P. S. Russell, to Wells House landing, or by stage from Lake George *via* Warrensburgh to Thurman, or Glen station, Adirondock, R. R., thence to Riverside, etc. We have been furnished with a charming view of this pleasant hotel by one of our friends on the Hudson, who is eloquent in praise of its delightful location and healthful climate.



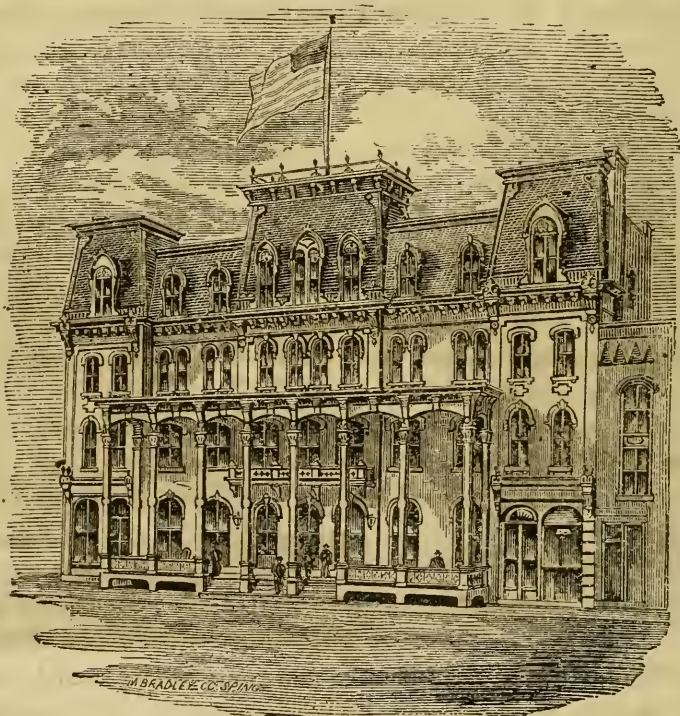
WELLS HOUSE, MILL BROOK, WARREN COUNTY, N. Y.

THOMAS WELLS, Proprietor.

This hotel is in immediate vicinity of the sporting country of the Adirondacks. From Park's mountain on the east, within one and a half miles ride, or one half mile walk, we see Mounts Marcy, McIntyre, Nipple Top, Dix's Peak, McMartin, Sky-Light and others, from 4,200 to 5,467 feet altitude, also seven beautiful sheets of water. From Mount Pharaoh, only a few miles distant, the view embraces, in clear weather, the principal mountains, valleys, lakes and streams, from the

white peak of Mount Washington to the remotest peak of the north-western Adirondacks. The entire country is full of interest, and the Adirondack Railroad opens up a country rich in mineral resources, and attractive in romantic and picturesque scenery.

RENSSELAER AND SARATOGA RAILROAD, CONTINUED.—Pursuing our northern route from Saratoga, we pass through Gansevoort and Moreau to Fort Edward; and the branch railroad brings us to



THE ROCKWELL HOUSE, GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y.

GLEN'S FALLS, the flourishing and enterprising town of northern New York. The streets are finely laid out, and well shaded. The soldier's monument and new Music Hall testify to the taste, intelligence, and public spirit of the place.

THE ROCKWELL HOUSE we put in capitals ; it cannot be praised too much. No hotel in the State is more complete in its appointments, and no hotel has better management. The Rockwell Brothers are well known to tourists and travelers. City families are so well pleased with this model house that they often take rooms for many weeks of the winter, and with good reason, for there is no healthier town in the State ; good sleighing almost always (except on the Fourth of July) ; in short, a most pleasant home and most reasonable terms. Conveyances can be had at all times to Lake George, and stages leave morning and evening. Persons arriving on the evening train thus have a good night's rest, and a pleasant morning ride to the Lake. Glen's Falls is surrounded by so much of historic interest and beautiful scenery that it demands even from the hurried traveler more than a passing glance. This is the central point, as it were, about which our great novelist grouped the scenes of " The Last of the Mohicans." A short distance from the village the Hudson River makes a descent of 72 feet in a succession of leaps over rugged rocks ; and here is the famous cave so graphically described by Cooper. The width of the river at this point is about 900 feet.

TO LAKE GEORGE. From Glens Falls a fine plank road passes through a beautiful country. It is well built and always smooth, and seems like a highway to some city rather than an excursion route for summer travel. On the way we pass Bloody Pond, on the right, and a monument to Col. Williams, on the left. Lake George is a place where one goes with the idea of staying two or three days, and then—stays two or three weeks. The charming scenery and cheerful Hotel (the Fort William Henry) present perhaps the strongest combination to be found in our country of immediate beauty and comfort. Near the Hotel are the ruins of old Fort William Henry, telling a sad history of the past. About a mile to the south-east are the ruins of Fort George. It has been christened about as many times as the Hudson, and like the Hudson has retained its prosiest name. The Iroquois called it Audiata-rocte (the lake that shuts itself in) ; by other tribes Canidere-oit (the tail of the Lake, as a part of Lake Champlain). Father Jaques, traversing it in 1646, during the festival of Corpus

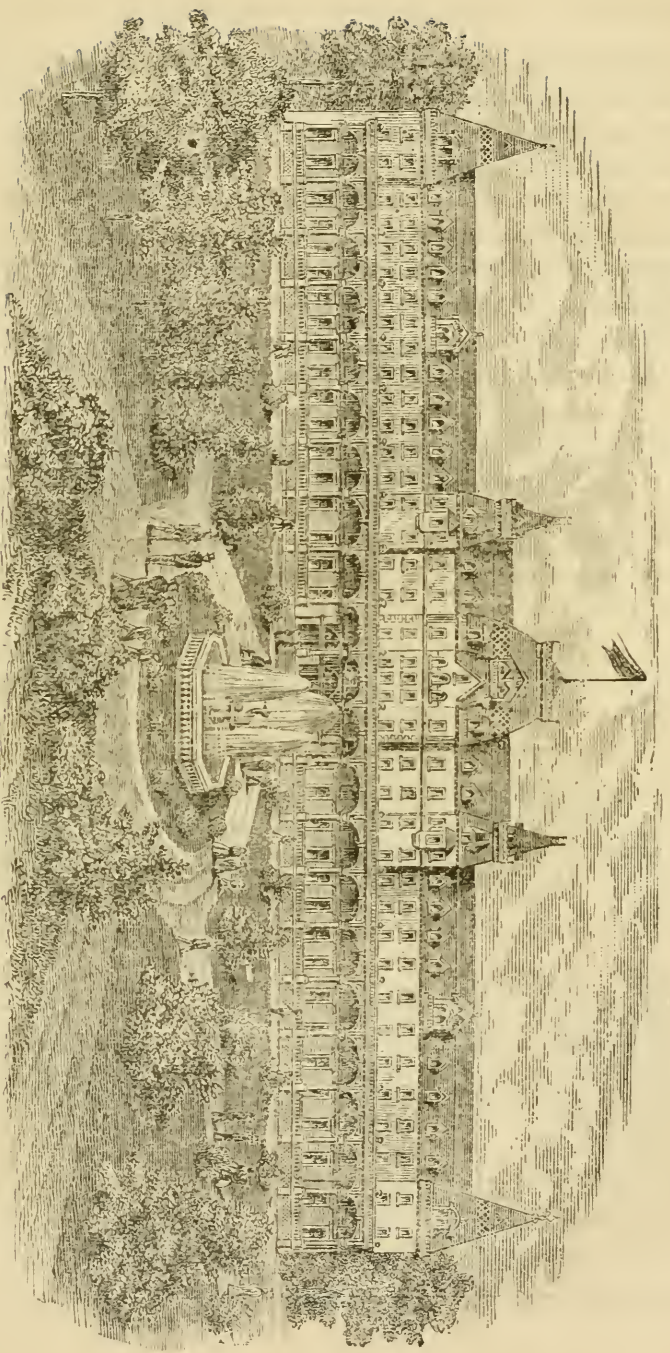
Christi, called it Lac Sacrament. Sir William Johnson, serving his king with greater zeal than his country, styled it Lake George. Its most poetical name was Horicon—of uncertain origin, said to signify silvery water. Lake George combines various attractions. It has something of interest for every one, including a descriptive guide book published by S. R. Stoddard, which will make one feel happy all the way until he meets "*Baldwin : then his destiny is secure.*" Mr. Stoddard has also published one on "*Ticinderoga,*" illustrated with original drawings. We call special attention to these guides, as they are a new departure in the right direction. Until recently, every guide of this section was written with blood: these have an inspiration of beauty.

PRINCIPAL ISLANDS.

Two miles down the Lake Tea Island, next Diamond ; Long Island, 12 miles from Caldwell; Dome Island, Recluse Island. After Bolton Landing we come to "14-mile Island ;" Shelving Rock on the east, and Tongue Mountain opposite. (These form the entrance to the Narrows.) This is the most picturesque portion of the Lake ; it is at this place 400 feet deep. Sabbath Day Point, (where Gen. Abercrombie landed, on his way to attack the French one Sabbath morning), Bluff Point, Odell Island, Scotch Bonnet, Anthony's Nose, on the east; and Rogers' Slide on the west.

ANOTHER ROUTE TO LAKE GEORGE.

WE have indicated the route to Lake Georgia *via* Glens Falls ; there is a new route now open, which we will indicate, prefacing it with the advice to tourists who make the lake their objective point, to go one way and return the other. Instead of changing cars at Fort Edward for Glens Falls the tourist proceeds north through Dunham's Basin, Smith's Basin, Fort Ann and Comstock's Landing, Whitehall, to Fort Ticonderoga, and takes steamer Minnehaha for Fort William Henry Hotel. Persons who go this route can return to Saratoga *via* Glens Falls, or *vice versa*, and in this way see the charming country on both sides of the lake.



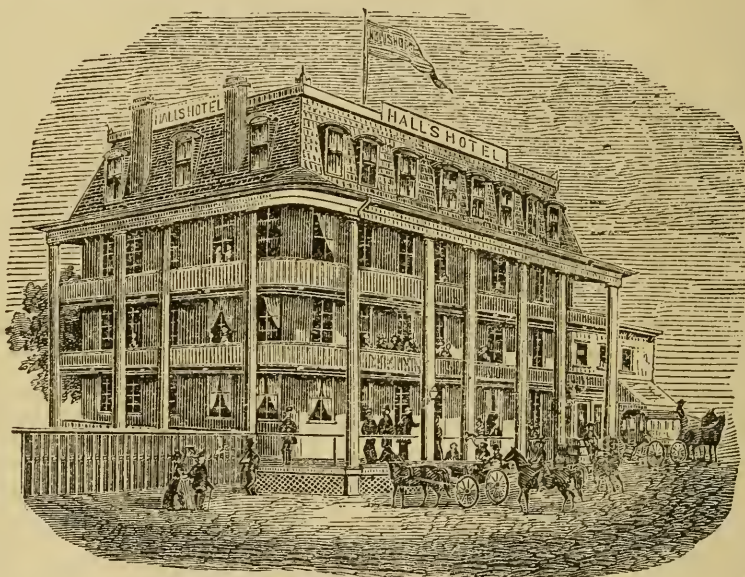
FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE.

T. ROESELLE & SON, PROPRIETORS.

ALSO OF THE

Arlington House, Washington, D. C.

WHITEHALL. The large village just passed through is Whitehall, at the head of Lake Champlain. The surroundings are very romantic, and fine residences are perched on the rocks, and along the hillsides, reminding one of a foreign town. This village is the center of a large lumber trade, and has a location quite like an infant Chicago at the head of Lake Champlain. Hall's Hotel is located, in the central and business part of the town; a convenient house for persons traveling either on business or pleasure. A cut of it is here given.



HALL'S HOTEL, WHITEHALL.

Hall's new Opera House is one of the finest in northern New York, having a seating capacity of about 1,500.

The route through Whitehall, *via* Fort Ticonderoga, connects at Fort Ti (as it is generally styled) with the Lake Champlain steamers for Burlington, Plattsburgh, Rouse's Point, and Montreal.

There is also another route to the North from Whitehall, by rail direct to Montreal, *via* Rutland, Burlington, and St. Albans. As we are now on the lake subject we will speak first of

LAKE CHAMPLAIN. This beautiful lake, 140 miles in length, lies between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains. After leaving Fort Ti we pass Crown point, with its ruins, the lake begins to expand, and nine miles brings us to Westport. Three miles onward we pass the beautiful village of Essex and the Four Brother Islands, where Arnold fought his last battle with Carlton. We pass Shelburne Bay on the right, and almost in the track of the steamer rises a high, conical rock,—the “Great Rock Reggio,” celebrated in colonial annals, and believed to have been—long before the days of Champlain—established by treaty as the boundary between the Mohawks and their hereditary enemies the Algonquins.

Burlington is a beautiful city, having a fine location, and one of the most popular hotels in Vermont—the “Van Ness House.” This is the pleasantest place on the route to stop over. It is the pleasantest and largest city in Vermont, and the “Van Ness,” with its popular proprietors, Barber & Ferguson, is noted as the finest resting-place on the way to the Adirondacks or Montreal.


There are many fine trips to be taken from Burlington to Mount Mansfield, Camel’s Hump, and Ausable Chasm. Some two or three years ago we passed a summer afternoon in this wonderful ravine, and have been trying to decide, ever since, which is the finer, the Ausable or Watkins’ Glen. We met a gentleman, and scholar, who had visited most of the wild ravines of Switzerland, and he was enthusiastic in saying the Ausable was the finest he had ever seen. Convenient steps, securely built, conduct one from ledge to ledge, terminating at last, like a trip to Hades, in a small boat which glides down the stream and brings one face to face with the Devil’s Pulpit.

We refer to Plattsburgh in our article on the Adirondacks, and we close our delightful trip up Lake Champlain by saying that the Champlain by daylight is a pleasant excursion. It connects at Ticonderoga for Lake George, each way; at Whitehall with Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad; Burlington with Vermont Central for Mount Mansfield and White Mountains: at Port Kent for Keeseville; at Plattsburgh for the Adirondack sporting region; at Rouse’s Point for Alburgh Springs, Montreal, Quebec, and Ogdensburgh.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN STEAMERS.

The Fashionable Thoroughfare and Pleasure Route
between New York and Montreal.

<i>VERMONT</i> ,	<i>Capt. Geo. Rushlow.</i>
<i>ADIRONDACK</i> ,	" <i>Wm. Anderson.</i>
<i>CHAMPLAIN</i> ,	" <i>R. J. White.</i>
<i>A. WILLIAMS</i> ,	" <i>B. J. Holt.</i>

 Forming two lines daily (Sunday excepted) between

Fort Ticonderoga and Rouses Point.

CONNECTIONS:


At Fort Ticonderoga, with trains of Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad, for Lake George, Saratoga, Troy, Albany, New York, and all Southern and Western points.

At Burlington, with trains of Vermont Central Railroad, for all Eastern points, and the Mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire.

At Port Kent, with stages for Keeseville.

At Plattsburgh, with trains of New York and Canada Railroad, for the Hunting and Fishing localities of the Saranac Lakes and the Adirondack Wilderness.

At Rouses Point, with trains of O. & L. C. and Grand Trunk Railways for Ogdensburg, Montreal, Quebec, and all points in Northern New York and Canada.

 Tickets and information furnished at the principal agencies of the Erie, New York Central, Hudson River, and Grand Trunk Railroads, in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls, Montreal; also at the Home Office of the Hudson River Day Line, and on board the Hudson River steamers, and at the principal stations of all connecting lines.

The Steamers composing the Line are, as they always have been, models of excellence, neatness and comfort, combining all modern improvements, and every attention is paid by their officers to the patrons of the route.

A. L. INMAN, General Sup't.

MONTREAL AND THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS.

From Whitehall, as we before stated, there are two routes to the north, one of which we have just sketched: the other now awaits our consideration.

The "Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad," after leaving Whitehall, bends to the east, and passes through the villages of Fairhaven and Hydeville, with their well-known slate quarries. The one near the depot at Fairhaven, is conducted by Mr. R. C. Colburn; and the one at Hydeville, by the Forest Mining Company. Hydeville is pleasantly situated. Lake Bomoseen affords good fishing, and is only a mile from the village. Passing through Castleton and West Rutland, we come to

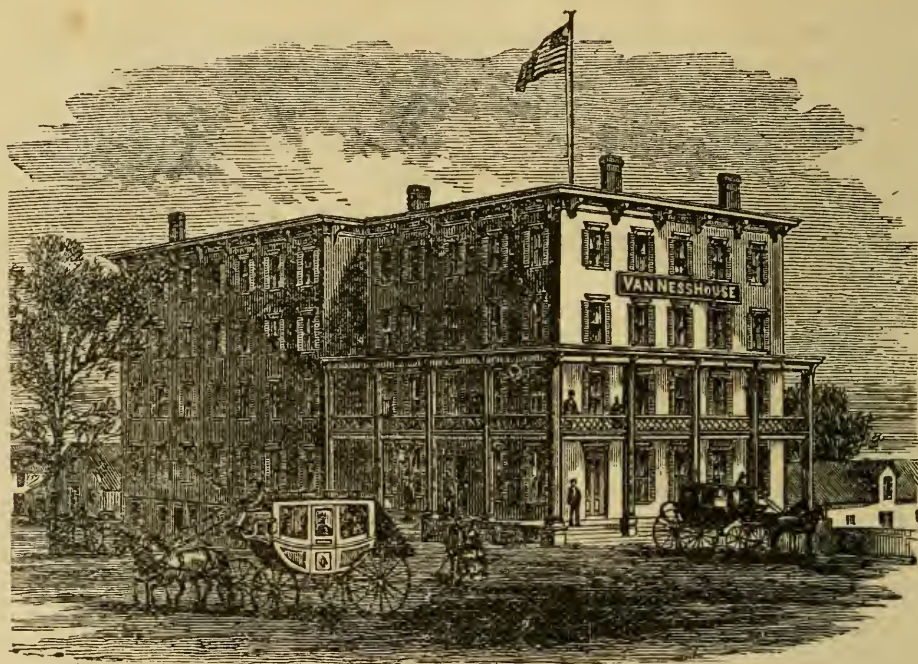
RUTLAND, 214 miles from New York. This is the centre of the great marble-trade, and the railroad centre of Vermont. The pleasant and popular hotel, the "Bardwell House," is handy to the station, and is well known throughout New York and New England for its generous and hospitable management. There are pleasant drives in every direction, especially the route to the *Clarendon* and the *Middletown Healing Springs*. Taking the

RUTLAND DIVISION OF THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD, we pass north through Sutherland Falls, Pittsford, Brandon, Leicester Junction, and Salisbury, to

MIDDLEBURY, with its pleasant hotel, the "Addison House." From this point there is a fine drive to Lake Dunmore. The next stations to the north are Brooksville, New Haven, and Vergennes—the oldest city in Vermont. We now pass Ferrisburgh, North Ferrisburgh, Charlotte, and Shelburne, to

BURLINGTON, which we saw in our last article, with its pleasant location on the lake. It rises in natural terraces, something like Newburgh, on the Hudson. From the college tower, or dome, a wide extended view is obtained of the city and lake, and the distant Adirondacks; to the north the meadow lands of the winding Winooski; to the east the Nose and Chin of Mount Mansfield. The summer visitor at Burlington will find himself within easy distance of a number of delightful resorts.

The "Van Ness House" is a fine hotel, central in location, with a nice outlook upon lake and mountain. It is the largest in Burlington, and will rank as one of the most convenient and thoroughly appointed

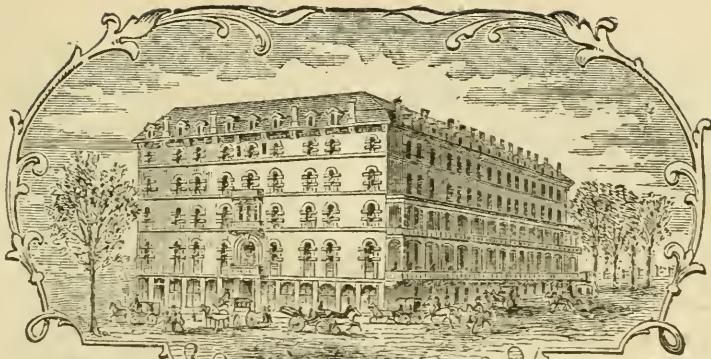


VAN NESS HOUSE.

D. C. BARBER & Co., Proprietors.

houses in New England. Resuming our railway journey for the north, we pass through Essex, Milton, Georgia, and minor stations, to

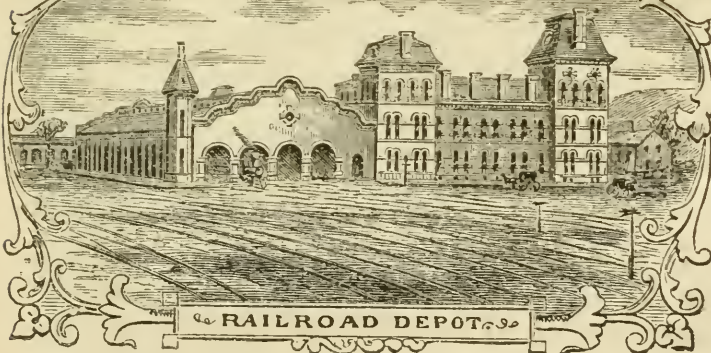
ST. ALBANS.—This village is situated about two miles from, and overlooks Lake Champlain. It is a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, and was made famous during the rebellion by a Canadian raid. It is a central point for persons *en route* for Alburgh and Sheldon Springs, and has a large and magnificent hotel—the "Welden House,"—a cut of which is given on opposite page. Thomas Lavender, Proprietor.



WELDEN HOUSE



THE PARK.



RAILROAD DEPOT

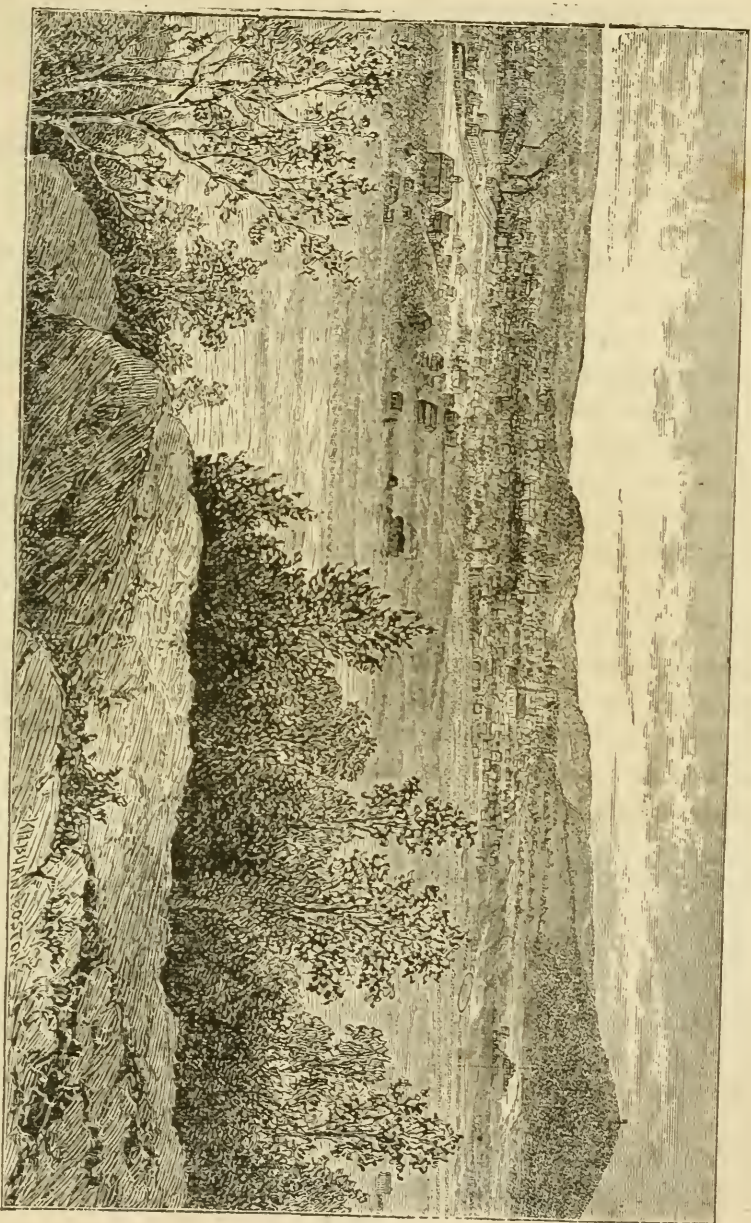
A view of the park is presented on the previous page, fronting the hotel; also the fine Railroad Depot, with the offices of the Central Vermont Railroad. For this view, and the following of "St. Albans from Prospect Hill," and the "Adirondacks from St. Albans' shore," we are indebted to the generosity and kindness of Mr. Albert Clarke, editor of *St. Albans Messenger*. In the view from Prospect Hill we see Bellevue on the right, Aldis Hill in the centre, and a glimpse of Misisquoi Bay on the left. Mr. Clarke has furnished the visitor to St. Albans with a very neat and comprehensive guide, copies of which may be had at the Welden House and news stands. From Aldis Hill, referred to in "Norwood," we get a wide view of the lake. One beautiful Sabbath evening, we visited this commanding eminence; the sky, with broken clouds, seemed like a sea crowded with golden islands, as if the lake itself were caught up and transfigured along the entire western horizon. The "children of the forest," who lived in sight of the Catskills and the Adirondacks, caught a truer revelation than many of our own generation,

"Of the islands of the blessed,
And the land of the hereafter."

Every traveler whose route passes through St. Albans, ought certainly to stop, if the day be pleasant, and get a sunset view, which is now being known the entire country over. He will find a page of "Picturesque America," which needs no comment, and an illustration of these descriptive lines of Loch Katrine.

"A burnished sheet of living gold,
In all its length far-winding way
Of promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

There are no finer sunsets in the world than at Burlington and St. Albans. From the top of the Van Ness House at Burlington, we once saw the beautiful bay, with its wide expanse reflecting on earth the glory of heaven. St. Albans is three hundred and forty-two miles from New



ST. ALBANS, FROM PROSPECT HILL.

Bellevue on the right, Aldis Hill in the centre, and a glimpse of Missisquoi Bay in the distance at the left.

York by the route we have indicated, *via* the Hudson River, Saratoga, Rutland, and Burlington; two hundred and sixty-four miles from Boston, and sixty-five miles south of Montreal. St. Albans is a natural centre to the tourist *en route* for Sheldon, Highgate, Alburgh Springs, etc.

The Central Vermont Railroad have a pleasant route to Ogdensburgh, where a person can connect with steamers for Thousand Islands and return *via* St. Lawrence Rapids to Montreal.

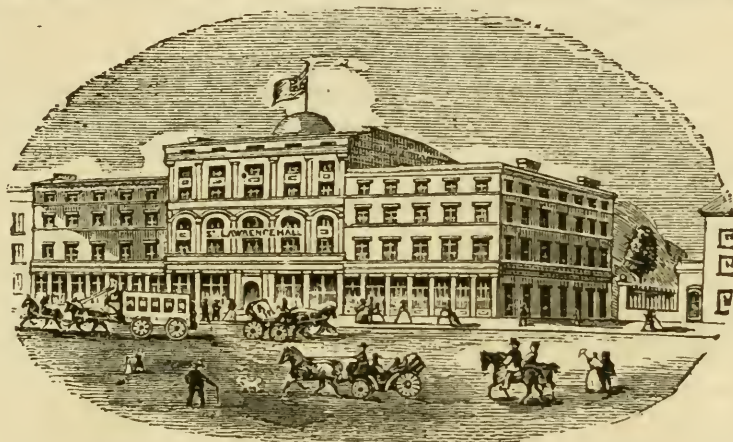
THE RAPIDS.—The first rapid below Ogdensburgh is near Chimney Island; the next, the rapids of the Long Sault, nine miles in length. Here the river runs twenty miles an hour. Then the Coteau Rapids, below Grand Island; then the Lachine Rapids, below the town of Lachine, only nine miles from Montreal.

ALBURGH SPRINGS, is a pleasant resort for boating, shooting, and fishing, seventeen miles from St. Albans *via* this line. At Rouses Point connections are made with Lake Champlain steamers on the south, and Montreal on the north. Going north, *via* the direct line to Montreal, we pass through Highgate Springs, with its pleasant Franklin House, St. Johns, and towns of minor importance to

MONTREAL, three hours run from St. Albans, four hundred and twenty miles from New York. It is situated on the south side of an island, thirty miles in length, and ten miles in greatest breadth. The tourist will first locate himself at the "St. Lawrence Hall," and put himself in substantial preparation for seeing one of the finest cities in the new world. This hotel is the largest and most central in the city, being capable of accommodating five hundred guests. It is always the home of his Excellency, the Governor General of Canada, during his visits to Montreal; and the United States Consul makes his residence in the house. During the past winter, it has been entirely refurnished, and several improvements made. In a word, it is the most fashionable and commodious in the city, and has the patronage of the best class of tourists and business men. Old guests will still recognize the pleasant countenances and superior management of Mr. C. B. Chadwick, formerly with Mr. Hogan; and Mr. J. T. Burkholder, formerly of the Rossin House, Toronto.

Montreal has a pleasing appearance, and seems to be a happy city. It is well called the City of Churches. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, capable of seating from ten to twelve thousand people, with its twin towers and Gothic architecture, is said to resemble "our Mother Church," on the banks of the Seine. In one of these towers is a chime of bells; in the other the largest bell on the Western Continent,

The paintings in the Church of the Jesuits are magnificent. St. Patrick's and many others will repay a visit. Victoria Bridge is often



ST. LAWRENCE HALL.

F. GERIKEN, Proprietor.

styled the eighth wonder of the world; an iron tube two miles in length resting on twenty-four piers. Mount Royal, which gave its name to the city, is a fine drive, and commands extensive views of the St. Lawrence. We would also mention the McGill College University, Bank of Montreal, Mount Royal Cemetery, the Markets and fine stone Wharves, as interesting points to visit. Among the different mercantile establishments we may mention Savage, Lyman & Co., Jewelers; house established in 1818. Also the well known clothing house of Gibb & Co, the oldest establishment on the continent; established 1775. There is a marked civility of Montreal citizens toward strangers, and every one comes away bringing with them *something which is not dutiable, viz., the pleasantest of recollections.*

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

If any section of our country is appropriately named, that section is *Vermont*. Very few of the original thirteen States, and the later twenty-three, or the "daughters of the wilderness" pining for the Union, have names which mean anything in particular. Like Mr. Weller's initial, most of the names have depended "very much on the



taste of the *speller*." A few carry with them a fragment of history, an Indian tradition, or a morsel of royal flattery. (Virginia, in memory of the Virgin Queen. Pennsylvania, in memory of a generous-hearted man. New York, in memory of the white rose of a triumphant house after the long struggles of York and Lancaster. Maryland, Louisiana, Carolina, also of individual interest. Massachusetts, Con-

necticut, Alabama, &c., of Indian origin). It was reserved for almost the extreme Northern and Southern State, Florida, the land of flowers, and Vermont, the land of mountains, to *syllable* their condensed characteristics ; no one will ever need to consult history to appreciate their significance ; and as Florida year by year becomes more and more the tendency of winter resort, so more and more Vermont calls the summer tourist to her beautiful valleys, clear streams and mountain shadows. From end to end extends a chain of mountains. Like a furrow turned up by the Titans, or a burial mound of giants, this immense ridge of green (from two to five thousand feet high) slopes on the west to the blue waters of Champlain, and on the east to the fertile valley of the Connecticut. We propose in this hasty sketch to speak in the order following of Manchester, Clarendon Springs, Middletown Springs, Vergennes, Stowe, and the White Mountains.

MANCHESTER.

The routes from New York and the South are *via* the Hudson River steamboats, or Hudson River Railroad, to Troy, and from Troy *via* Troy and Boston Railroad. From Saratoga *via* Troy, and also *via* Rutland. From Boston *via* Fitchburg, Bellows Falls and Rutland, or *via* Boston and Albany Railroads to Chatham Four Corners, thence by Harlem Extension to Manchester. From Rutland *via* Harlem Extension Railroad. From Burlington *via* Rutland and Harlem Extension.

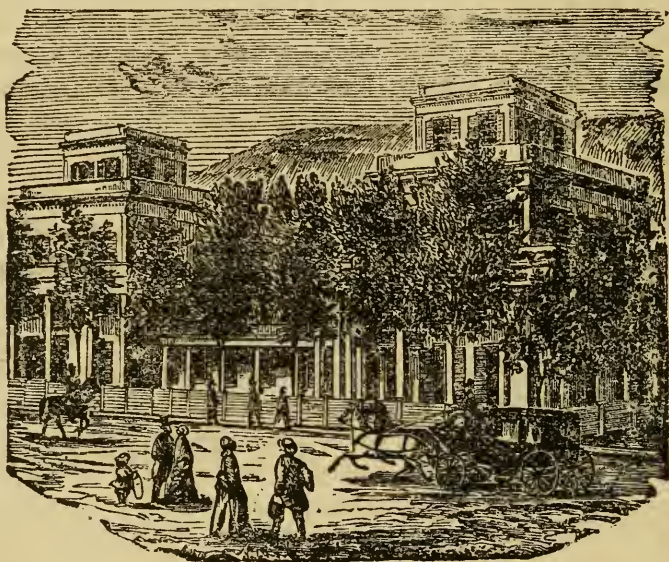
From St. Albans, Missisquoi Springs, Highgate Springs, Montpelier, Stowe, Newport, Plattsburg, and all points North, by Vermont Central Railroad or Steamers to Burlington, thence by Railroad to Manchester.

From Middletown Springs, Clarendon Springs, White Mountains, Lake George, &c., by Railroad from Rutland to Manchester.

From St. Louis, Chicago, Niagara Falls, and all points West, by N. Y. Central Railroad to Troy,—Troy and Boston and Harlem Extension Railroads to Manchester.

This village is nicely shaded, and has the finest promenades conceivable, being paved with slabs of white marble from the neighboring quarries. On Main street are situated the bank, the Congregational church, the court-house, post-office, and, centrally located, the

"Equinox House," Mr. F. H. Orvis, proprietor, in the immediate vicinity of which are the telegraph and the office of the *Manchester Journal*. It is published by D. K. Simonds, Proprietor, and is one of the most reliable local newspapers in the State. The Episcopal church and Congregational are a success. There is also a flourishing Masonic lodge and a Chapter (Adoniram, F. A. M.) The Music Hall, erected by the proprietor of the Equinox, is the finest building, of the kind, in Vermont, and here are enjoyed concerts, tableaux, theatricals, and readings, both private and public. Mr. Orvis is also proprietor of the Putnam House, Palatka, Florida, a fine hotel open from November to May.



THE EQUINOX HOUSE.

The Equinox House is one of the most successful hotels in our country; and this success is not only due to location, but also to the cleanliness of every thing connected with it, and its liberally supplied table. Every thing from billiards to fine drives, from bowling-alleys to fine scenery, from trout fishing to marble quarries, from mountain wildness to marble pavements, Manchester possesses. Those who love trout fishing will find no finer spot to spend the summer; and Mr. Charles Orvis,

of Manchester keeps everything needed for the friends of Izaak Walton. The mountains abound with wild and picturesque glens, made familiar by the pencils of Durand, Boughton, Tyler, and Boutelle. There is no finer view of lake and mountain scenery than one gets from Mount Equinox or Mount Dorset, and the pedestrian has no difficulty in ascending any of the loftiest peaks. We have probably visited Manchester twenty times, and we can see why it often turns the tourist aside even from his regular course, for it is safe to say that for fine management and *cuisine* the "Equinox" holds the same place among Summer Hotels, that the Massasoit House of Springfield does with the general traveler, and we know of no higher praise than this. The great conundrum has been how to get there; the best route (which we have already indicated) is *via* Hudson River to Troy, either by boat or cars; thence *via* Troy and Boston Railroad, to Bennington, a town of historic interest, and so *via* Harlem Extension division of the Central Vermont Railroad to Manchester. The road passes through magnificent scenery, and furnishes a fine route *via* Troy to the White Mountains, and many go this route in order to take Manchester by the way. Persons from Saratoga Springs and Lake George, can take the Rensselaer and Saratoga Railroad to Rutland, and then south about thirty miles to Manchester. Rutland and Burlington seem to be natural centres for the watering places on the Western slope of the Green Mountains. Near Rutland are two, well known to the public for many years, Clarendon Springs, and Middletown Springs.

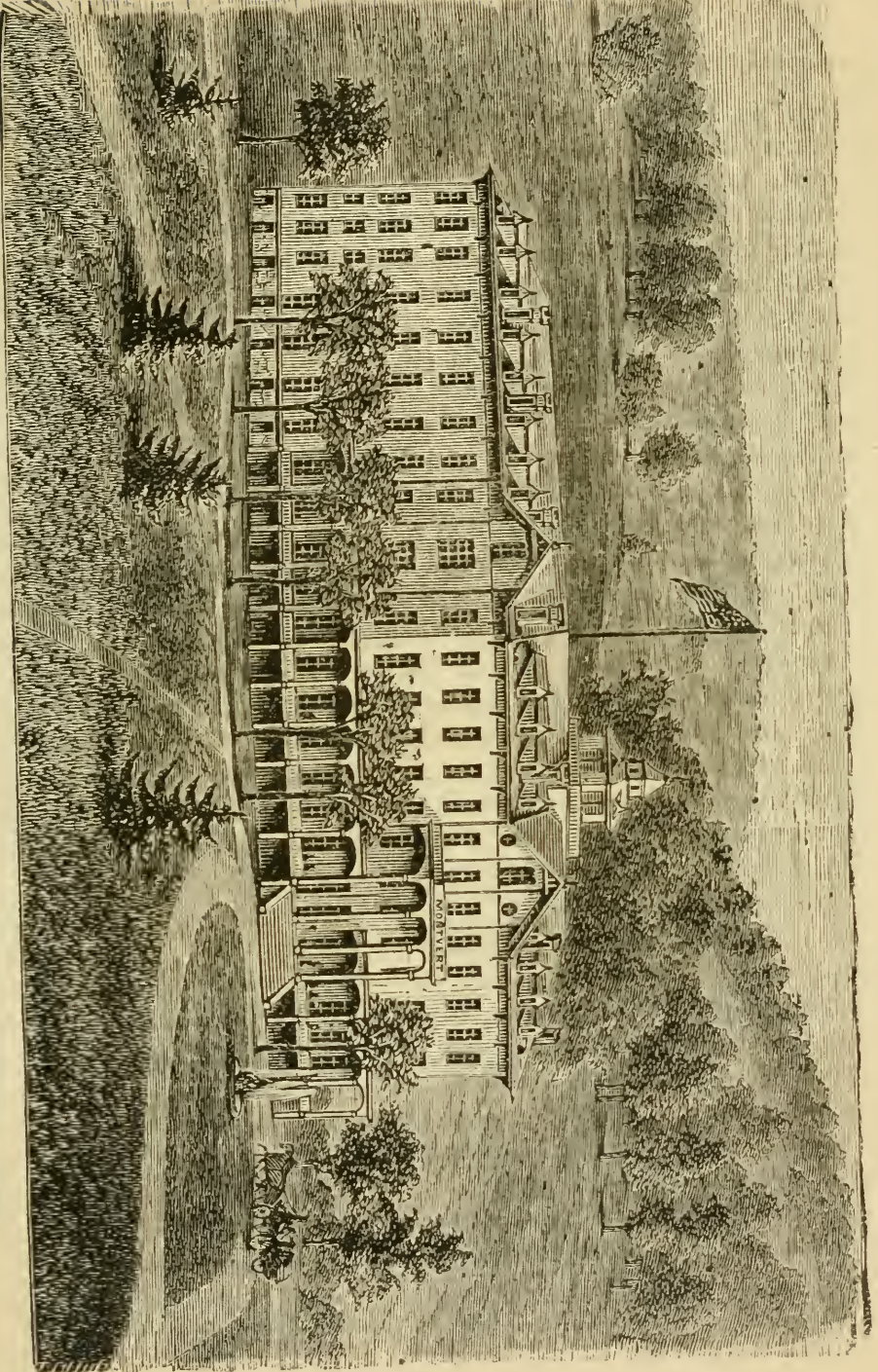
CLARENDON SPRINGS has a delightful location, about seven miles from Rutland, and has a fine Hotel, the Clarendon House, conducted by Messrs. B. Murray & Sons. The main Hotel and three cottages all within speaking distance, will accommodate 250 guests. A fine lawn with beautiful pond and fountain in the centre, nicely shaded with trees of forty years growth form a Park, about which the Hotel and Cottages cluster. It is one of the most rural and quiet spots, to which we call attention in this hand-book; just the place to find rest and health; far enough away from a railroad to hear the echo of a steam whistle, "Shut in by hills from the rude world," and still possessing all the

requisites of civilization, to wit: Croquet Grounds, Bowling Alleys, Billiards, and an office of the Western Telegraph Company in the House. There is a fine farm of 170 acres, owned and conducted by the Proprietors, with a certainty of fresh vegetables and pure milk. The walks and drives are pleasant in every direction. The principal marble and slate quarries, of Vermont, are in the immediate vicinity, from three to ten miles. Many prominent peaks and spurs of the Green Mountains, are within a few miles, and may be seen from the hills that surround the springs, Killington, Pico, Shrewbury, Birds Eye Peak, &c. These springs are situated on the 'Tinnmouth River, a beautiful stream clear as crystal. They were discovered in a historic year, 1776, and have been visited for over fifty-years. The medicinal properties are highly recommended for bilious complaints, dyspepsia, and all cutaneous disorders. From fifteen hundred to twenty-five hundred people visit them every year. All who are tired of the dress routine of life, would do well to spend one Summer among these charming hills, "where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity." Their location is very accessible from the prominent cities of New York and New England, being about 240 miles from New York, 170 from Boston, 90 from Albany, 60 from Saratoga, and 25 from Whitehall. Passengers *via* Troy and Saratoga, will find coaches in waiting at West Rutland, or a pleasant drive by livery from Rutland.

MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS is about six miles from the pleasant village of Poultney, about nine miles from Clarendon Springs, and fifteen from Rutland; a fine drive from either point by livery. Stages run from Rutland and Poultney, connecting with the trains. The Hotel is now in the hands of a competent business man, Mr. D. Doolittle. Passengers from New York will go *via* Eagle Bridge to Poultney, or *via* Saratoga Springs and Lake George to Rutland; from Boston, New Haven, &c., *via* Brattleboro' and Bellows Falls to Rutland.

The Springs are situated in Rutland County, Vermont, on the Poultney River, which is a small stream tributary to Lake Champlain. During the last three years the fame of the Middletown Spring Waters has spread so rapidly that every one is anxious to know where "Middle-

MONTVERT HOTEL, Middletown Springs, Vt.



town" is, and what are its surroundings. These waters have wrought so many triumphs over disease, that the last two summers have brought crowds to these Springs, although there was by no means a hotel of suitable accommodation. Now the wants of the public are satisfied. A magnificent and commodious hotel has been erected, and has been christened by the beautiful name "Montvert." The village, nestled among the green hills of Vermont, with its healing waters, pure atmosphere and cool nights, is famous as a quiet, healthful, summer resort, and a most desirable place of rest and recreation for the invalid and pleasure-seeker. The surrounding mountains, hills, valleys, and groves are as full of the genii of health as ever a fairy fountain or grove of the genii of beauty. The drives in every direction are unsurpassed. Take, for instance, the one from Poultney to Middletown. The road follows, most of the way, a stream which winds, now through meadowland, and now dashes through rocks and narrow channels. The road rises to the east, and we will never forget the beautiful sunset we once saw returning to Poultney from the springs. We present here a fine cut of the Montvert. The furnishings of the house are all new. The rooms and hallways, spacious, cheerful, and well ventilated, embracing pleasant apartments for about three hundred guests. The building is lighted throughout with gas. The Springs near the hotel have grown rapidly in popular favor, and these, together with the fine hotel, will insure the success of "Middletown."

VERGENNES.—Between Rutland and Burlington, on the Central Vermont Railroad, are three points of interest; Middlebury, with its pleasant Addison House; Lake Dunmore, and Vergennes, the first incorporated city of Vermont. Although a city by name, it is only a fine village in reality, and a delightful place of summer resort. The surrounding country is romantic, and full of historic interest, as connected with the fleet of McDonough and old Ethan Allen. Grand View Mountain is within a pleasant drive and gives, in truth, a grand view of Lake Champlain, the White and Green Mountains, the distant Adirondacks, and extended views of the Champlain Valley. The Stevens House S. S. Gaines Proprietor, has long been known as one of

the very best in Vermont. It has been placed this season in superior condition for the reception of visitors.

Otter Creek here assumes the proportions of a good sized river, and has a fine fall within a few rods of the Hotel. The route to Vergennes, from New York and Albany, is *via* Troy, Saratoga Springs, and Rutland, as we have already indicated. From Boston *via* White River Junction, and Burlington or *via* Bellows Falls and Rutland; from the Canadas, White, and Franconia Mountains *via* Burlington. Resuming our way north now to Burlington, we take a good rest at the famous



THE STEVENS HOUSE, S. S. Gaines, Proprietor.

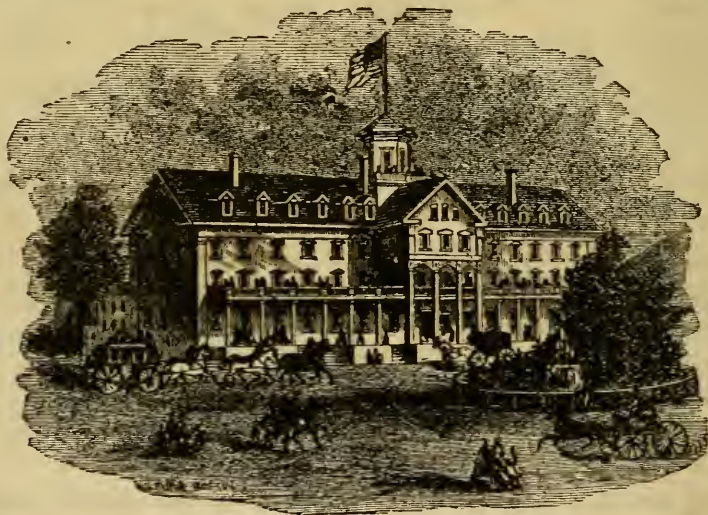
“Van Ness House,” register our names in the pleasantest office in Vermont, and ask our friend Mr. Ferguson the best way to

Stowe. He will tell us to “take the cars to Essex Junction, change for the Central Vermont going East, with a pleasant hour’s run to Waterbury, and by Stage through a pleasant country, eight miles to Stowe.” The Stage Line from Waterbury to Stowe is the best conducted in New England, not excepting even the White Mountain Lines. The Livery and Stage Line are supplied with one hundred and fifty or two hundred first-class horses. On reaching Waterbury be sure and take

the stage to one of the largest and most complete summer hotels in the State.

STOWE AND MOUNT MANSFIELD.

The ride from Waterbury to Stowe is pronounced charming by every one, and forms a fine preface to the book of Landscape Beauty which we are about to open. In the distance we see old Mansfield, with Nose and Chin rising above the other mountains, that silent sentinel of the State which looks upon every county from Franklin to Bennington, and counts the stars as they pass in "nightly journey" from the White Mountains to the Adirondacks. Under this mountain, and only eight miles from the summit, is situated the charming country village of Stowe—and here is the famous mount Mansfield Hotel, under the suc-



MOUNT MANSFIELD HOTEL.

cessful management of N. P. Keeler. This new hotel has rooms for four hundred guests. They are large and cheerful, and in suits or private parlors, as may be desired. An extensive livery is connected with the hotel and abundant stable room for those who desire their own teams. Also billiard tables, bowling alleys, *cafe*, croquet grounds and theatre. Telegraph office near the hotel. A carriage road has been

constructed to the summit of Mount Mansfield (about five thousand feet high), on which is an excellent hotel, making the most delightful mountain trip possible.

The walks and drives cannot be surpassed. Sunset Hill, a short distance from the hotel, commands a fine view of the mountains and surrounding country. The drives are fine—Mount Mansfield, eight miles; Smuggler's Notch, one of the most wild and romantic places in the country, eight miles; Bingham's Falls, five miles; Moss Glen Falls, three and one-half miles; Gold Brook, three miles; West Hill, two miles; Morrisville Falls, eight miles; Johnson's Falls, twelve miles; Nebraska, six miles.

The proprietors wish also to state that board will be at a reduced price in harmony with the downward tendency of values, and are determined not to be excelled in attention and courtesy to guests. The Summit House on the top of Mount Mansfield can accommodate about one hundred. From this highest mountain peak of Vermont the eye ranges over a wide extent of country; to the north the valley of the St. Lawrence, and west the Champlain, with the rival mountains of New York, Marcy and Seward, to the south, Camel's Hump, Killington Peak and the grand old Aseutney overlooking Windsor and the valley of the Connecticut, and sixty miles to the east the White and Franconia mountains. If enthusiasm is ever pardoned, the view from this mountain may well speak its apology.

Taking the cars again at Waterbury, we pursue our route, either *via* White River Junction, or *via* Wells River to the

WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The first hotel of this mountain region, is the "Twin Mountain House," well known to the public by a successful four years administration. From this point, the traveler can arrange his route to the Crawford House, to the summit by Elevated Railroad, to the Falran, and to the Profile. The Crawford House is only nine miles distant; the "Profile," sixteen; the "Waumbeck," eleven; the "Glen House," thirty.

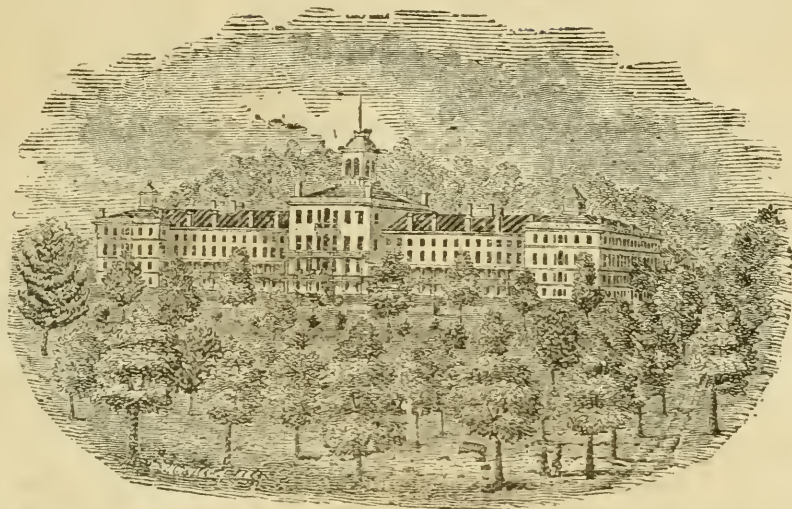
The route to the "Summit" is now made easy by the Mount Washington Railroad. The Boston, Concord, Montreal, and White Mountain Railroad Company, have pushed their line into the very heart of

the White Mountains, and the route can now be made in half the time, compared with the long stage-lines of ten or twelve years ago. The summit of Mount Washington is 6,285 feet above the level of the sea; and we will leave you there, safe and secure, beyond even the reach of a rhetorical sentence.



Names and heights of the different Mountains:

Mount Washington,	6,285 feet.
" Adams,	5,800 "
" Jefferson,	5,700 "
" Madison,	5,400 "
" Monroe,	5,400 "
" Clay,	5,400 "
" Franklin,	4,900 "
" Pleasant,	4,800 "
" Clinton,	4,200 "
" Jackson,	4,100 "
" Webster,	4,000 "



Round Hill Hotel,

SUMMER RESORT

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

IRAD FULLER, Superintendent.

“Paradise of America.” *Jenny Lind.*

The finest scenery in America.

Mounts Holyoke, Tom, Nonotuck, Toby, Sugar-Loaf, with connecting ranges, encircling the famed Northampton Meadows, a radius of twenty miles, all in full view from the piazza of this hotel.

The grounds comprise the finest groves, drives, walks and lawns, with the finest water, perfect drainage, &c. Billiards, Bowling-Alley, Gymnasium and Boating.

Grand stopping-off place for all tourists to and from Saratoga, Lake George, Montreal, Quebec and the White Mountains, and on the direct route of the most popular excursion trip in America.

Terms reasonable; send stamp for Tourists' Guide. Coaches always in attendance at all trains.

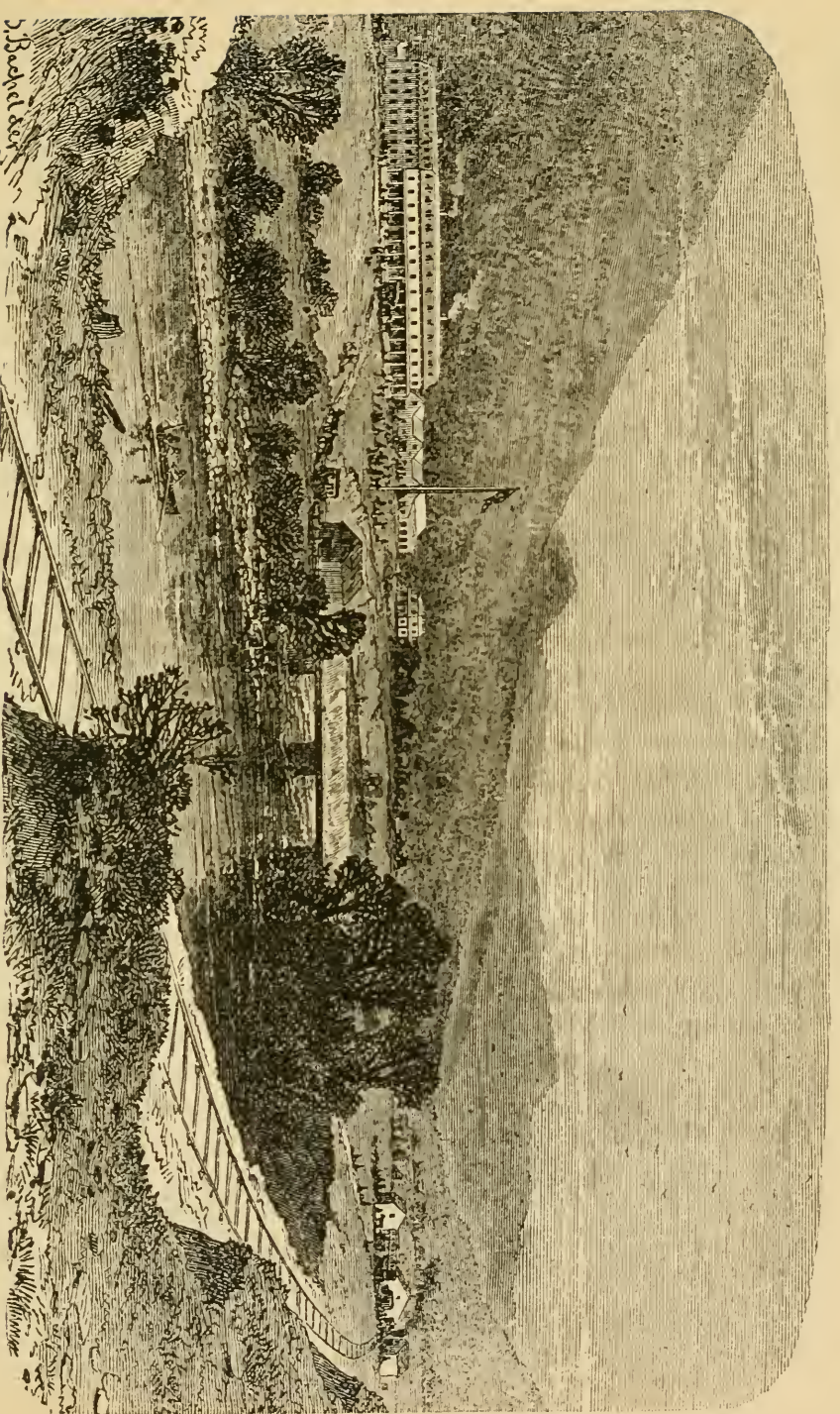
NEW YORK AND HARLEM RAILROAD.

C. M. BISSELL, Superintendent. (Office, Grand Central Depot.)

The Harlem Railroad is one of the pleasantest routes for northern travelers, and presents the most direct route to Lake Mahopac, Lebanon Springs, and Manchester. Leaving New York we pass through Harlem, Mott Haven, Melrose, Morrisania (where Rodman Drake lies buried), Tremont, Fordham (with its St. Mary's Church, Jesuit College, and famous Jerome Park), to William's Bridge. Then past Woodlawn Cemetery, West Mount Vernon, Tuckahoe, Scarsdale, and Hart's Corners, to White Plains, twenty-six miles from New York. Passing through Kensico, Unionville, Pleasantville, Chappaqua (home of the late Horace Greeley), we come to Mount Kisco, forty miles from New York. Next, Bedford and Katonah, to Golden's Bridge, where passengers connect with Lake Mahopac Branch. This route of seven miles, substituted for the old stage-line from Croton Falls, makes this beautiful lake one of the handiest summer resorts to the metropolis. The next stations are Purdy's, Croton Falls, Brewster's, Dykeman's, Towner's, Patterson, and Pawling (where hungry travelers have ten minutes for refreshments). Passing South Dover, Dover Plains, with its famous "Wells," and "Stone Church," and Wassaic, we come to Amenia, which justly boasts the finest location of any village on the Harlem route.

The Amenia Seminary is a fine institution, conducted by Professor S. T. Frost, of the class of 1857, Yale. During the summer season the Seminary building will be open for city boarders.

Passing through Sharon Station, we come to Millerton, connecting with Connecticut Western for Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, and Hartford. The next station is Copake, with its iron works, and Bash-Bish Waterfall. Then Hillsdale, appropriately named; Craryville, Martindale, and Philmont, with its fine view of the Catskills; then Ghent, to Chatham Village, connecting with trains for Albany, Boston, and Harlem Extension. The villages along the entire line are all popular with summer boarders, for there is no valley healthier than that which lies under the chain of hills which separate New York from New England.



TWIN MOUNTAIN HOUSE, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

A. T. and O. F. BATHON, Proprietors.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE,

FORT EDWARD, NEW YORK.

JOS. E. KING, D.D., - - PRINCIPAL.

Boarding School FOR Ladies AND Gentlemen
\$60.00 for Board and English, per term 13 weeks.

Fall Term begins Sept. 2d; Winter Term, Dec. 9th.

Easy of access, Location unsurpassed, Buildings commodious, secures the best of Instructors, Terms exceedingly moderate, six Courses of Study: Commercial, Scientific, Classical, Eclectic, College Preparatory and Professional Preparatory, or the student may select any three Studies.

“The largest and best sustained Boarding School in the State of New York.”
—*Yale Courant*, 1867.

“Fort Edward Institute is one of the safest, most healthy and desirable Institutions of our time.”—*Report of Committee*, 1868.

“Is worthy of the extended patronage it receives.”—*Dr. Wickham*, 1870.

“We take pleasure in commending it to all as being such a School as the times demand.”—*Report of Examining Committee*, 1872.

“Furnishes the greatest literary privileges to the largest number consistent with a vigorous material efficiency.”—*Report of Committee*, 1873.

“One of the finest and most ably managed Educational Institutions of its Class, in this country.”—*Dr. Sears' National Quarterly*, 1874.

For Catalogues or Rooms, address the Principal.

HARLEM EXTENSION RAILROAD.

F. C. WHITE, Superintendent. (Office, Rutland, Vt.)

The Lebanon Valley and the range of the Green Mountains are the two great features of this route. The two finest summer resorts are Lebanon Springs and Manchester. Taking the cars at Chatham Village, we pass north through Rider's Mills, Brainard, West Lebanon, and New Lebanon, to Lebanon Springs. The Lebanon Valley is bounded on the east by the Berkshire Hills, and on the south and west by the West Range. To the Northwest the Valley reaches away in fertile beauty to the pleasant village of Nassau, on the road to Albany. "Columbia Hall," Daniel Gale, proprietor, has a delightful location.

The Shakers of Mount Lebanon will also repay a visit. They number some six hundred persons, and have possession of some six thousand acres of land devoted to farming purposes; gardens for seeds, fruits, &c., which are everywhere famed for their quality. Passing through Stephentown, North Stephentown, Berlin, and Petersburg, we come to the junction of the Troy and Boston Railroad; and winding between the hills we come to Bennington, with its historic associations and memory of old Ethan Allen. The view from Mount Anthony is very fine; and the "Walloomsac Hotel," in the "old village," is very pleasant.

Passing through North Bennington, with the fine residence and grounds of T. W. Park; Shaftsbury, and Arlington, we come to Sunderland; and soon, under the base of the Equinox Mountain, see the white streets of Manchester, which we have already described in our article on the Green Mountains. We are now in the great marble section of Vermont, and see the white quarries of Mount Dorset. The North Dorset Marble Works of Whitney & Luther are prepared to furnish the finest monuments of Vermont Italian marble. Passing through Danby, South Wallingford, Wallingford, and Clarendon, we come to Rutland, connecting with the Vermont Central for Burlington, Plattsburgh, St. Albans, and Montreal. There is no railroad in our country that has greater charms of scenery than the Harlem Extension; and a trip through the Green Mountains is as good as an excursion through the Trosachs of Scotland.

THE POUGHKEEPSIE AND EASTERN, AND THE CONNECTICUT WESTERN RAILROADS.

FROM THE HUDSON TO THE CONNECTICUT.

In some particulars, the Hudson and the Connecticut might be considered "Twin Rivers." They have their source in the same stamp of mountains, the Adirondacks of New York, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire, and they flow side by side their whole course, separated by only one hundred miles of parallel valleys and mountains. The majestic beauty of the Hudson is considerably toned down and softened in the graceful outline and quiet valleys of the Connecticut; no wonder, then, that these representations of true manhood, and womanhood proposed "a more perfect union," and entered into "bonds" for a "ligature" at Poughkeepsie and Hartford; or, to descend from poetry to facts, from allegory to alluvial prose, these two valleys are happily united by the Poughkeepsie and Eastern Railroad, and the Connecticut Western. It has been our pleasant privilege to pass over this route a number of times since its completion, and we give in our testimony not only to its value as a commercial line, but it is, moreover, full of interest to the tourist or traveler.

The 10.15 morning train from Hartford reaches Poughkeepsie about four, the 11.40 from Poughkeepsie reaches Hartford about five.

This line crosses three railroads; the Harlem Railroad at Millerton; the Housatonic Railroad at Canaan; and the Naugatuck at Winsted. From Pine Plains east, the country is romantic and varied; we see the Stissing Mountains of Dutchess, and a fine view of the southern part of Columbia County. At Lakeville, we see the grounds and residence of Ex-Governor Holley of Connecticut, and the clear lake on the right, with its beautiful wooded promontory. Further on the Twin lakes of Salisbury, a grand view of the Berkshire Hills. Passing over the summit, we see on one side a wide reach of beautiful country, descend the mountain side to Winsted, and go to Hartford, *via* "Satan's Kingdom," which ends *our* "Pilgrim's Progress."

QUEBEC.

IN going from Montreal the tourist has two routes to Quebec, by cars and the St Lawrence steamboats ; duly entered tourists of the first degree always take a boat: there is no dust along the St. Lawrence, and the steamboats of the Richelieu Company are well appointed. The towns and villages along the river are all of interest to the tourist, and quite as foreign as many in Europe. Forty-five miles below Montreal the St. Lawrence widens into Lake St. Peter, twenty-five miles long and ten miles wide. The evening sail is very fine, but we advise every one to get up in the morning in time to see Quebec, as we approach it from the river. The first thing is to locate at a hotel ; the finest are the St. Louis Hotel, and the Russell House, cuts of which are here given.



ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

WILLIS RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR.

Our own experience at the St. Louis Hotel, in September, 1874, justifies us in saying that it is complete in every particular, and pleased all the American travelers of the party, which is a high compliment to a foreign hotel. There is no city on the continent so interesting in antiquity—a feudal city, transported and embalmed in the new world. It was

founded by Champlain in 1608, taken by the British and colonial forces in 1629, restored to France in 1632, captured by Wolfe 1759, and finally ceded to Great Britain in 1763 (together with all the French possessions in North America.) The city is divided into the upper and lower towns and is triangular in form.

The Upper Town is strongly fortified ; the citadel embraces forty acres within its fortifications. The line of fortifications enclosing the citadel is two miles and a half in length. The St. Louis Hotel is conveniently located to the most delightful and fashionable promenades, the German Garden, the Esplanade, the Place d'Armes, and Durham Terrace. The old one-story house where General Montgomerly was taken after his heroic death, is still standing, a few steps from the St.



RUSSELL HOUSE.
WILLIS RUSSELL, PROPRIETOR.

Louis hotel ; also the Ursuline Convent where General Montcalm is buried. The Cathedral will also be visited, and the beautiful Falls of Montmorenci, about a mile from Quebec. On the Plains of Abraham there is a slab marking the spot where Wolfe fell. In fact, Quebec is a place to linger in, and a city to be remembered ; it is so different from our own regular streets, and parallelogram blocks, that we seem to breathe another atmosphere, and experience another style of living. It reminds one somewhat of Boston, and still more of Stirling, where once the Scottish kings held sway.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

No guide to pleasure travel is complete, in our day, without an article on the Adirondacks, and we propose to record, for the benefit of those who desire to travel in that direction, our own experience of ten delightful days. It was September—the pleasantest time to visit this mountain district. The mosquitoes had given up looking for us and gone west; we had everything our own way. We started from Plattsburgh; took cars to Ausable Forks, about twenty miles; took stage twenty miles through Keene Flats to Beede's, a semi-hotel and farmhouse, nice and comfortable; staid all night, visited Roaring Brook Falls, near by—about four hundred feet high, “steps of silver,” according to note-book. The 18th of September we took trail four miles, and along Gill Brook to Lower Ausable Pond; visited Rainbow Falls, near at hand, also the Bridal Veil, about one hundred feet high; crossed the Lower Lake, a sheet of water surrounded by mountains and cliffs about two thousand feet, almost perpendicular; then another trail or “carry,” of one mile and a quarter to Upper Lake, where we got a view of Haystack Mountain, Sawteeth, Bartlett, Nipple Top and Dix Peak. Here we camped for the night; had cooking experience; took a row on the lake; interviewed another party; saw a fine sunset; decided that the surroundings were as fine as Loch Katrine, Lake George, and the Hudson; slept our first night in the wilderness. Next day we went over Mount Bartlett, three miles to the foot of Haystack Mountain; went up and back; fine central view of mountain district, one mile from the base brought us to the Panther Gorge Camp. Our friend Mr. Bixby, editor of Plattsburgh Republican, goes up Mount Marcy to get a sunset view, rain commences and he camps alone, all night, under a 7 by 9 shelter; at 8 a. m. commenced the ascent of Marcy, still raining, found our friend O. K.; went over Mount Marcy in a gale, wind blew about 70 miles an hour; descended the other side, seven miles to Camp Colden, beautiful location, wet through, camps faced each other, log-fire between, balsam fir for bed. Next morning visited “Lake Avelanche,” one of the fountains of the Hudson. From Camp Colden we went two

miles to Calamity Pond, and five miles to the Deserted Village, stayed over Sunday. Monday, went through the Indian Pass, along one of the branches of the Hudson, to John Brown's Grave, about eighteen miles. The next day to Lake Placid, crossed the lake, went over Haystack Mountain to Wilmington; then nine miles to Ausable Forks, and so to Plattsburgh. This is the real mountain district of the Adirondacks, not quite so easy to "navigate" as the lake districts, but we imagine there is no scenery in the world so grand and varied.

The trip can easily be made by ladies as well as gentlemen: Strong shoes, short flannel dress, in fact, a mountain suit will be required, also waterproof and blanket; guides will assist in carrying necessities, and caring for the camp. The camps are not luxurious, but substantial shelters located four or five miles apart. Food can be carried sufficient for five or six days, and supplies can be forwarded if desired.

At the Deserted Village, where we arrived the fourth day, we found hospitable entertainment at the hands of our host, Mr. John Moore, a gentleman who has lived on both sides of our continent, in Maine and California. This village, of which he is sole mayor and overseer, is falling into ruin, caused by the death of Mr Henderson, a man of wealth and enterprise, who started the iron business about twenty-five years ago. There is no place in the Adirondacks more accessible to all points of interest, and no place where a party of friends could well find health and pleasure so well combined. Two beautiful lakes are close at hand; Mount Marcy, the highest peak of the mountains, about seven miles distant, and the Hudson flows through the village. It speaks well for the health of the place that Mr. Moore brought his wife here an invalid, and now she often walks, in the winter, twelve or fifteen miles on snowshoes; and we will add, by way of postscript, that she can shoot a rifle better than Murray, and almost as good as Col. Henry Gildersleeve of the American Rifle Team. Mr. and Mrs. Moore will care for guests who visit them, at reasonable rates. A direct route to the village can easily be made, *via* the Adirondack Railroad, from Saratoga to North Creek, and then thirty miles by wagon road.

Eastman Business University.

POUGHKEEPSIE. N. Y.. ON-THE-HUDSON.



BOYS AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN

Trained for a Successful Start in Business Life, taught how to get a Living, Make Money, and become Enterprising, Useful Citizens.

A Practical School for the Times!

Seventeen years ago Mr. Eastman established the first BUSINESS COLLEGE in America, introducing a system of PRACTICAL TRAINING that has since educated more than TWENTY THOUSAND of the present PROSPEROUS BUSINESS MEN of the country. It is beginning to be understood that a man to succeed, become EMINENT, or a LEADER IN HIS BUSINESS or PROFESSION must be PRACTICALLY EDUCATED.—The good sense that is now pervading the minds of the American people on this subject is evinced by the large patronage this Institution is enjoying from every section of the country.

It is not simply a school for the merchant, but the course of study is so arranged as to be of incalculable advantage to all classes of the community, the FARMER as well as the MERCHANT, the LAWYER as well as the BANKER. Its specialty is to prepare BOYS, YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN in the shortest time and at the least expense for the active duties of life, TEACH THEM HOW TO GET A LIVING, MAKE MONEY, AND BECOME ENTERPRISING, USEFUL CITIZENS. It is the ONLY SCHOOL in the world where the course of study is PRACTICAL instead of Theoretical; where the students act as buyers, sellers, traders, bankers, book-keepers, and accountants in actual business operations; where the bank-bills, fractional currency and merchandise, are actually used and have a real value, and every transaction is just as legitimate and *bona fide* as in any mercantile, banking or business house.

The Illustrated Catalogue, giving a history of the Institution, practical course of study, and plan of operation, and the names, addresses and business of over 3,000 graduates who owe their present success to the Institution, may be had by addressing the President, H. G. EASTMAN, LL.D., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Cosmopolitan Hotel,



Cor. of Chambers St. & West Broadway,
NEW YORK.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

First-class accommodation for 400 Guests. Rooms from \$1.00 to \$5.00 per day. Newly and Handsomely furnished and decorated. Located conveniently to business and places of amusement. Cars from all depots pass the door.

N. HUGGINS,
Formerly of Manhattan Hotel.

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Formerly of Lovejoy's Hotel.

N. & S. J. HUGGINS,
Proprietors.

THE
HUDSON RIVER BY DAY-LIGHT
FROM
NEW YORK TO ALBANY.

The Day-line of Steamers, the

C. VIBBARD

Capt. D. H. Hitchcock.

DANIEL DREW

Capt. F. Frost.

leave New York every morning

from Vestry Street Pier and 24th Street,

landing at

West Point, Cornwall, Newburg, Poughkeepsie, Rhinebeck, Catskill and
Hudson.

Affording the best mode of enjoying

THE UNSURPASSED SCENERY,

And of reaching the

"Catskill" Mountain Houses, Lebanon Springs (*via* Hudson), Saratoga
Springs, and all points North and West.

Returning leave Albany every morning foot of Hamilton Street.

ISAAC L. WELSH,

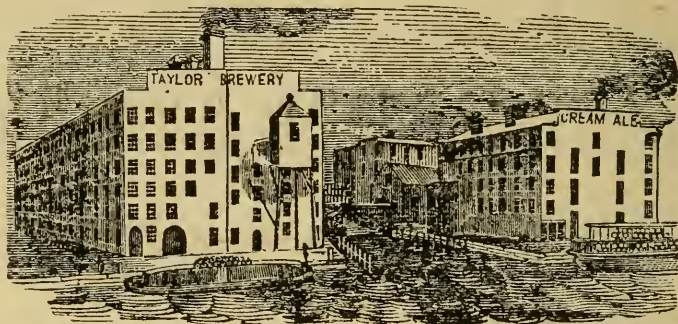
GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

Taylor Brewery,

ALBANY, N. Y.

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Albany Imperial Cream, GOLDEN NECTAR, AND ASTOR PALE XX ALES.



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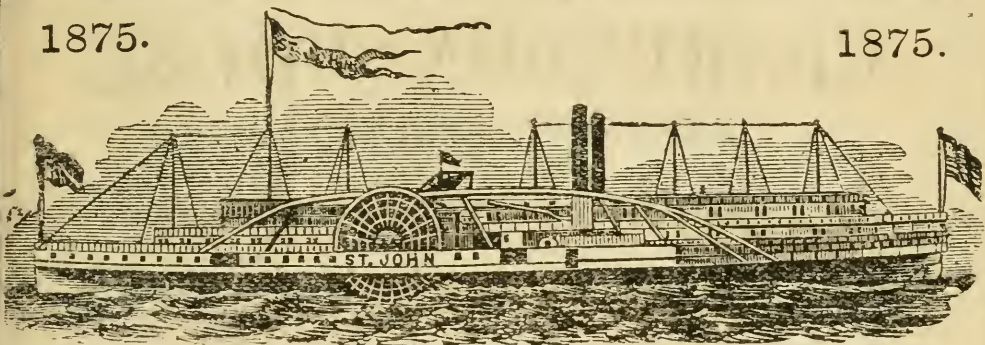
The following are some of the parties who have the exclusive right to sell our Ale at wholesale in the cities and towns opposite their names.

J. A. TUTTLE,	- - - -	New Haven, Ct.	CONRAD & HOLCOMB,	- - - -	Bridgeport, Ct.
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J. S. FELTIS,	- - - -	Fonda, N. Y.	ORLANDO PERRINE,	- - - -	South Amboy, N. J.
WM. BECK,	- - - -	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	W. W. TRASK,	- - - -	Newburg, N. Y.
JNO. VAIL,	- - - -	Highland, N. Y.	A. H. SHERMAN,	- - - -	Norwich, Ct.
B. P. DENNE,	- - - -	Owego, N. Y.	MATTHEW CLUNE,	- - - -	Peekskill, N. Y.
EDWARD O'REILLY,	- - - -	Rondout, N. Y.	P. SCULLY,	- - - -	Schenectady, N. Y.
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TAYLOR & SON.

1875.

1875.



People's Line for Albany,

Sharon, Saratoga Springs, Lake George, and
the North.

THE LARGEST AND MOST MAGNIFICENT

RIVER STEAMERS

IN THE WORLD,

THE DREW & ST. JOHN.

ONE OF THE ABOVE STEAMERS WILL LEAVE

Pier No. 41, North River, every afternoon (Sundays excepted) at 8 o'clock.

Connecting with Trains of New York Central, and Boston and Albany Railroads, also at the Boat—with Cars for Saratoga and North—and Cars of Albany & Susquehanna Railroads. TICKETS can be had at the Office on the Wharf, and Baggage checked to Destination; also at Dodd's Express Office, 944 Broadway, and No. 4 Court Street, Brooklyn, and at principal Hotels in New York. Telegraph Office on the Wharf.

Hudson River Railroad Tickets taken on the Boats for passage, including State-Room Berth.

Passengers leaving WASHINGTON, - - - - 8.00 A. M.

" " BALTIMORE, - - - - 9.30 "

" " PHILADELPHIA, - - - - 1.35 P. M.

Arrive at NEW YORK, - - - - 5.15 "

In time to connect as above. Supper and Breakfast on Board.

Returning, leave the Albany Steamboat Landing at 8 o'clock P. M., or on the arrival of connecting Trains from the West and North.

JOHN C. HEWITT, G. T. A.

CLARENDON HOUSE,


CLARENDON SPRINGS, VT.

B. MURRAY & SONS, Proprietors.

Will open May 15, 1874.

TERMS:

<i>Board, per Week</i>	<i>\$10 to \$12.</i>
<i>Children under 12, going to First Table</i>	<i>Half Price.</i>
<i>Servants</i>	“ “
<i>Day Board</i>	<i>\$2.50.</i>

 Carriages at West Rutland to meet all regular Railroad Trains. Telegraph communication, Livery and Boarding Stables connected with the House. Warm and Cold Baths, cool nights, and no mosquitoes. Billiards, Bowling, etc. Pleasant drives and beautiful scenery in every direction. References, if desired, in all principal cities.

CLARENDON SPRINGS.

Unequalled for Curing all Impurities of the Blood, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, and for Restoring Appetite and Physical Strength.

“THE FOUNTAIN OF PERPETUAL YOUTH.”

This Water has no sediment, is delicious to drink, health-giving, and in bathing acts like a charm on the skin. Children come to us with pale faces, and leave with ruddy cheeks.

ANALYSIS.

One gallon, or 235 inches of water contains:

Carbonic Acid Gas.....	46.16 cubic inch.
Nitrogen Gas.....	9.63 “ “
Carbonate of Lime.....	3.02 grains.
Muriate of Lime, Sulphate of Soda, and Sulphate of Magnesia.....	2.74 “

One hundred cubic inches of the gas which was evolved from the water consist of:

Carbonic Acid Gas.....	0.05 cubic inch.
Oxygen Acid Gas	1.50 “ “
Nitrogen Acid Gas.....	98.45 “ “

DR. AGUSTUS A. HAYES, State Assayer for Massachusetts, says: “It is a remarkable Water, containing Nitrogen dissolved.”





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